

MY MOVING TENT.



BY

MRS. SUE F. DROMGOOLE MOONEY

“And nightly pitch My Moving Tent
A day’s march nearer home.”

“For here we have no continuing city,
But we seek one to come.”

NASHVILLE, TENN.; DALLAS, TEX.:
PUBLISHING HOUSE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.
BIGHAM & SMITH, AGENTS.
1903.

COPYRIGHTED, 1903,
BY
MRS. SUE F. DROMGOOLE MOONEY.

DEDICATED

To My Husband,

IN THE DOOR OF WHOSE TENT I HAVE
SO LONG SAT, AND

To the Preachers and the People

AMONG WHOM
OUR MOVING TENT HAS BEEN PITCHED
FOR MORE THAN FORTY-SIX YEARS—

JULY, 1856—NOVEMBER, 1902.

HOPE



A fairy float with youthful faces filled,
And songs whose sweetness smite the air!

MURFREESBORO, 1856

MEMORY



And looking back I see the ship
With golden sails wide outspread.

HUNTINGDON, 1903.

PREFACE.

IN placing these simple annals before the public neither fame nor fortune is expected. If, after paying for publication, there be a small sum left for the winter of old age, I shall be content. The reading will, I am sure, tend to keep alive the memory of many godly men who labored in the days gone by to make sure the foundations of our beloved Methodism, and to extend the Master's kingdom:

MRS. SUE F. MOONEY.

A long procession sweeps in view ;
Songs come swelling from the waves of blue—
Songs of glorious triumph told,
From many a tented field of gold
Where drum nor fife nor herald loud
Proclaims the name of victor proud.

Flotsam and jetsam I gather much,
With throbbing heart and holy touch ;
The rushing tears come thick and fast
As mid the shipwreck of the past
I rescue what no storms destroy,
And through my tears I smile for joy.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
In the Beginning	11
CHAPTER II.	
Among Kith and Kin.	19
CHAPTER III.	
At Church and Camp Meeting—Some Happenings.....	28
CHAPTER IV	
A Camp Meeting Incident.....	34
CHAPTER V.	
A Man Full of Faith and the Holy Ghost.....	38
CHAPTER VI.	
My Schools and Schoolmasters.....	41
CHAPTER VII.	
Dr. Samuel D. Baldwin.....	47
CHAPTER VIII.	
My Alma Mater.....	52
CHAPTER IX.	
Parchments and Persons.....	57
CHAPTER X.	
A Clouded Life.....	63
CHAPTER XI.	
Packing My Trunk.....	69

	PAGE
CHAPTER XII.	
My First Conference.....	74
CHAPTER XIII.	
Pitched in Franklin	80
CHAPTER XIV.	
Conference in Murfreesboro.....	85
CHAPTER XV.	
Again in Shelbyville.....	91
CHAPTER XVI.	
Unique Sermons et Res.....	96
CHAPTER XVII.	
Conference at McMinnville—Sunshine and Shadow.....	103
CHAPTER XVIII.	
Eclectics	112
CHAPTER XIX.	
An Iliad of Woes.....	117
CHAPTER XX.	
Two Fights.....	125
CHAPTER XXI.	
Exile by Administrative Process..	130
CHAPTER XXII.	
In Alabama	137
CHAPTER XXIII.	
In Marion.....	142
CHAPTER XXIV.	
In Athens and Across the River...	148
CHAPTER XXV.	
Return to Athens.	154

Contents.

9

CHAPTER XXVI.	PAGE
Back to Tennessee.....	159
CHAPTER XXVII.	
Confederate Chaplains and Missionaries.....	166
CHAPTER XXVIII.	
Confederate Chronicles.....	172
CHAPTER XXIX.	
The Roll Call.....	179
CHAPTER XXX.	
More Minutes.....	184
CHAPTER XXXI.	
Murmurs of the Drum and Fife.....	187
CHAPTER XXXII.	
God's Heroes.....	191
CHAPTER XXXIII.	
The Old Order Changeth.....	196
CHAPTER XXXIV.	
Adjustment	201
CHAPTER XXXV.	
The Wheels Go Round.....	206
CHAPTER XXXVI.	
The Return to Clarksville.	213
CHAPTER XXXVII.	
Memories of Missouri..	218
CHAPTER XXXVIII.	
Schools and Colleges.....	227

	PAGE
CHAPTER XXXIX.	
Memphis Conference	232
CHAPTER XL.	
In Memoriam	238
CHAPTER XLI.	
Pen Pictures	246
CHAPTER XLII.	
Lexington District....	254
CHAPTER XLIII.	
Shining Lights... ..	262
CHAPTER XLIV.	
Tents Taken Down.....	274
CHAPTER XLV.	
Folded Tents.....	291

MY MOVING TENT.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE BEGINNING.

MYTHOLOGY tells us that for kindness rendered the wayfarer the gods promised to Tithonous whatsoever gift he might ask. Amazed at this large liberality and being much in love with this present life, he asked for immortality. This boon was granted, but the petitioner had forgotten to include youth in his request, so that in age and aweary he was changed into a cricket, whose cheerful song might beguile the passing hours at the evening time, when loved ones gathered around the hearthstone.

In presenting these pictures of places and people of a treasured past, resurgent memory asks not immortality, but that better boon—the fountain of perpetual youth flowing from a grateful heart to the many who have made so pleasant life's long pilgrimage.

A letter of introduction is oftentimes a delicate and a difficult piece of writing. This is the more so, when the bearer thereof and the writer is the same person. However, one's credentials are among the essentials in Church and in court, and should be in whatsoever state of society. I deem, then, no apology necessary for this personal data, of which there will be as little of the *ego* as possible, working when I can by the rule of elimination, canceling common factors, and giving the result in the most concise form.

Southern people have been ridiculed for emphasis—not on heraldry, with its blazing coat of arms, but on heritage according to ancestry. In truth, they are almost criminally careless touching this thing, and might learn a helpful lesson from the Jews, with whom “according to the tribe” has a special significance. Washington Irving says: “That nation is surely doomed that takes neither pride nor pleasure in thinking upon a noble line of ancestry.” Napoleon understood its power in his matchless appeal to his army before the battle of the Pyramids: “Soldiers of France, the eyes of forty generations are looking down upon you!” The Presbyterian poet, Philip Doddridge, invokes the same spirit when he sings:

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey.

And Goldsmith, dear to the memory of all in whose veins flows the good, rich blood of Ireland, describes with apt version,

A land to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Wealth is all right if rightly gotten and wisely bestowed or given, but there should be only contempt for the rich fool who boasts of his barns and sneeringly says: “I never knew my grandfather, and, really, I don’t know that I ever had one.” I am constrained to conclude that much of this bravado and self-laudation is due to the fact that many fabulous fortunes are made by methods that would not have been accepted in our grandfathers’ time, and when so made could not have purchased for the possessor a place in the good old order of gentleman. Sad indeed when a man so born

forfeits his high estate and becomes a byword and a reproach—"the degenerate son of a noble sire, the highest style of sir."

As we sit, then, in reminiscential and reverential mood to sing our evening song, the first face revealed as the ashes are blown aside and memory lights her fire is the never-to-be-forgotten one of my father, Hon. John E. Dromgoole, the son of Thomas Dromgoole, who was the son of Rev. Edward Dromgoole, who came from the "ould counthry" in the days of John Wesley, when to be a Methodist a man must not count his life dear unto himself. He lived and labored on the old Brunswick Circuit, in Virginia, in the heroic days of Methodism.

My father was born in Brunswick County December 28, 1805. He came to Tennessee in his young manhood and while Tennessee was yet in her youth as a State. As a public official, he served her many times in no mean capacity. He was mayor of Murfreesboro at the time of the Federal occupation. Writing to me from that town, February 13, 1864, concerning a request that had been made of him, he says: "I could not possibly get permission to go, for, though the authorities here are courteous and disposed to grant any moderate request, I know it would be petitioning in vain to ask for such a privilege. I have long been under arrest here, and am held responsible for damages that may be assessed for injuries to the railroad." He was a lawyer of much more than average ability. William H. Seward said that the best papers that came to his department at Washington were prepared by my father.

As a member of the Constitutional Convention that met in Nashville in 1870, he was held in high esteem for

broadness and liberality with pronounced conservatism. Few of that noble body are living. Hon. D. N. Kennedy and Hon. John F. House, both of Clarksville, are the only ones I have met for years. Col. House writes: "I thought a great deal of your father. I remember with great pleasure my association with him in the Constitutional Convention of 1870."

For more than four score years and ten my father walked a prince among men—blameless in life and conversation. He never grew old. His head and his heart were always young. At the time of his home-going, November 21, 1897, he was probably the oldest Mason in Tennessee, bearing credentials from the lodge in Virginia dated as far back as 1831, with a loving letter addressing him as "Dear John."

My father was named for John Easter, another hero of the saddlebags, when Methodism, having sung her way across the waters, was tabernacling among men in the wilderness, following the pioneer in lonely valley or watching the smoke of his cabin on the mountain side and making it a house of prayer. In the chronicles of Methodism (see McTyeire's "History"), these names are graven. They are yet living epistles known and read of all men where the history of our Church is known and read. I linger long and lovingly over the cherished memory of my father. His personality was so marked that now as I sit in his old room and among the old surroundings he seems still here, yet with us. I can see him and hear him singing a snatch of the songs he loved, "Bonnie Doune," or

"Ye banks and braes and streams,
Around the castle o' Montgomery;"

or more frequently, at night, one of the songs of Zion,

and anon calling to me when the day's duties were done, "Can't you come and read the *Richmond* for me?" Of this Church paper, he was very fond. He knew the places and the people mentioned in it so well that through it and him I learned to know and to love them. The truth is, I used to think that I had been to those churches on the Brunswick Circuit, old Olive Branch and the others, and that I had exchanged salutations with the sisters and the brethren. I suppose there is no such thing as prenatal memory, but people with whom you have been long associated through others become very real—personal illustrations of the doctrine of transubstantiation.

My father and mother used often to go to Virginia in the days of my childhood, before the day of the iron horse. There was a horse on our place which had traveled the road so often that it was said he knew all the stopping places *en route*, and that he could make his way "from Dan to Beersheba!" On these occasions I was left with my father's sister, Mrs. Fanny Hall Dromgoole Owen, wife of Mr. Harrison Owen, whose plantation joined my father's, in Rutherford County, Tenn. "Of all the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall," none are sweeter and fairer than this aunt's. She stands for all that is best in the highest type of Christian womanhood. No lullabies have ever sounded so sweet to me as those I heard her sing in the night-time to allay childish fears, and to soothe and comfort the heart of a homesick child, whose loved ones were far away.

Many things make me linger over those days—so sad, so sweet! "The days that are no more" save in

this backward glance, and that in some sweet sense they are ever with us.

The last time that my parents came back from Virginia my aunt, Mrs. Margaret Blanch Jordan, returned with them, and through her I became well acquainted with some of the old Virginia preachers, Brothers Rowzie, Chiles, and others, and felt that I could go all about the walls of Randolph-Macon College, and was almost on speaking terms with some of the students and professors. In later years this acquaintance has greatly grown through Prof. Richard Irby, Secretary-Treasurer and Historian of that institution.

On his last trip my father brought me a book, the first that was ever truly mine own, and I have it yet, well preserved through all the wanderings of more than forty-six years of tent life. It was bought in Murfreesboro, N. C., and it is a sentimental work on botany, called "Flora's Lexicon." Another present was a big doll (and I have never seen one quite so beautiful, though she could neither sit down, stand up, nor cry, nor were her accomplishments in other lines half so varied and pretentious as those of her English cousins to-day). I kept her many years, till, in the course of human events, I was too old for a doll; then she came by succession to younger members of the family.

But I must hasten, for the sound of the singing is low and very sad. As I said, my father abode long time with us, as men count years. At the last his going away was a translation. He had long wistfully watched the West, for all his companions were gone. As his eye swept the horizon, the bending heavens were very near. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, while dressed for church and humming one of the songs

of Zion, he was caught up to join the invisible choir, the innumerable company of saints in the celestial city of our God and his Christ. His dear, old body was just worn out, and God took him.

The gloves and the apron were laid aside,
The tired workman went to rest.

In the town of Dresden his Masonic brethren laid him away by the side of his soldier-son, Maj. J. E. Dromgoole, of the Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. In Mayfield, Ky., whence he was called home, his Methodist brethren, and his Masonic, held for him a most beautiful memorial service, conducted by Rev. Warner Moore, D.D., of the Memphis Conference, son of Rev. Smith W. Moore, of precious memory, my father's friend. "For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

I close this chapter with a memoir printed in the *Christian Advocate* of February 3, 1898, written by Rev. James D. Barbee, D.D., long time his friend and pastor, a man whom he held in the highest Christian esteem and brotherly love, and whom he characterized as "true gold!"

"John Easter Dromgoole was born in Brunswick County, Va., December 28, 1805, and died in Mayfield, Ky., November 21, 1897. He was twice married, and sons and daughters blessed his home. His long life was spent in the service of God, and, having sanctified the Lord God in his heart, he was ever ready to give an answer to any who asked a reason for the hope that was in him. 'He was no bigot, but by the grace of God that was in him he was a Methodist.'

“Like the Shunammite, he always kept a prophet’s chamber on the wall, which was used only by the itinerant, and was supplied with the productions of Wesley, Clarke, Watson, and Fletcher, and ‘Zion’s Harp.’

“Though a layman, Mr. Dromgoole was a well-informed theologian, and woe to the pretentious socialist who put a lance in poise expecting an easy victory. He was a match for the best, and, while he was respectful to the opinions of the humblest, he never struck his colors in the presence of the highest. He was a wise man and just, therefore his services were long in demand for the office of magistrate, which he filled with marked ability.

“He was not only a Christian, but he was the friend and patron of Christian education, and his children illustrate his ideal in that direction; and their reverent love and admiration indicate his personal influence upon their spirit and character. Down to the close of his long life he was ever an oracle to them, and they delighted to honor him. Hospitality was a distinguishing feature of his home, and the anniversary of his birth was always a gala day, in whose festivities neighbors and friends were invited to share. The writer was more than once an honored guest on these occasions.

“John E. Dromgoole is dead,” they say. No, he “is not dead, but sleepeth.” After a long and faithful career, the weary wheels of life simply stood still, and the old saint went up higher. He sleeps with Jesus!

CHAPTER II.

AMONG KITH AND KIN.

My father's mother was Fanny Hall, sister of Dr. Daniel Hall, for more than fifty years a member of the Virginia Conference. To Brother W. F. Luke, a layman of Portsmouth, Va., I am indebted for much that I know of my grandmother's family, and of Uncle Daniel Hall especially. About two years ago I was surprised to receive a letter from Mr. Luke, an entire stranger to me, prefaced by saying that he had learned through the *Richmond Advocate* that I was a kinswoman of Dr. Hall; that his father and Dr. Hall were dear friends for many years; that Dr. Hall had given to his father a steel engraving, an almost lifelike picture of himself, a rare piece of good work. His father had prized the picture highly, and on his deathbed had willed it to him, and he had religiously kept it; but he was growing old, and was solicitous about the picture. The last time he had gone aboard (he belonged to the Virginia navy) he had taken the picture with him for fear that some harm might befall it in his absence. He wished to send it to me, believing that I would care for it as he had done, and he requested that I should will it to some one who would do the same. The picture came, and I carried it to a photographer, Mr. McFadden, of Paducah, Ky., who pronounced it a fine piece of work. He made twelve copies, and I sent one to each of the kin whose address I could command.

I then took the steel engraving and made a long-hoped-for visit to my aunt, Mrs. Fanny Hall Drom-

goole Owen, then of the vicinity of Byhalia, Miss. I had not seen her since my early girlhood. What fortunes and misfortunes since then! When I had last seen her she was in the full bloom of womanhood; now, in age and feebleness extreme, past her four score years, she lay upon the bed of languishment, suffering the Master's will, while I had passed from girlhood to womanhood, acquainted with sorrow and familiar with grief, from womanhood almost into the winter of old age.

I shall never forget the reunion, so glad, yet so infinitely sad. After some hours of talk and tears, I said: "I have something to show you." Then I placed in her trembling hand the picture of the man she had not seen since her childhood, a picture of which she had never heard. Fixing upon it her age-dimmed and tear-filled eyes, she exclaimed: "Why, it is Uncle Daniel, just as I used to know him!" (She passed away in peace August 29, 1901). A photograph is all that I have left; for the engraving, with many other pictures and cherished tokens, was lost in the fire that consumed our parsonage and church at Kenton on the morning of the fourth of last July.

I had with the pictures all of Brother Luke's letters. I had saved them, for they interested me greatly, and contained what I regarded valuable history concerning the beginning of Methodism in the coast cities of Virginia. Besides, Brother Luke's opinions of men, methods, and matters, generally, were expressed with a point and piquancy not current these days, and, therefore, all the more valuable. He more recently sent me a book about "The Four Islands," one of which is Smith's, with delightful descriptions of the people and their

homes and their religious life. He is a pronounced Methodist, a stanch Democrat, and a loyal Virginian. Recently he increased my indebtedness by sending me some copies of the *Virginian Pilot*, containing a sketch of Uncle George C. Dromgoole, whom the writer styles "the brilliant orator of *ante-bellum* days, and the great Democratic leader." Of course this kinsman is one of the traditions of my childhood. He closed his career as my life was beginning.

Among my treasured memorials saved from the fire but blackened with age is the historic address, "To the People of Virginia by the Democratic Party in the General Assembly of 1834-35." The address was submitted to a called meeting, Saturday, February 27, 1835, was read and adopted, and the same, with the proceedings signed by the Chairman and by the Secretary, was ordered published. Maj. Charles Hunton, of the Senate, was Chairman of the meeting, and John Sherrard, of the House of Delegates, Secretary. On the committee were appointed the following five persons—viz., John T. Anderson, Joseph S. Watkins, George C. Dromgoole, Hugh A. Garland, Thomas Jefferson Randolph. The peroration to this address is a trumpet call, as well suited to the present and all future times as it was in the past:

"In Virginia the victory is yet to be won on that soil where the Democratic banner was *first* unfurled and the shout of triumph *first* heard. The conflict will be arduous, but the issue not doubtful, if you are vigilant and united. Our opponents are active, untiring, skillful, and fertile in resources. Their efforts will be to *divide and conquer*. We call upon you to be *united* and

firm. Listen to no overtures; make no compromise; present a solid and unbroken front.

“We, your representatives, for two years, with an overwhelming odds against us, in the midst of frowns, contempt, and scoffs, have stood a phalanx, unbroken, undaunted, unterrified. Every attempt has been made to divide and distract, but all in vain. We have sustained the rights of the people and demanded that their voice should be heard. We earnestly recommend you, fellow-citizens, as the best and most Democratic mode of ascertaining public sentiment, to meet in your several counties, freely consult with each other, and select those men in whom you have most confidence and who are most likely to *unite* the *Democracy* of the country. Let not our past services, nor the relations in which we now stand toward you, be any obstacle in the way. Should you find other men more worthy of your confidence than ourselves, we will most cheerfully yield to their superior claims. Let no personal ambition endanger the cause of our country, and let no man hold back who may be honored by the people with a call to their service. These are times to make sacrifices of personal ease and of pecuniary interest for the public good. We are persuaded that *unanimity* alone on our part can secure the triumph of Democracy; on that principle, therefore, we are determined to act.”

All of this is very true and wholesome doctrine, based on the declaration that a house divided against itself cannot stand.

The tragedy which darkened the last years of the life of this brilliant and beloved son of Virginia—behold! is it not written in the chronicles of the State, where his long record as a public servant was without

spot or wrinkle or any such thing? Would there were more such!

My father was twice married. First to Lucy K. Blanch, my mother, who died when I was a babe, and afterwards to Rebecca Mildred Blanch, her sister, both own sisters to Prof. E. A. Blanch, at one time Professor of Mathematics in Randolph-Macon College, and familiarly known as "Old Zeke."

My acquaintance with Uncle Alfred was principally through Bishop McTyeire, who was a student at Randolph-Macon, and under my uncle's instruction. To him, and also to Capt. Richard Irby, Secretary and Historian of that institution, I am debtor for further acquaintance with Cousin Edward Dromgoole Sims, at the time referred to Professor of Languages in Randolph-Macon and giving special attention to Anglo-Saxon elements.

Another professor known throughout Southern Methodism as a teacher was Dr. A. W. Jones, who married my mother's youngest sister, Caroline Blanch. She died at Randolph-Macon College, and was borne to her burial by the students, young McTyeire being one of the pall-bearers. Dr. A. W. Jones came to Tennessee and located in Jackson, Madison County. He was President of the Memphis Conference Female Institute from 1849 to 1893, a long and noble record. In 1898 his son, Dr. Amos Blanch Jones, was elected President, and is a worthy successor of his honored father.

My grandfather, Ezekiel Alfred Blanch, was a soldier of the American Revolution, and a patriot of the purest type. The words "soldier" and "patriot" are sometimes used synonymously, but they do not etymologically, nor frequently, in fact, signify the same

thing. A soldier is not so high an order of man. A patriot is one who loves his country. A soldier may or may not. He was at first a hireling and fought for pay. Many do yet. Before my grandfather's death he had all his papers burned that might secure for him or his descendants a pension, saying: "I fought for patriotism, not for pay!" Would there were more such! Then would this body of death—the pension bureau—cease to be a stench in the nostrils of the nation!

I am glad that my people—not only kinfolks, but the South—have from the first stood for education. My great-grandfather, Rev. Edward Dromgoole, was a trustee of Ebenezer Academy, one of the oldest academies in the New World. It still stands, a monument to the fidelity of the fathers. A picture of it can be seen in "The History of Randolph-Macon College," by Capt. Richard Irby.

The fullness of time has come when the South should have recognition of her rights and of her work in the cause of education—of so-called public education, or secular, and of Christian education, or that received in Church schools, Protestant Church schools. The record of the South in voluntary taxation for the education of her former slaves, the freedmen, is without a parallel in history. Yet while songs are sung and pæons of praise given to a great and prosperous section for gifts to institutions called for the donors, coming from overfull money chests and not significant of self-denial or sacrifice, nothing is said of the suffering taxpayer at the South, who takes his place at the plow or in the cotton field, while his one-time African slave shades himself under an umbrella and goes to school.

This in passing : In the history of our schools, I know of no two that have done more for God and for humanity than Randolph-Macon College and the Memphis Conference Female Institute. A history of the two is almost a history of Southern Methodism. The one has given us scholars, statesmen, soldiers, patriots, preachers, lawyers, judges, bishops—I came near writing Presidents; well, presidents of many schools—men gracing every station in life. The other has polished our daughters after the similitude of a palace—a building whose foundation and corner stone is Christ Jesus our Lord—a palace resplendent with the virtues that make and adorn Christian womanhood.

Among the early annual addresses for the institute, I note many names of distinction in Church and in State. The first was by Dr. A. W. Jones himself, followed next year by Rev. Lorenzo Lee, of Virginia; then come a succession of stars, one star not differing from another in glory, but in degree. But time would fail me to give the names of all those courtly doctors of divinity, of the beloved bishops, of the plain preachers, and of the masters of law and bachelors of art, many of whom came from the ranks, wrote their own diplomas, and compelled the world to sign them.

And this has from the first been the glory of Methodism. While born in a university, she has been such a training school for the apostles that the fisherman from the lake shore, unlettered and ignorant, has learned to preach with Paul, to water with Apollos, while God has given the increase.

I cannot close this chapter without a tear to the memory of our ascended chief pastors whose names grace the list of commencement speakers—viz., Bishop Rob-

ert Paine, D.D., Bishop D. S. Doggett, D.D., Bishop E. M. Marvin, D.D., Bishop Kavanaugh, D.D., all of whom died in the faith, giving glory to God. With one exception I knew them all personally, in the home, where men are best known, and I esteemed them very highly for their work's sake.

Bishop Kavanaugh was the most congenial of fire-side guests, abounding in anecdote, of which he was a master at recital. In the pulpit he was sometimes unexcelled, unapproachable. I heard him once when, in a grand flight of oratory, he so moved the great audience that they rose involuntarily and stood listening with bated breath.

Bishop Paine had all the courtly graces of a Christian knight, and none knew better than he how to wield the sword of the Spirit in defense of his most holy faith. I have heard my father say that in the old camp meeting days he had seen the whole mountain moved at his preaching, just as the hills nodded at the matchless music of Apollo's harp.

Bishop Wightman was suave, scholarly, easily entertained, and exceedingly entertaining. He was indeed a minister of consolation to many, both from the pulpit, where he magnified the grace of the gospel, and in the homes of sickness, sorrow, and death.

Bishop Marvin was the saintliest man I ever knew, yet wholly unpretentious in his piety. I have no better word to express my impression of the man than spirituality. You felt it so soon as you were in his presence. It was, in some sense, the feeling of the devout Jewish poet,

And always when I felt thee nigh,
My shoes were off my feet!

In contact with other men his touch was vital. As illustrative, I give elsewhere that noble tribute by Dr. Thomas O. Summers, Jr. Who among the old preachers does not recall Bishop Marvin's rapt expression as he would sing :

“O come, angel band;
Come and around me stand;
O bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home?”

CHAPTER III.

AT CHURCH AND CAMP MEETING—SOME HAPPENINGS.

MY earliest recollections of myself are very vivid. My father had a delightful home in the country, about eight miles south of Murfreesboro, on what was known as the Middleton Road. All the surroundings and environments were the best. The life after the lights and shadows of so many years of wandering seems almost idyllic.

I recall the names of old neighbors. I see them in their homes of peace and plenty, or mingling with each other pleasantly in social life, exchanging greetings on the highway or at the church door on week-day meetings. Across the fields I hear the old plantation songs sung by care-free negroes at work with hoe or plow or picking cotton. At night, while the mellow moonlight floods field and forest, I hear afar off the baying of hounds and the hunter's call, while from the cabins comes the sound of spinning wheels, and in perfect tune and time some camp meeting song; for the summer is past and all "the house-hands" and many from the cabins have been to camp meeting and have learned the new songs, and have added thereunto, until, set going, there is no stopping. I used to go to these camp meetings dressed in my best clothes, (which were duly admired) and not feeling half so comfortable as I would have done in common ones.

Winrow's and Hall's are the tenting places I best recall. The latter was about four miles from Murfreesboro and equi-distant from my father's. He

never camped, but "carried dinner to the ground" and fed a multitude, besides contributing generously otherwise, and "keeping" the horses of preachers and visitors from a distance, many of whom attended—as preaching "was not so common then as now," but was uncommonly good. I am no pessimist, but I hear no such preaching now. The difference I am not philosopher enough to explain, but I am poet enough to feel.

Old Mrs. S—— used to say that Mr. J—— always had a good crop, because he never hired hands, but depended on his own force. Every preacher was in charge of his own meeting, and he worked his full force without methods, except Methodism, no cards, no getting up, nor sitting down, nor "going forward, if you feel like leading a better life, to shake hands with the preacher, and making a bow," like, to quote from my old washerwoman, "they're being interduced to Gawd er Mighty." The same is authority for saying "that kind o' religion may do for white folks, but 'fore Gawd 'twon't do for a thick-headed nigger; I tell 'em you've got to be redeemed."

As to the preaching there was more positivism, more realism in it. Description was vivid; conviction was powerful; repentance was godly sorrow for sin. Faith was victory. The gospel was the power of God unto salvation. Under such preaching I have seen the mighty multitudes moved, the whole encampment astir. Cries, shouts, songs—strong men falling down and crying for mercy. They were converted, and from giants in sin they became new creatures in Christ Jesus. Many names of preachers and many preachers

are in review as I pause with pen in hand trying to decide who shall come first.

With a smile and a tear, I write those of Uncle Abe Overall and his brother Nat, old Uncle Golman Green, and Uncle Johnnie Brooks (who always wanted to kiss the children, when there followed an unexpected game of hide and seek). Later on there were Fountain E. Pitts, Dr. A. L. P. Green, Dr. J. B. McFerrin, W. T. Shaw, John B. McCurdy (who always sang to the children), Robert Hatton (father of Gen. Robert Hatton, of stainless record as statesman and soldier, whose sun went down in battle ere it had reached meridian splendor).

There were others—a long illustrious line, at the head of which I might place Dr. J. W. Hanner, a man tried, true, and tender—lonely in his greatness, and great in his loneliness. The camp meeting was looked forward to for months. It was a great religious and social event, with sometimes a mixture of other matters.

I recall one meeting at Hall's at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The stand and all around was crowded with eager, expectant listeners. I do not know who preached, but it was wonderful preaching. At the close Uncle Golman Green "exhorted," a good old Methodist word not so much in fashion now as formerly. I shall never forget his appearance. It awakened my sympathy as soon as I saw him, and I felt like crying, and I did cry before he was through. He described a poor old man, a man of grief, who had been journeying here a long time—so long, and sometimes out of money, that he felt all alone, friendless. He had no home here, but one far, far away; and the

old man was going to it soon. The ship was waiting, sails all spread, and he was ready to go; wouldn't everybody come and shake hands with the old man before he sailed? There was wild weeping by this time, and I wept loudest of all. In fact, I had to be carried to the tent, where it took some time to calm me into a sleep from which I did not awake until the afternoon in time for the three-o'clock service.

Imagine my surprise (and shall I say disappointment?) when I saw the same old man that the people had told good-by in the morning sitting in the pulpit! In an audible whisper I said to my father: "Why, he didn't go, after all!"

In the years that followed I often heard Uncle Golman, and saw the multitudes shaken by his wonderful eloquence and play upon the emotions; but he moved me no more, my fountain of tears was dry. In my childish heart I somehow felt that he had fooled me, that he ought to have gone, because he said he was going.

There were some great shouters at these meetings. Among the best remembered of the women are my father's sister, Mrs. Rebecca Dromgoole Harrison, Aunt Suky Thompson, and Mrs. Fanny Pritchett. The last lived in Murfreesboro. They were all model Christian women, and the three being present meant assured success for the meeting.

After camp meeting the children would hold meetings at home, lively ones they were, and they named the singers and the shouters after those that had been active in these exercises at the camp meeting.

My father's house was the preacher's home, the first stopping place after Conference. About the mid-

dle of October the new preacher was sure to call. There was a country schoolhouse not far off, and when it rained and "the branch rose," as it usually did, the children who lived beyond it always stayed overnight at my father's. It so chanced that the new preacher (quite a young man, this his first work) and the school children happened there the same evening, for it had rained hard in the afternoon. After supper the preacher, the host and hostess, and a young lady visitor were in the sitting room, adjoining the dining room, which had been given up to the children for play. They decided to have a meeting, and sent to the cabins for help in singing and praying; and, not to be disturbed, they fastened the door.

Conversation flagged in the other room, and the sensible thing seemed to be to have prayers and go to bed. A chapter had been read and the prayer begun, when suddenly there was a sound of a-going—a mighty shout, mingled with cries of "Pray on, brother; pray on, brother; pray on, sister;" and the exultant song, "We'll Stomp Old Satan's Kingdom Down," accompanied with appropriate action. There was amazement on the part of the preacher, whose face plainly said, "What meaneth this uproar?" on the part of my father and mother, annoyance, not unmixed with amusement, as the exercises continued with unabated interest for some time—as they tried to effect an entrance, and to be heard above the din, both being well-nigh impossible.

The fastidious folk may smile incredulously when I state that in the negro cabins were some excellent vocalists who had never been to a singing school; others who could perform, "play well" on the fiddle,

but who were without instruction from the music teacher ; others could whistle perfectly any tune, and so imitate the voice of the mocking bird or the whip-poor-will as to delude even the unwary among the birds. At present it is largely a lost art. The children of Africa are not now so much in field and forest as they were fifty years ago, and their music is not so fit an accompaniment to the whirl and noise of machinery as it was to the melody of the wildwood.

CHAPTER IV

A CAMP MEETING INCIDENT.

THE question is often asked, "Is there more political scheming in these days than in the past?" I would say there was less bribing then than now. The candidates were generally men well known, the insignia being not so much in the outer garment of the white robe as in the purity of life as to political record.

The majority of the voters could read and write, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, was not easily deceived as to men and measures. That belonged to a later time, when good citizens and true were subjected to carpet-bag rule, when free men were by military measures compelled to submit to the votes of their recently emancipated (*freed* men) slaves. The humiliation was deep and the disgrace of it is a foul blot on our national history. The negroes were well-behaved and loyal to their owners through all the years of war. There need never have been an interruption to their peaceful relationship even under changed conditions. Their ignorance of civil government is not surprising. The ballot box was a mystery, and one not yet fully solved.

After the war many of them were employed by former owners as overseers or managers of the plantation, and worked well till election day drew nigh, when there would be a stampede from field and furrow. One or two years had passed. We had a working hand on our place, one never having asserted his claim to the suffrage nor having once gone to the

polls. But the day came when he seemed restless, not inclined to his accustomed work. My father, observing this, asked: "What is the matter? Are you not well?"

He was "very well, but"—

"O," said my father, "you want to go and vote."

"No, Mars; I don't want to vote, but I hear 'em talk so much about de ballot box, I feels like if I could only jest one time see it I'd be satisfied."

"All right, go and see it, and when you come back let me know what you think of it."

As far back as I remember the children, male and female, were all partisans. They went to the meetings and heard the big speakers (stump speakers, they were called) on both sides, and they had very pronounced views as to who made the best speech. They knew, too, pretty well, how every man would vote, for everybody was either Whig or Democrat.

There was no buying nor selling of votes for money, but one man in the county was always in the hands of his friends. He was what the Greeks called idiot, one in private life; what others called simple-minded. He was not bright, but by no means a dunce or a fool. Well, there was a race for him by the rival parties, and during a campaign he was the recipient of many marked social courtesies.

At one of the camp meetings at eleven o'clock preaching, there was a great stir. I think Dr. A. L. P. Green had preached; at any rate, men were cut to the heart, and when the call for mourners was made there was an impetuous rush to the altar, while friends went in divers directions to bring in others. Among these was a leading Methodist and also a zealous Dem-

ocrat, having in tow the said doubtful voter and steering him direct to the mourners' bench. "All right, brother, bring him on," called the preacher; and on he went till he reached the extreme end of the mourners' bench, near the pulpit and near the outside where many people were congregated standing row upon row. They both knelt, and the good brother talked to the penitent until the preacher called upon him to pray. He grew very happy during the prayer, rose from his knees, walking and exhorting—the curious crowd coming closer to the altar. At length he began to shout and then to sing:

"I'm climbing Jacob's ladder,
And every round goes higher, higher!"

Whether in the body or out, I verily believe he knew not. But after a while he "came to himself" and thought of his friend. Going back, he found the place, but the man was gone! Nor was he seen till many days afterwards, when all returns were in!

Some of the prayers impressed me, and some made me wonder, as much as did good Brother Brogan, a shoemaker and, when I knew him, a local preacher in Alabama. I think he afterwards joined the North Alabama Conference. Brother Brogan wished to join the Church, and the preacher told him that on a certain Sunday he would "open the doors of the Church." The Sunday came and "an opportunity was given for those who wished to join our branch of the Church." Brother Brogan did not avail himself of the invitation.

After service he complained: "Why, brother, you told me you would *open* the *door* of the church, and I just waited and watched."

We Irish are very literal or otherwise. My problem was this: A good brother always fervently begged the Lord "to come down in the galleries of his grace." The town churches had galleries, but the country churches had none. I went to my father for a solution. "Where is it," I inquired, "that Brother —— wishes the Lord to come. There are no galleries in that old church."

I was told to "wait till I could find out!" I waited.

CHAPTER V

A MAN FULL OF FAITH AND THE HOLY GHOST.

UNCLE ELISHA CARR was a godly man. I had been sent off to boarding school, and was one of the Juniors before I knew him, but I had to learn my chapter in the Bible, and recite it too, when he came around. His methods were unique in everything.

He was a missionary to the negroes, and his ministry to them and among them was wonderfully blessed of God. He was a real reformer, and impressed upon them most effectively the necessity of holy living. They must lead pure, honest lives, every day. They must not lie, nor cheat, nor steal. "Thou shalt not kill" was a commandment never enlarged upon to them; for murder, now so common among them, was almost unknown. His catechism of them was original and often mirth-provoking. Most of them enjoyed this exercise until it touched upon personal points. I have thought that in certain lines he would have made a first-class detective.

In others he was a failure, as in conducting a class meeting with whose make-up he was not acquainted. He inquired once of a sister of uncertain age and unmarried: "Sister, do you bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?" Receiving no reply, after a word of exhortation, he passed on to the next with the same query. She had been long time married, but had never had a child! The embarrassment of the situation never dawned on him,

but it was the more ludicrous to others because he was himself a grave and dignified old bachelor.

My father had one old man, a kind of patrician and oracle among the negroes. He was very pronounced in all his ways, and his utterances had the authority of a seer. Two things he would not do: ride on the cars and go to preaching. Entreaties were vain. The "devil drove the engine," and he "would not be caught in such company!" My brother and I finally prevailed upon him one Sunday afternoon to hear Uncle Elisha Carr preach at the schoolhouse, near by. We were eager for his return to hear his report of the sermon.

He was a man of fluent diction, never using an ordinary word when he could command an extraordinary one; yet withal he was slow of speech, deliberate, weighing his words and giving to each its full import. To our eager questioning, "What did you think of the sermon," he at first made no reply; carefully laying aside his cane, placing beside it his High Church beaver hat, then, taking off his gloves, putting one on his right knee and the other on his left, and slowly shaking his gray head, he replied: "I tell you, little Miss and young Marse, that man polergized on some mighty unconditional subjects!"

We never knew what he meant, and I suppose he never knew what the preacher meant. I have known similar situations, but the preacher is not always to blame. I reckon it sometimes happens to most of us, and this apt phraseology is a good concealment of ignorance. As the young lady said of a lecture: "It sounds smart and ought to mean something, if I only had sense enough to know!"

The last time I saw Brother Carr was a dreary day the winter preceding the close of the great drama at Appomattox. It was in Murfreesboro, at my father's. His visit was a surprise and a lasting pleasure. He passed away soon after, and I saw him no more. He was genuinely good, a man whose memory I delight to honor. Tears filled his eyes as he bade me and our little ones good-by, saying: "I was in the country and I heard you were here, and I wanted to hear you laugh once more!"

I cried, for in the old days I had so often laughed with him, and more frequently at him. This he knew and enjoyed, though without what we call a sense of humor. We shall not see his like again. He has no successor. The pathos of his lonely life was touching. I love to think that he has a home and that he is at home forever!

CHAPTER VI.

MY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

AMONG the many things laid low since the course of empire took its westward way is the old field schoolhouse. Hugh Miller, in his autobiography, "My Schools and Schoolmasters," gives a pleasant picture of the quaint old schoolhouse, with the smoke curling over the low roof and losing itself in the mist of the mountain, and of the ancient dame who taught him A, B, C. But Scotland has no monopoly in memory of "sic a house." It is likewise an American institution, and in its decay dear to the hearts of the boys and girls of

"Twenty years ago, John,
When you and I were young."

According to the flesh, we may not sigh for the touch of a vanished hand, but even the most prosaic will sometimes sing: "I would I were a boy again!" The trencher-chaplain, and the domestic tutor are essentially English and have had neither local habitation nor name in American pedagogy. The former was conspicuous in Cromwell's time, and he combined the office of teacher and preacher. His trencher duty was discharged at the table by *asking* the blessing and *returning* thanks, the first "for what we are *about* to receive," the last for what we *have* received.

Not unfrequently the trencher-chaplain became the domestic tutor, and his duties are well defined by Bishop Hall in his "Bookes of Byting Satyres."

A gentle Squire would gladly entertain
Into his house some Trencher-Chapelaine,
Some willing man that might instruct his sons.
And that would stand to good conditions.
First, that he lie upon the truckle bed,
While his young master lieth overhead.
Second, that he do on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt.
Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies,
Sit bare at meals, and one-half rise and wait.
Last, that he never his young master beat,
But, he must ask his mother to define,
How many jerks his back should line.
All these observed he could contented be
To give five marks and winter livery!

In France the young masters had no maternal protection against the teacher, and a miserable lot do they appear. Rods were reckoned among the necessary expenses of a college, and a good grove had attractions undreamed of in Plato's philosophy!

The old field schoolmaster is fast becoming one of the tender traditions of the generations passing away. He belongs to us and to our children forever. His reign was royal, and, though a Democratic Republican, he was an absolute monarch, whose right there was none to dispute, no higher court of appeal. He is the last of a noble line, and when the States shall have succeeded in banishing the Bible from their schools he must appear in the rôle of the dethroned Roman who frequented the Forum after his reign had ceased, but had no voice in its proclamations.

His sons in the succession may have improved the methods of teaching, but for adepts in the science of spelling commend me to a class under the old régime.

They knew nothing of the philosophy of phonetics, but every one could spell phthisic and beat the best boy in college on bonnyclabber! They were supremely ignorant, as was the master, of object-teaching, but each scholar—they were all scholars in those days—understood the object in teaching.

Mental gymnastics was not taught under that scientific expression, nor were the vowels exploded by rule, yet I think something was accomplished in these departments. The master had a way of making indelible impressions that beat the best patent fluid in a modern schoolroom, and that without asking the mother!

You seldom heard any talk of brain food, and I doubt whether "the gentle squire" would have taken a teacher to his trencher who seriously studied the comparative value of fish, eggs, and oatmeal as brain nourishers. An early breakfast, a walk of two or three miles, and four or five hours of loud study, and the demands of appetite were so keen that no one devoted a thought to the "normal condition of the brain." My only mournful memory of the old field school is of the timid child whom the noise scared, and to this day I try to shut out the sight and the sound of Big Jim, studying and trying to "say his lesson."

Mr. Lewis Grigg, a kind and gentle master, seldom used the rod, but his temper was daily tried by the boy who "always missed his grammar" and whose moods and tempers were past finding out. I have since thought that if the teacher had had the tact to change the verb from love to hate the result would have been more encouraging. There were both irony and protest when the boy would begin "I love, you love," while in wholesome dread of the sword threatening to fall

on his empty head. The alacrity with which he changed to "I did love—no, I might have loved—no, I could have loved—no, I should have been loved, you could have been"—about this time came the crisis, and a stormy scene with everybody looking on, and yet exploding the vocals at their loudest! Not unfrequently there was an extra session with closed doors, to which reporters were not admitted.

My housekeeping has never been conducted on so perfect a plan as in the old playhouse at my first school, where company came and went just as you wished, and dumb waiters did duty through the whole establishment.

And the woods were peopled

And the air, with things so lovely!

Alas! such sweet imaginings are scattered afar. My old master has been dead these many, many years. The grass grows green upon his grave. The scholars are scattered and the dust of years has gathered on the old house. The spot seems sacred to the genius of desolation.

I passed it on a May morning some years since. The door was ajar, but the stick was not on the peg! The boy who took it down had gone too far for the master's voice to call him back to books! I sat on the broken steps and cried. A mouse crept from the corner and glanced furtively around, as if in search of crumbs from the long row of baskets that used to grace the wall. A broken blackboard still stood, and scribbled on a scrap of slate this sentence "Time and tide wait for no man." Where were the little brown hands whose clumsy efforts at "copying" had called

forth the sharp rebuke. White and resting now beside the teacher.

A chip lay on the floor. Was it the one we threw up so long ago on Friday afternoon for the big battle in spelling. The boy who won died in prison far from the haunts of his childhood. Between the planks were bits of paper, perchance leaves of the blue-back spelling book, which a bright boy would tear out as fast as he turned them, "because there was no use being bothered to keep the place on both sides when he had learned what was on the other." The chunks of a back log lay in the capacious fireplace. The ruddy glow had all died out, nor did the dead ashes keep alive a spark for the morning fire. With ashes upon head and heart, I turned away from the sad scene. It has been beautifully said that a monument in ruins is more beautiful than one freshly built.

I hail every advance in the art of teaching, but the old field schoolhouse was the temple of science in that golden age which comes but once. Never for us will the fields bloom, the fruits ripen, the birds sing, the waters murmur as in that wondrous time. In youth we dream that the Fortunate islands lie in the sea of Hope; when we are old, we know that they sweetly smile upon us in the waters of Memory.

"Completing my course in the country," I was sent to Murfreesboro, and was a boarder in the home of Rev. Green T. Henderson, at that time postmaster, and afterwards for a number of years editor of the *News*, a stanch and strong Democratic paper. Indeed, Mr. Henderson might be called the Democratic leader in Middle Tennessee.

His wife taught the first school for girls ever in

Murfreesboro. By birth she was a Philadelphian, a Miss Reese, of Quaker family and antecedents. She was in many respects a rarely gifted woman, of comely countenance and most gracious manner, vivacious without flippancy. Her penmanship was well-nigh perfect, and in the fine art of needlework she excelled all others—almost rivaling the wondrous weaving of Ariadne herself. “Uncle Green and Aunt Til” were long familiar figures in Murfreesboro and in the region round about.

After the close of the Civil War he joined the Tennessee Conference and was justly ranked one of its profoundest thinkers. Mrs. Henderson finally gave up her home school for a position in the Academy, and afterwards she taught in Soule College under the presidency of Rev. Samuel D. Baldwin, of Armageddon fame.

The first President, however, was Rev. I. Randolph Finley, D.D., of the Baltimore Conference, a most courtly and polished Christian gentleman in whose home I was a boarder at the time Dr. Baldwin came into the presidency and when the school was taught “in the house on the hill.” It was a glad day when the college bell was rung and we marched into our new quarters, the building now known as Soule College, then called Soule Female College, female not indicating sex, but for *what sex*.

CHAPTER VII.

DR. SAMUEL D. BALDWIN.

WITH reverent hand I write the name of my best-beloved teacher, Samuel D. Baldwin, D.D., who stands to-day in my memory the perfect man. In writing of him no eulogy would be extravagant. He was a genius, born great, to which he added indefatigable industry. He was devout, simple in manner, genuinely good.

Beyondall I have ever known he was a student. Absorbed in study, he became for the time an abstract. He neither saw nor heard anything from the outside world. His eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," or looking within at the unseen, he was no longer part and parcel of his immediate environments. A wild engine let loose in the schoolroom might have aroused him, but noisy schoolgirls never. Yet his class work was unexcelled. As class lecturer he was preëminent. I have never known his equal for fixing facts in the memory, and then filling out with the aptest accessories. Plato in the Academy would have had in him a worthy co-laborer.

In literature he roamed the wide field, and knew where grew the sweetest flowers, and by whose hands planted. In Grecian antiquities he might have walked in the old places, and have come back to tell you what cities he had visited, what sights he had seen, who had run in the Olympics, who was victor, what wreaths were given, who had fought with beasts at Ephesus; how Alexander looked when, world-weary as a con-

queror, he sighed for other worlds to conquer ; and of Cæsar's "Et tu, Brute," at the foot of Pompey's Pillar. My Grecian antiquities and Cleveland's literature are among the sacred souvenirs rescued from the fire and belonging to a past that can never perish. In the pulpit Dr Baldwin might have been one of the inspired prophets of old whose lips God had touched with fire. His sentences were sublime. His periods were perfect. His oratory was beyond all that I have heard from the pulpit or from the platform, and I have heard some of the foremost of both on this side and on that. Bishop Charles B. Galloway at his supremest most nearly approximates him, and sometimes in his grand sweep of earth and star and sea and sky he reminds me of my never-to-be-forgotten last teacher, whose lessons are indelibly inscribed on life's page on head and on heart.

There was absolutely nothing commonplace about the man and his utterances. He walked and talked with God. This was illustrated even in his dying moments. He was on Pisgah's top. Here I give entire what a loving hand wrote of those last days when the fight was almost finished :

"Brother Baldwin was engaged in a glorious revival season at McKendree Church when the cholera broke out in the city. He kept up his meetings at night till ten o'clock, and the balance of the time, both night and day, whenever called, at all hours, he was waiting on and ministering to the sick and the destitute. He went about seeking out cases of sickness and want, and seemed to rejoice to be able to help the sick and those in want.

"Friday morning, the 27th ult, at four o'clock, after

having just retired to his room, he was taken with a violent attack of cholera, which was apparently checked by his physician, Dr. Martin, so that after lying quiet and calm till next evening at six, he said to me he felt no particle of disease about him. He rested well that night, and next morning seemed to be doing finely, thought he might sit up, but lay still. His nurse was taken ill and left him at noon on Sunday. His loss seemed to perplex him. He sat up a little that evening. Was not so well from it; was quite sick again that night and was restless, and was quite sick next morning; still getting worse. He asked me if I thought his race was run, his destiny done. I told him that I did not think so.

“He replied: ‘I think there is yet a vast field for me to explore, much more for me yet to do in my Master’s vineyard. But,’ said he, ‘should it be otherwise ordered, I am ready. I have prayed that when my change shall come I might have the triumph, and I feel that through Christ the victory is now mine.’

“He seemed to be greatly oppressed at leaving his children in a penniless condition; but on being assured by me that they should be properly cared for, his mind rested quietly on that point.

“Some of the most beautiful word-painting of heaven that I ever listened to were sketched by him in his hours of quiet, between his paroxysms of suffering, when as rational and clear in mind as when in health.

“In speaking of his deceased wife he would exclaim, ‘O my dear Caroline!* my dear, sweet companion, I shall soon be with you again, and together we will wander through the sweet fields of Eden.’ Again,

**Caroline Moorman.*

when medicine or nourishment was offered him, he would say: 'O, why detain me? Why not let me go and be forever at rest?'

"At other times he spoke of the foretaste and the bright views he had of heaven and said: 'The plains of glory lie spread out before my view like mountain sides of light, and the windows of that city are thronged with angels all beckoning me away to my home in the skies.' During the day, before he died at night, Dr. Green called to see him and asked if he knew him, and he replied: 'As well as I ever did, but not as well as I shall after a while.'

"He needed a little stimulus, and some wine being offered him, he said to Dr. Green: 'I shall soon drink it anew in my Father's kingdom.' He then lay gazing intently toward heaven for some time, when Dr. Green asked if he suffered in mind or spirit?

"'O, no,' he replied, 'I was contemplating the expanding glories of the future state.' After these scenes he spoke but little, but was conscious and rational to the last. He spoke again several hours before dying, and told his friends that he knew he was dying, and seemed to be as self-possessed as if going on a journey of two or three days. Death had no terrors for him. These scenes and sayings all took place prior to Sunday, the 7th, on which day he was very feeble, yet calm and entirely rational.

"He gave me full directions as to his business, how he wished his business matters arranged, and then said: 'This is all on condition that I am taken. I believe the Lord has much for me yet to do; I do not think my mission ended, yet his will, not mine, be done.' He then spoke to his children and relatives

and friends. After this, he lay quietly, calmly, for some time, then roused up, saying: 'The sting of death, what is it? A sigh, a moan.' And then repeated with emphasis: 'The sting of death—what a solemn, what a mighty sentiment!'

"Again, he said to several friends present: 'I wish it distinctly stated to my friends and to the world that the gospel I have preached to others is now my comfort and support at the gate of death.'

"On being asked what portion of Scripture he wished his physician to read before engaging in prayer, he raised his hand, pointed to heaven, and said: 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' The victory was complete.

"From 2 to 8 P.M. he gradually sank, and died as calmly as an infant drops to sleep on its mother's lap, without a struggle or a gasp. We had to watch to see when he ceased to breathe, so gently passed his spirit to its God. I never realized so forcibly the truth of these lines

"While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

"A few moments before his death he noticed his baby boy, and, taking him in his arms, kissed him an affectionate farewell. This melted all hearts present.

"So sinks to rest the wave along the shore."

"Dr. Baldwin said truly that his mission was not finished. His works follow him in the beautiful lives of the many whom

"He allured to brighter worlds,
And led the way."

CHAPTER VIII.

MY ALMA MATER.

DR. BALDWIN was President of Soule College in 1854, the year of my graduation. I belonged to the class of the second year. Miss Josephine Plummer (Mrs. J. G. Rice) and Miss Sallie Huggins (Mrs. A. Harrison) composed the class of the first year. The institution was founded in 1852. Its fortunes have fluctuated, sometimes on the ebb, sometimes on the flow. Some good men and true have been at the helm, and amidst many scenes of storm no real shipwreck has overtaken her.

While in a sweet sense old things are best, the institution has never been more successful nor more worthy of success than under the present administration, Miss V. O. Wardlaw, President, with a full and accomplished faculty in the several departments of college work. Her predecessors in office under Methodist rule were good men and true. If memory serve me aright, they are as follows: Dr. I. Randolph Finley, Dr. S. D. Baldwin, Prof. C. W. Callender, Dr. D. D. Moore, Rev. James R. Plummer, Dr. Joseph B. West, and Prof. John Thompson. All, with the exception of Prof. Callender, were members of the Tennessee Conference.

Some have fallen on sleep—all, I believe, with the exception of Brother Thompson, still a member of the "old Jerusalem." My diploma bearing date of June 28, 1854, conferring on me the honorable degree of Mistress of Liberal Arts, and granting me all the

rights, privileges, honors, and tokens of honor that belong to such a degree throughout the world, is signed by Sam D. Baldwin, President, and by the following Trustees: Levi Wade, William Spence, B. W. Avent, D. D. Wendle, W. R. McFadden, Joseph M. Watkins, William F. Lytle, William S. Huggins, L. H. Carney.

As I copy their names from the time-worn paper, what real, living presences they are to me, and the peculiarities of each how marked! So far as I know, not one is living to-day save in the affections of family and friends. I wish I had time for a tribute to each of these elect men, for they deserve more than a passing notice.

The one I had known longest and loved best was Mr. William Spence. Connected with the earliest recollections of my childhood is Uncle Dickie Spence, his father, a warm-hearted old Irishman. Many the hour I sat upon his knee and listened to weird tales of the Banshee and of wakes and of legends of the "ould counthree," which he never ceased to love, and I loved him for the tales he told.

My classmates were Adelaide Cooper, Amanda Barlow, Alice Peeples, Georgia Thompson, and her sister Keeble. The first three died ere life reached its meridian. They were indeed lovely women, and would have graced any station. They all married. Adelaide Cooper became Mrs. Joseph Malone; Alice Peeples, Mrs. Robert Reed; Amanda Barlow, Mrs. John A. Meaders.

Our graduating exercises were in the old Methodist church. The event brought together friends, a great multitude from far and near. The sweet girl graduates

looked their best, wore their best, and, I dare say, never afterwards felt half so important. The subjects of our "compositions" were in keeping with the grandeur of the occasion. Mine was announced by Dr. Baldwin as "The Immortality of the Mind." While I was getting together my scattered senses and finding my voice, he kindly assured the audience that no doubt, after hearing the young lady, they would agree with him in thinking that "she had treated her theme in a truly masterly manner!" I had no doubt but that the statement surprised them as much as it did me. At any rate, it secured for me the closest attention.

The courage of youth is wonderful and of surpassing quality. I would not now dare to essay a sentence on so vast a subject, and the recalling of the rashness is an indorsement of the poet's sentiment—

What fools we mortals be!

School life was over. Then followed the golden age, when there was no shadow on the earth, no fear in the heart, no tear in the eye, no cloud in the sky. To-day only a pleasing prophecy of good things to come to-morrow. The young people, both in town and in country, enjoyed the largest social life, pleasantly planned by parents and friends. Parties, picnics, concerts, impromptu gatherings in the homes of friends, gave days of delight and evenings of joy.

Thus passed a year or more, when my holidays, in one sense, were over, for I was unexpectedly called to teach in my *Alma Mater*, thus fulfilling Dr. Baldwin's prophecy and desire. In the light of after events, I regarded the call as a providential preparation for the work of the future. I am yet grateful to the Trustees

for their faith in me and for their forbearance in whatever failure there may have been in attaining unto their ideal.

It was not until July 31, 1856, that I joined the Methodist itinerancy and my tent became a moving one. On the evening of that day I was married by Rev. William G. Dorriss, of the Tennessee Conference, and then stationed in Murfreesboro, to Rev. Wellborn Mooney, of the same Conference, and who was at the time stationed in Shelbyville, Tenn. He is now closing his fifty-third year in the ministry, as pastor.

Henceforth these sketches will be largely of persons and of places where we have pitched our tent, or where it has been pitched, for the motion has been both active and passive. The wedding was at my father's home in Murfreesboro, and it was about the last, real old-time wedding, with a big supper and all the kin and friends invited, that I ever attended. I must say that I like it much better than the new way. The associations are sweet, as recalling the names of wedding guests in coming years when among strangers. Then "in the presence of these witnesses" adds beauty and solemnity to a sacrament now held in such light esteem that divorce is become the disgrace of the nation, "whom God hath joined together" having with many no special sacred significance.

The elect company then and there gathered together were friends I had known and loved all my life, and as my tent has moved from place to place, sometimes in the desert with its scorching sands, sometimes where the roses of Sharon bloomed or by the palm trees of Elim, I have never forgotten them, nor the graces which made their lives so lovely that al-

ways in my affections they have reigned supreme through more than forty-six years of wandering. My husband had been in the traveling connection some years before I joined it and him.

I have been much interested in some of the character-sketches of the years of his earlier ministry.

At my request, he has kindly given me the matter, and I am sure that some yet live who cherish fond recollections of these godly men. And some hearts will be mightily moved by the pathos of a life, wantonly wrecked by the wicked, but whose sun at last went down in a cloudless sky.

“But ah! the pity of it, Iago, the pity.”

CHAPTER IX.

PARCHMENTS AND PERSONS.

BELIEVING that these papers may possess some historic interest and may prove a pleasure to my husband's surviving friends among his brethren, clerical and lay, I herewith append them :

After due examination of the gifts, graces, and usefulness of Wellborn Mooney, he is hereby duly authorized as an exhorter in the M. E. Church, South. Signed in behalf of the society at Wesley's Chapel, Hickory Creek Circuit, Tennessee Conference, January 15, 1848. JOHN B. STEVENSON, A. P.

After examination into the gifts, graces and usefulness of Wellborn Mooney, we judge him to be a proper person to exercise himself as a local preacher in the M. E. Church, South, so long as his conduct corresponds with the gospel of Christ. Signed in behalf of the Quarterly Conference held for the Hickory Creek Circuit at New Union, June 18, 1848.

WILLIAM BURR, P. E.

This is to certify that the character of Wellborn Mooney was passed and license renewed. Signed in behalf of the Quarterly Conference held for Hickory Creek Circuit, August 12, 1848.

WILLIAM BURR, P. E.

Know all men by these presents : That I, Robert Paine, one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, under the protection of Almighty God and with a single eye to his glory, by the imposition of hands and prayer, have this day set apart Wellborn Mooney for the office of deacon in the said Episcopal Church, a man who, in the judgment of the Tennessee Conference, is well qualified for the work, and he is hereby recommended to all whom it may concern as a proper person to administer the ordinance of baptism, marriage, and the burial of the dead, in the absence of the elder, and to

feed the flock of Christ as long as his spirit and practice are such as become the gospel of Christ, and to continue to hold fast the form of sound words according to the established doctrines of the gospel. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this second day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty one.

R. PAINE.

Lebanon, Tenn.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } PROBATE COURT SAID COUNTY,
LAUDERDALE COUNTY. } Nov. 23, 1852.

Wellborn Mooney having this day produced to the judge of our said court his credentials to the office of deacon, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the court being satisfied that he is a minister in good standing of said society of Christians, these are to authorize and license the said Wellborn Mooney to solemnize the rites of matrimony in the State of Alabama, according to the laws of said State. Given under my hand and the seal of said probate court, at office in Florence, the 23d day of November, 1852.

W. T. HAWKINS, *Probate Judge.*

Know all men by these presents: That I, William Capers, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, under the protection of Almighty God, and with a single eye to his glory, by the imposition of hands and prayers, being assisted by the elders present, have this day set apart Wellborn Mooney for the office of an elder in the said Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a man who, in the judgment of the Tennessee Conference, is well qualified for that work. And he is recommended to all whom it may concern, as a proper person to administer the sacraments and ordinances, and to feed the flock of Christ, so long as his spirit and practice are such as become the gospel of Christ, and he continueth to hold fast the form of sound words according to the established doctrines of the gospel. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this sixteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand and eight hundred and fifty-three.

W CAPERS.

Franklin, Tenn., October 16, 1853.

I have copied these instruments of writing just as they are in the original, *literatim et punctuatim*, the names of the writers evoking deep emotion.

On Asbury Circuit lived Edward Cage, an exhorter, liberal, large-hearted, powerful in prayer. He was an old man and very corpulent. His Church was Mount Carmel. Here there was preaching every two weeks. However "busy the plows," they were always stopped on Thursday in time for preaching. The horses were rested, and the negro plowmen went to preaching. Brother Cage's was indeed a home for the preacher, and a pleasant one it was. He was in comfortable circumstances, and he was always one of the first to pay his preacher in full. He was a good neighbor, kind, accommodating, thoughtful. But when well advanced in years, one night while having family prayers some one shot him from the window while on his knees. The wound was not mortal, and he lived for years longer, probably till after the war.

ISHAM HARRIS.

I first met him at a camp meeting at Antioch, Montgomery County, Tenn. The two following years I traveled the circuit on which he lived, and I became well acquainted with him, for he was a most transparent character. Like Zaccheus, he was small of stature. Perhaps he was about five feet five inches in height, and weighed from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and thirty-five pounds. He was a little lame, but active and enterprising. He had a cataract over one eye. For a time he did not know what ailed his eye. One day when he was grubbing, a sprout

struck his eye, and he was amazed to find his sight decidedly improved.

In books, he was almost wholly uneducated. But by dint of patience and perseverance he learned to read the Bible a little, by spelling the long, hard words. Two things he knew well: 1. He knew how to make a good crop of corn, wheat, and tobacco. 2. He knew the Christian religion, its doctrines, privileges, and blessings.

When I knew "Uncle Isham," as the people called him, he had a family consisting of a wife, three grown daughters, and a baby boy big enough to go with his father over the farm, but still unweaned. By a wise and diligent cultivation of the soil he made a good living for himself and family and always had a little contribution for Christ and his cause. He was ever ready to pray and to pay. Owing to his lack of education, his command of language was limited; he used but few words. Of these, he had two which he stressed and magnified, Whig and Democrat. He was an intense Whig, but cherished no unkindness toward those who differed from him in politics. He used these party names as good and bad qualifiers. Anything just, pure, and of good repute, was "Whig;" anything unjust, unlovely, and of bad repute was "Democrat." An open, smooth highway was a real "Whig of a road;" while a close, narrow, hilly way full of gullies and other obstructions was pronounced "a Democrat road."

A pure gospel sermon preached with power and with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, he enjoyed to the full, calling it "the Whig logic;" but any sermon unscriptural in its teachings, however fluent

and forceful, he rejected, pronouncing it "Democrat stuff." How often have I heard him indulge in such remarks as this: "John Hanner is a Democrat, but I tell you he preaches the Whig logic!"

Perhaps he went to church oftener and heard more preaching than any other member on the Dickson Circuit, when it embraced twenty-one churches or preaching places, this notwithstanding he lived, say, four miles from the church where he held his membership. He loved God and loved his race. He lived soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. He would not willingly suffer sin upon his neighbor, but reproved, rebuked, exhorted with all long-suffering and doctrine.

During the war between the States, he was called to Clarksville, one day, when it was garrisoned by Federal soldiers. While there, he had occasion to appear before the commandant of the post, who was pouring out a volley of profane oaths. Uncle Isham approached him bravely but kindly, and said to him: "My dear sir, you ought not to use such language. You are a dying man, and soon you must appear at the bar of God, your final doom to meet. I beg of you not to swear."

The colonel became silent, thoughtful, and then thanked the good man for his timely and tender reproof. For months afterwards, he was accustomed to inquire with much interest concerning the health and welfare of the holy man who had the courage to rebuke him for taking "the name of the Lord in vain."

Years ago, I do not remember when, Uncle Isham was called away to the rest and reward of the good in heaven. He died in the fear and faith of God.

“O may I triumph so
When all my warfare’s past,
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last.”

CHAPTER X.

A CLOUDED LIFE.

IN the early years of the Tennessee Conference, one of her efficient laborers in the vineyard of the Lord was Rev. — Carlisle. He was not so learned nor so eloquent nor so widely known as some others of the Conference; but in the estimation of those who knew him best he was a plain, pious, earnest preacher and wise in winning souls to Christ. To the great grief of his family and friends, his sky was suddenly overcast, and under this shadow he lived for years.

He and several wild young men met unexpectedly at the house of a farmer with whom they were all acquainted. They remained, maybe, an hour or more in social converse, apparently pleasant to all. The preacher left first, bidding all good-by and invoking the blessing of God upon every one. He had been gone only a little while, when one of the young men missed his pistol and said outright: "That preacher has stole my pistol." Thereupon they all mounted their horses and set out in hot pursuit. In the course of a few miles they overtook him. Some of them rode up on his right, and others on his left. One of them, in a rude, rough way, charged the preacher with stealing his pistol. The preacher denied promptly and with indignation. Not many words had passed, when one of the party snatched the minister's saddlebags from under him. Search was quickly made, and lo! the pistol was found.

Carlisle was arrested by the authorities of the

Church, charged with stealing, given a full, fair trial, convicted of this horrid crime, and formally expelled from its ministry and membership. He protested that he was innocent, but the proof was against him. Next he was arrested by the civil authorities and brought before the court to answer to the charge of stealing. There was quite a fever of excitement, and public sentiment was against him.

The accused was fortunate, however, in securing able counsel, who managed the case wisely, not to say shrewdly. It was proven that at the home of the farmer, and in the room where it was alleged that the theft had been committed, the preacher's saddlebags were on the floor; that there was also a little child in the room, playing on the floor with an empty pistol. The lawyer suggested the theory that the child in its play had put the pistol in the saddlebags. Thus he managed to create a reasonable doubt in the minds of the jury, and they brought in the verdict of "not guilty." So it was that Carlisle narrowly escaped the penitentiary.

In poverty and disgrace, he settled down on or near Snow Creek in ——— County, Tenn. Here he went to work on a small farm and made a living for himself and children. He was a quiet, peaceable citizen, but was evidently much disturbed and frequently in tears. He was regular and constant in his attendance upon the preaching of the word, but was not allowed to remain for class meeting nor love feast. In his closet and in his family he read the Scriptures and prayed both morning and evening. But of course none could tell whether he was really, sincerely trying to serve God and save his soul or was playing the hypocrite.

However, he was uniform and consistent in his everyday life. At any rate, none of his neighbors could see aught to the contrary. Apparently, he was always sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.

One day a messenger came hurriedly to the field where he was plowing, and besought him to go to see a dying man. At once he took his horse from the plow, and did not wait to get a saddle, but mounted him bareback, and galloped away to where lay the dying man. When he entered the death chamber, the sick man looked up and said: "I am dying and going to hell. I beg you to forgive me and pray for me. I put the pistol in your saddlebags, and then prosecuted you for stealing. I was mad with you because you reproved me for misbehaving in Church."

Of course Carlisle stood forth before the world fully vindicated. He was restored to membership in the Church and was reinvested with his credentials as a minister of the gospel. However, he did not reënter the Conference, but lived, labored, and died in the same neighborhood where sleeps his precious dust. Perhaps no other citizen of this community ever wielded such an influence for Christ and his cause. To this day his memory is as ointment poured forth.

Some years ago I preached in the neighborhood in a Church called Carlisle Chapel. Here I saw the grave of Brother Carlisle. A few miles distant, I was entertained by his son, Rev. J. W. Carlisle, then a local preacher, but since gone to the rest and reward of the good in heaven. This history I received from Rev. John Brooks, from Dr. A. L. P. Green, and from the son mentioned, Rev. John Wesley Carlisle.

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill—
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taint of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

“Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.”

My first work was Asbury Circuit, hallowed by a thousand tender recollections of my ministerial associates, Rev. Jordan Moore, preacher in charge, and Dr. J. W. Hanner, presiding elder of the Clarksville District. I traveled this circuit one year.

My second and third years I served the Dickson Circuit. Part of the first year Rev. Thomas Lankford was with me, but he was called away in May by the sickness and, finally, the death of his wife. He was a true, good man. His preaching was hortatory. He was a successful revivalist. That year I preached two hundred and thirty-two times. Next year Rev. Lewis Lowe was the assistant preacher, genial, warm-hearted, one of God's noblest workmen. I preached the whole of that first year on Dickson Circuit, which was the second year of my ministry, with twenty-one preaching places every four weeks. At one of the churches, Union Grove, I was never invited to eat anywhere, during the whole year, though otherwise I was kindly treated. They were a plain, hard-working people, who were faithful in attendance upon preaching and enjoyed the class meeting. I had a pleasant place to stay in the home of Sister Ussury, mother of

Dr. Ussury, of the Antioch Church, nearest to Union Grove.

The last appointment had been filled, the class meeting held, when I went back to the pulpit and made announcements for the new preacher, telling them how to receive and treat him, to invite him to their homes, to ask him to eat with them—that the preacher was very much like other people. I then rode one hundred miles to see my father, then ninety more, to the Conference at Athens. Lo, when the appointments were read, I was the new preacher!

When I reached Palmyra, *en route* to Union Grove, it was with a sad heart and many forebodings as to dinner that day and the days to come. But, as I approached, I saw a vast number of horses and of tow-headed mules and a multitude of people, and I received a gracious greeting from red-headed Bill Martin: "How are you, parson? I want you to go home with me to dinner to-day."

The lines next fell to me in a pleasant place, Tuscumbia, Ala. One of my best friends was Aleck Ross, afterwards a local preacher. My last official act in that station at the close of my second year was to marry Brother Ross to Miss Julia Jones. Years passed full of sunlight; then, one day, I was called from Clarksville to preach her funeral sermon.

A mother in Israel was Sister Day, from whom I bought all of Clarke's Commentaries, six volumes. Rev. Finch P. Scruggs was my presiding elder, and lived in the neighboring town of Decatur. While I was in Tuscumbia, Bishop Capers passed through and preached one Sunday. The two years passed pleasantly and quickly.

My next station was Murfreesboro, Tenn., Rev. Adam S. Riggs presiding elder, and in the parsonage I had a delightful home with him and his family. This year there was a wonderful revival of religion in the Methodist Church, lasting for many consecutive weeks. Many young people were happily converted, among the number the one who has for more than forty-five years shared my itinerant pilgrimage. Rev. L. D. Huston, editor of the *Home Circle*, was with me part of the time and did some wonderful preaching. The year was one of signal success in every way.

Some of the best people I have ever known lived in and around the historic town of Murfreesboro. Reminiscences crowd my memory, but I yield my pen to one whom they knew and loved before they knew me.

WELLBORN MOONEY.

CHAPTER XI.

PACKING MY TRUNK.

I HAD never packed a trunk until after my marriage. After an experience of forty-six years, I am an adept, an expert. The telescope and the grip were then unknown conveniences to the traveling public. The trunk, the bonnet trunk, and the carpetbag were the carriages for feminine finery. The carpetbag fell into disfavor with the influx of new rulers after the war, and the odium attached to the carriers was transferred in part to the thing carried.

A big trunk was the thing, and I soon found I had a bigger job on hand than I had ever had before. And I took two trunks and then availed myself of valuable volunteer service in the packing. I have learned to economize space since then. It may be true, too, that I have not so much to put in. I am sure that this is true. For those were the days of flounces and furbelows and hooped skirts, "with all of which" I was well supplied.

Our home in Shelbyville was with Brother L. B. Knott and his excellent family. I have many pleasant recollections of our first sojourn there. The home circle was congenial, consisting of father and mother, grandma Cooper, three sons, and three daughters. The oldest daughter, Mary, was married to Mr. — Martin; the second daughter, Martha, married Mr. Robert Reed, of Murfreesboro; the third daughter, Emma, died in girlhood. They were all industrious and happy. Brother Knott was extensively engaged in building, and

sometimes an employee was a member of the family. I remember one of these as the "hearty young man." He was especially fond of sweet potato pudding—the old-fashioned sort. I remarked one day upon his evident partiality, when I thought he was taking more than his share. "Yes," he replied, "I do like it, it is so easy to chaw on!"

Rev. S. S. Moody, one of the saintliest men I ever knew, was our presiding elder. His wife was a worthy helpmate and helpmeet. The home was a model one in every respect. She was Miss Letitia Cannon, a name known and honored in the annals of the State. Brother Moody lived in Shelbyville, and one of my greatest delights was a visit to his home. Rev. T. L. Moody, now of the Tennessee Conference, was a boy, and seemed to take great pleasure in driving us to his father's or elsewhere.

The social surroundings were good. Across the way, in a "big brick," lived Mr. Whitesides. His daughters, Mary and Ruth, were frequent visitors, running over for a little chat, or to talk of some new book, or to tell of some new thing. Dr. Lipscomb was a prominent physician, living on the right of "the road as you went to town." The leading merchant was Mr. Robert Mathews, an elder brother of Dr. John Mathews, now of St. Louis, recently pastor of McKendree Church, Nashville, Tenn. Another man in mercantile business was Arch Hughes, a kinsman to "Uncle John F. Hughes," so long an honored member of the Tennessee Conference, and one of the truest, bravest men I ever knew. Our last letter from him is dated January 17, 1888, when he was building up McFerrin Memorial.

Our tent at this time was pitched beside the "Father

of Waters." Brother Hughes had been our presiding elder, and he knew how my heart yearned for the hills of Tennessee, and that like wells of water in a thirsty land would be good news from the friends of yore. Of the Nashville preachers he writes: "J. B. Erwin is the star preacher of the city. His church will not accommodate his congregations. They have promised him \$2,500." Of himself he says: "I am happy in my work, and my bow still abides in strength."

In Shelbyville there were some good, true Methodists, but the Methodist Church was not in the ascendency, neither numerically nor financially. Not many rich, not many great were called, but there were some of the salt of the earth, some of the light of the world. The salt has not yet lost its savor, and the light still shines. Among the elect, chosen, and faithful was Brother George W. Ruth, father-in-law of Rev. William G. Dorris, a man whose head, heart, and hand belonged to God and to humanity.

The Sunday school was superintended by Brother Jones, and the singing was led by Sam Morton, lately deceased, while Robert Shapard seemed to be the main-spring of the whole movement.

Rev. A. L. Hamilton, D.D., was President of Shelbyville University. He was a graceful speaker, dramatic in manner, wore his hair long, which gave him the appearance of Beau Brummel in the old English picture books. He was amiable, and received with full appreciation all the good things said *to* him and *of* him. I met him time and again in Huntsville, where he married Miss Dolly Eason, a beautiful young lady; and I met him afterwards in Clarksville, when he was President of The Academy; and again, when the war

cloud had rolled away, in Pulaski, where he was for some days our guest. After that I saw him no more.

Among my earliest acquaintances in Shelbyville were Miss Katie Barber and her nephew, John. Many pleasant hours did we spend in their humble home. Miss Katie had a sunbonnet which my husband so admired that I made one for myself as nearly like it as possible. I wore it to church, but neither he nor Brother G. W. Petway knew I was there. I have never made another.

A never-to-be-forgotten day in Shelbyville was when a party of us went on a "hickorynut hunt" for scaly barks, with white "shell" and rich, delicate, delicious meat. We rode in a wagon, and carried our dinners. The grove was full of trees and the trees were full of nuts. When the boys climbed up and shook the limbs, how the rich, ripe fruit, with hull browned by the frost, did fall! We picked up bags full, feasts for many a day to come.

But the summer was fully past;
September had come and gone;
October was all aglow, hillside and forest,
A presage of the sear and yellow leaf,
The melancholy days to come.

The annual session of the Tennessee Conference was drawing near. It was to be held that year at Huntsville, Ala., North Alabama being at that time included in the Tennessee Conference. The scenery *en route* was rich in coloring, the landscape gleaming in every tint and tone of color. We were a merry party. By we I mean *us* and the Tennessee Conference, for most of the members were aboard, besides a "goodlye companie" from other Conferences. We stayed all night at Ste-

venson, then a new place, where hotel accommodations were not the best. It still seems to me that we were a long time reaching Huntsville, where I was to have my first experience of "being sent somewhere to stay," which, being interpreted, means, in Methodist phraseology, to be entertained for a week or thereabouts.

CHAPTER XII.

MY FIRST CONFERENCE.

THE two important stations in life, it has been said, are the first and the last. The intermediate points are but exchange places for the further way, which is always prospective if not progressive. This Conference at Hunstville might well be called my first. It was my first as the wife of an itinerant Methodist preacher, and Dr. J. B. West facetiously introduced me as "the new member."

We were the guests of Mrs. Rice, a wealthy widow and a member of the Episcopal Church. Her daughter, Amanda, had recently died in Cuba, which was at that time a long way off, though the distance is just the same. Mr. Lay, the rector, afterwards bishop, was absent at some Church council, and his place was supplied by a teacher whose name I do not recall. However, he was a member of the household and the first religious monopolist I ever met. He read all the prayers and said all the graces. It never dawned on him that this was a breach of clerical courtesy. But so it seemed to me. An illustration of dogmatic High Church imperialism! I exercised the grace of silence until, one day, he said something derogatory of our Church schools. I made a mild rejoinder, and after that things were more lively.

This Conference was an imposing body, the equal of which is seldom seen in deliberative councils. There was age with ripened wisdom, mature manhood with broadening horizon, youth with ardor and aspirations

and possible ambition, but with marked reverence for the hoary head.

Two bishops, Soule and Paine, were in attendance—Bishop Soule stately and saintly, speaking as one having authority; Bishop Paine alert, active, a skillful parliamentarian, knowing how to talk and how to keep others from talking, whose wit was keen as a Damascus blade, but not cruel in its cutting.

Some of the preachers I had long known, but as a body they were strangers. Thirty years' association broadened my knowledge, but after fifteen years of absence I can truly say of those I knew so long I think no nobler men have trod the earth since the Master went away, "taking heed unto themselves and unto all the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made them overseers, feeding the Church of God which he purchased with his own precious blood." If there were at that time any dissensions among the brethren, I was happily in ignorance, and I have never sought to know.

Many of those I met at that Conference, the most of them, having served their generation by the will of God, have fallen on sleep, but some remain to this day. The most apostolic among them was Dr. Thomas L. Maddin, of precious memory, whose snowy locks, and face benign in its beauty, no pen picture can adequately portray. I have yet his daguerreotype, and some of his hair wrought into a flower-wreath by the hand of our dead darling, Blanch, of whom he was very fond.

Dr. A. R. Erwin, father of "our Joe," was the beloved and popular pastor of the Methodist Church in Huntsville.

Rev. W. D. F. Sawrie, whose wife had recently died, was the presiding elder of the Huntsville District, and

Prof. G. M. Everhart was President of Huntsville Female College.

Dr. W. C. Johnson, till recently the accomplished scribe of the Memphis Conference, then belonged to the Tennessee Conference, and was elected Secretary at this session, having served the three previous sessions, and having the same honor for the three succeeding sessions.

The groups, as I blow aside the dust of years, seem more than vitagraphs. They live, and move, and have their being. I salute them through smiles and, alas! tears, as I remember that so many of the tents have been dissolved while mine is still moving! Dr. A. L. P. Green, Dr. J. B. McFerrin, Dr. J. W. Hanner, Dr. A. R. Erwin, Dr. J. B. West, Fountain E. Pitts, R. P. Ransom, are of those whose presence and personality were most marked, and I enjoyed to the full the arena when any of these contended.

Social life was at full tide, and many were the invitations to dine, to drive, to take tea. The week was all too short for the many courtesies of this sort. The drives were delightful, the homes in all the region round about were elegant and the people of the highest type—educated, cultured Christians. I recall with much pleasure the home of Dr. Benjamin Wharton, a few miles from Huntsville. He had a number of beautiful daughters, among them Miss Laura, afterwards the wife of Rev. James R. Plummer, at one time President of Clarksville Academy. He was suddenly called home, some years ago, while living in Nashville and while about his Father's business.

Brother Plummer was called the weeping prophet by his brethren. Most of his ministry was spent in the Tennessee Conference, where he was much beloved by

preachers and people. He had a lovely family of daughters, whose tents, since the father's death, are not all pitched in the same place. His oldest daughter, Lou, married Rev. B. F. Haynes, of the Tennessee Conference. She was the daughter of the first marriage. Little Bessie's feet soon grew tired in the way, and one day in Clarksville at The Academy the angels came for her. It was the first shadow on their tent, and we sadly missed the bright little face from the door where she so often stood "looking for father." I doubt not it was so as she looked from the heavenly heights. After Brother Plummer's death, Sister Plummer removed to Memphis, which is still home to her and Lolly, the youngest living, and where live two other daughters (Katie, Mrs. H. K. Miller; and Lylie, Mrs. R. E. McGill). His daughter Dora married Mr. J. E. Jackson, of Jackson, Tenn., and Claire married Mr. Wharton Plummer, of Chicago—not a kinsman, though uniting in his name the family name of his wife's father and mother.

Sister Plummer and I, meeting thus in Huntsville, Ala., in 1856, in young womanhood, have always been bound together in closest friendship, cemented by common sorrows, by a community of interests in Church work, and by our mutual love for the Tennessee Conference, in whose bounds our husbands spent the strength of young manhood. I shall follow her tent and that of her children, wheresoever pitched,

"Till the mists have rolled in splendor
From the summit of the sky."

But while I have taken this jaunt, the Conference has been going on, and is about to finish its work—can do

so in the afternoon—and have an evening session for reading the appointments. I did not then so well understand the tense, intense, suppressed excitement among preachers and people pending this event. I did not know so well the complex, complicated machinery of the moving tent—its compressibility, its flexibility and inflexibility, its expansion without imperialism. As I watched the faces of the brethren, and saw the gravity of the bishop, fear and trembling almost took hold of me.

The bishop's address as he held the appointments in his hand was awe-inspiring, if not awful. I have never forgotten it: "Brethren, we have done our best for you. Some of you will be disappointed, for you must go to hard places; but, if any of you joined this Conference expecting to go to heaven on flowery beds of ease, you are in the wrong place. A Methodist preacher is not a lotus-eater. Our Lord wants no sluggards. He says, 'Son, go work to-day in my vineyard;' and if you have not the mind in you that was in Christ Jesus our Lord, who went about doing his Father's business, then are ye not of his, nor have ye any part nor lot in this matter." At this juncture I was somewhat scared, and saw the tents flapping in wind and rain and wintry weather, and was in a state difficult to describe as the bishop concluded with "Your Master said, 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.'" The martial spirit, if dormant, was aroused now, and when

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

was started and sung there was weeping, and rejoicing in a quiet way, and they were ready!

“No sculptured stone in stately temple
Proclaims their rugged lot;
Like Him who was their great example,
This vain world knew them not.
But though their names no poet wove
In deathless song or story,
Their record is inscribed above;
Their wreaths are crowns of glory.”

Wellborn Mooney was read out to Franklin Station.
Thither, after little delay, the tent moved.

CHAPTER XIII.

PITCHED IN FRANKLIN.

SWEET to me after all these years of wandering is the town called Franklin, in the early days and still bearing the virtues embalmed in the history of the fathers—a spot to me in some respects more sweet than all beside, as the scene of my first year in the work and as the birthplace of our oldest born, Emily Blanch Mooney; sweet for the friendships formed, for the kindnesses received, and as the place where in after years the battle was fought, a spot sacred to the memory of so many heroes of the Lost Cause, who here finished their march and folded their tents forever, and are sleeping, rank by rank, that sleep from which only the trump of God can awake them; and because on the old battle ground near the heap of memorial stones our oldest son, Prof. W D. Mooney, was so long engaged in his lifework as a teacher.

Our home was with Mrs. Betty Curran, whose unvarying kindness I have never forgotten. Her household and her boarders were a congenial company, and represented the law, the gospel, merchandise, *materia medica*, business and social life, generally. Judge Hill was the wit of the board. His humor was inexhaustible, and his repartee quick and sharp as a rapier. He was the brother-in-law of Rev. William Burr, of the Tennessee Conference. Dr. Dan German, Mr. Ed Cook, and Mr. Reahms, a merchant, were also of the household, and others whose names I do not remember.

Mrs. Tom Watson was then a young and beautiful

woman, and prominent in all social functions. She and her husband, Uncle Pat Reese, and Mrs. Puryear, Mrs. De Graefenried, Miss Celeste Perkins, and other attractive young ladies were frequent visitors.

Dr. John Park, who still survives, was our beloved physician. Rev. Henry North and Rev. Mark S. Andrews were the Methodist patriarchs, men of social prominence and of wide religious influence in the community and in all the region round about. Brother William Johnson, father of the late Rev. W. C. Johnson, D.D., of the Memphis Conference, was one of the official members; also Brother Crouch, Brother Sam House, and another whom I remember well, but whose name escapes me. He was a good man and true, prompt, industrious, and believed in every man's doing the work whereunto he was called. It is said that once at prayer meeting the preacher called upon him to pray. "Do it yourself; you are paid for it," was the response and the reason.

Brother L. Wooldridge had in him the heroic element. He was not only a true soldier of the cross, but long past his three score years he enlisted in the Confederate army, nor laid his armor by till all was over. This year (1857) the Franklin Female College was finished and opened, and I helped to make ready for the "opening," as it was called.

Prof. Sharp was the first President. It was for years called "a Church School," and was presided over by some of our leading ministers. Bishop R. K. Hargrove was at one time its honored head. From some cause, or from what Dr. Barbee felicitously styles "a concatenation of circumstances," I am told that the Meth-

odists no longer have any denominational claim on the property.

One of my favorites among the elect women of Franklin was Mrs. Anna Bain, afterwards Mrs. Dr. Turner. Another was Mrs. Anne Wooldridge. She had an infant daughter, somewhat older than our babe. This daughter grew to womanhood and was happily married to Mr. William Jarrett, of the vicinity of Salem, Rutherford County. She was foully murdered one morning in her room, presumably for money she was supposed to have.

Among the most kindly remembered of the young people are Lizzie Hanner McReynolds (daughter of Dr. J. W. Hanner), Fanny Park, and Mary Briggs. The two last named are dear in memory, and are among the many who have gone on before. Lizzie still abides in Clarksville, Tenn., a wonderfully gifted woman, who for several years was the solace and the joy of her dear father, Dr. John W. Hanner, the princeliest preacher of them all.

Rev. W. D. F. Sawrie was our presiding elder. His preaching was noticeable for fervor, sentiment, unction. I have no memorial roll of the Tennessee Conference, and I do not know when Brother Sawrie died. He was a most genial gentleman. His widow, a most excellent woman, Mrs. Virginia House Sawrie, survives him, and has her home in Nashville, Tenn.

I was in Franklin a few years ago, but I felt a stranger in the old places. Few of the old congregation remained. I saw strangers instead of familiar faces, yet really the faces I saw were the unseen, and the songs I heard in the new Church were the old songs.

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that I had met,

while I rejoiced to renew associations with those of the olden time who yet remained. Indeed, one must travel far to find a place combining so many of the best elements as Franklin society—culture, religion, wealth, and much of it given to God and to the extension of his kingdom in the earth.

It is well worth a long journey to walk through the Confederate cemetery, consecrated by the blood of the gallant men who fought and fell at Franklin. They lie row upon row, the slabs bearing the name of sleeper and State, and thither turn the thoughts of many fathers and mothers from nearly every Southern State, while they bless the people who so lovingly cared for the boys who died from home and for those shot down in battle. The ground was the gift of Mr. John McGavock, and is near his own home, and where sleep his kindred dead. No spot in the South has more historic interest than the battle ground of Franklin. Some poet of the South will yet sing in sweetest, saddest sort, and yet a song of triumph, as well as tears—

Of her sons for valor long renowned,
Slaughtered on their native ground.

No daughters of the Confederacy deserve more praise for their work than those of Franklin. They have been in labors more abundant, whereof the Confederate monument which graces the public square is testimony. All honor to our noble President, Jefferson Davis, who dedicated his great work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" to "the women of the Confederacy, whose pious ministrations to our wounded

soldiers soothed the last hours of those who died far from the objects of their tenderest love; whose domestic labors contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field; whose zealous faith in our cause shone a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war; whose fortitude sustained them under all the privations to which they were subjected; whose floral tribute annually expresses their enduring love and reverence for our sacred dead, and whose patriotism will teach their children to emulate the deeds of our revolutionary sires."

I am sorry that this history by one of the most gifted men of modern times, and the most cruelly treated of any age, is not in every Southern home. It and the *Confederate Veteran*, edited by S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., should belong to us and to our children forever.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONFERENCE IN MURFREESBORO.

A CONFERENCE year soon passes, much more quickly now than in days gone by. This Conference was eagerly anticipated, as it was to be held in Murfreesboro, my old home, and Bishop Early was to preside. I had heard much of him, for he and my father were old Virginians and old friends. Their greeting was, "How are you, John?" with a long pressure of the hands, and nothing more to indicate the deep emotion felt by each, but the tremor in tone which neither attempted to conceal.

The Bishop was a dignified man, rather than austere. His speech was Spartan in its brevity, but not severe. He never counseled with words without knowledge. His words stood for ideas, and not for the signs merely. They meant something. And when he appointed or disappointed a man there was that about him that said: "I also am a man in authority; I say to this man go, and he goeth." And so the decree went forth, and there was some commotion at the moving of the tents at this Conference. I felt less of the elation and excitement and suspense of the first session, because I was among old friends and continually making new ones, and I felt that "the Bishop would, as a man of God, do his best for the preachers and their families." When one cannot have this feeling of confidence in our chief pastors he is in the wrong fold.

And so, whatever there may have been brooding in the nature of a storm in the hot air of the cabinet, the

clouds cleared, and the Bishop read the appointments with a front as calm and unwrinkled as Jove's when he hurled his thunderbolts. How true it is that great forces are silent, quiet, majestic, sometimes, because of silence!

At this Conference I became acquainted or rather I met for the first time, Rev. John Kelley and Mrs. Mary Kelley, father and mother of Col. David Campbell Kelley, D.D., of the Tennessee Conference. Sister Kelley is known, not only in Southern Methodism in the home land, but far away in heathen lands, where many a soul has been turned from darkness to the marvelous light of the gospel through her agency in the establishment of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Her Church and the women of the South cannot do too much in honoring the name and the memory of this godly woman, not with stones and brass and songs of praise, but by wisely continuing her work by the organization of auxiliary missionary societies. Her granddaughter, Daisy Kelley, wife of Dr. W. R. Lambuth, our General Missionary Secretary, felt the glow of the old fire in her heart, and in young womanhood went with her husband to the foreign field, and there did good service for the Master in the homes of the heathen.

Of the Methodists in Murfreesboro in my girlhood I most fondly recall the father and mother of our Mr. Henry Spence, of the Southern Methodist Publishing House. It was before the day of the Woman's Home Mission Society, but Sister Spence did much effective work in that line. She visited the sick and the stranger, and ministered to the necessities of the needy with her own hand most unstintingly. I knew her long and well,

and I never knew her to give expression to an unkind thought of any man, woman, or child ; yet she was positive in her convictions and pronounced in her utterances. She was always at her place in the church, at the prayer meeting, and in the class room. One night, long after she had gone to the home prepared for her in heaven, and of which she so frequently spoke, her husband, Brother John Spence, and my father, two aged disciples, kept the watch night all alone—one of the most pathetic pictures, it seems to me, that could be imagined. When sick and away from home Sister Spence was my ministering angel, and how often since when among strangers have I sighed for the touch of her hand.

Nor less did I love another Methodist in that town, my Sunday school teacher for years, Mrs. Helen Crichlow Baskette Hughes—Mrs. Crichlow when I first knew her. Her gift of song could cheer me on darkest days, and on dark, rainy days she came with songs and words of cheer. Her sons, I think, survive her, and are yet in Murfreesboro.

When I was last there, Mr. James, the second, was Sunday school superintendent and also leader of the choir. The music was good—probably better artistically than in the old time—but I missed the mother's voice, and shall till I hear it in the chorus of the skies !

Another singer, and then a Methodist and the Sunday school superintendent, was Mr. Joseph S. Carels. I have heard that he yet lives, and that he belongs to another Church, which seems strange to me, after knowing him as a Methodist so many years.

Another man most active in Church affairs was

Simeon B. Christy. He was "a man without a model and without a shadow." His peculiarities were marked, and belonged in very truth to himself alone.

Mr. Benton Miles was the preacher's friend always. The last time I saw him was at another Conference in Murfreesboro, some years after the war, when he had a few friends for supper in his own beautiful home, before the separation after adjournment. He knew the people, and he knew the preachers, their gifts and graces, or the lack of them, and his comments on the place and the man or the man for the place were apt. Their correctness was verified by the record and the results. He remarked to a presiding elder on this occasion, "Well, brother, you have some good men, but a weak force," which has all the pith of a proverb, for goodness must be an *active* quality to attain to best results in reaching and affecting the lives of others.

St. Simeon Stylites on his patient pillar, bearing rain, hail, wind, snow, frost, heat, damp, sleet, might possibly be caught up to heaven, but that sort of goodness will not save the souls of others. Enduring as good soldiers means equipment, fighting the foe, a moving tent sometimes.

Mr. William Ransom was another layman of Murfreesboro whom I remember most affectionately for his genial humor, his loyal friendship, and his abounding sympathy with the young. When I saw him last he was older by many years, but in his accustomed place in the church. His strength was abated and his eyes were dim. He recognized me by my voice, but gave the same old hearty greeting: "How glad I am to see you!"

Gen. Joseph B. Palmer was of fine physique and

bearing, with a face radiant with noble impulses. He was held in high esteem by his brethren of the bar throughout the State. His patriotism was pronounced. In the war between the States, he unhesitatingly declared for the South. He was colonel of the Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment. His courage on many a battlefield won for him promotion to brigadier general. War-worn and weary, he returned after the surrender to begin anew the battle of life in the peaceful pursuit of his profession. In the trying times that immediately followed the close of the war, when small men sold themselves for a mess of pottage, he was true and steadfast to his friends and to that first and greatest element of worth, principle. He was a Methodist, a Mason, and a Confederate soldier. I salute him through tears. He is part of our history; and when it is truthfully written, his name, like that of many another, will live imperishably.

I cannot close these reminiscences of my old home Church without a tribute to Uncle Ben Reeves, the colored sexton. He had rung the bell for Sunday school, for prayer meeting, for preaching, for weddings, and for funerals probably for a quarter of a century or more. He seemed part of the history of the people who worshiped there, and was ever their faithful friend and servant.

The church was used as a hospital by the Federals during the occupation of the town. I met him once on the street in Murfreesboro the last year of the war. Inquiring after his welfare, he replied: "I get lonesome, our folks all gone, and no bell to ring." When word came to me, "Uncle Ben is dead," I said: "Who can fill his place? Others may sweep and dust and ring

the bell, but he can have no successor in the hearts of those he had known and served so long."

Uncle Peter Wrather was another favorite with the white people. His seat was seldom vacant in the gallery of the Methodist Church, where on revival occasions his voice could be heard among the loudest singing

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

He returned from the war, and sustained his prestige as chief cook in many outings to the lake with the twelve fishermen composing the "Old Men's Fishing Club." They are all gone now, I suppose, nor shall we see their like again.

Murfreesboro had a strong bar at this time, politically about equally divided between the Whigs and Democrats. John Bell, Charles Ready, Ed Ewing, J. B. Palmer, the Keeble brothers (Ed and Pinckney)—all ranked high among the State's legal lights. John Morgan, the famous Confederate general, married the daughter of Hon. Charles Ready.

While renewing friendships with old friends I have been keenly alive, too, to what has been transpiring in the Conference room. I am becoming, by this time, familiar with Methodist nomenclature. My vocabulary is so enlarged that I can name the wheels within wheels—Quarterly Conference, Annual Conference, and later District Conference; circuits, stations, missions—"supply" everything from a country charge to an ecumenical council! I understand, too, office and relation, etymologically and practically. election and ordination of deacons and elders, supernumerary and superannuate, and to be on trial and admitted into full connection!

CHAPTER XV

AGAIN IN SHELBYVILLE.

WE were returned this year to Shelbyville, "even unto the place where our tent had been pitched at the beginning." Again we are domiciled with Brother L. B. Knott "as aforetime," and life resumed its usual tenor, as if it had been unbroken. Acquaintances made in the former time grew into friendships that have outlived the flight of time.

Mrs. Dr. Blakemore was an active Church worker and a devoted friend. The country home of Mr. Brown was a delightful resting place. Mrs. — Thompson, too, kept wide-open door for the preacher, and was foremost in Church work and other benevolent enterprises. The preachers traveled more on horseback in those days, but I suppose could no longer be called heroes of the saddlebags, though saddlebags were still a part of the outfit.

Dr. A. L. P. Green was our presiding elder—a man of most gracious presence, a conversationalist of rare charm, a strong preacher to whom a sermonet was an unknown quantity of no certain value, and whose homiletic magazine was the Bible and the best books on the Bible. He preached long sermons and strong sermons, and nobody complained: "How tired I am! I thought he would never get through!" But when he got through he had "finished;" he never "wanted to add another thought in conclusion." Dr. Joseph B. West once said, "the very best reading is spoiled when you forget the period." As a fireside companion he was

peerless, genial, humorous, and with a voice forceful, but wonderfully sweet, having the drawing and holding power of the Nixies chord. You never tired hearing him talk. While a fisher of men, he was an enthusiastic fisher of fish. Big fish, little fish, fishes with scales, and scaleless fish—cat, trout, buffalo, all sorts and sizes—he knew them, and knew how to catch them, and loved to talk of his excursions with angle and rod by brookside and river.

Our baby, Emily Blanch Mooney, was baptized at the Methodist Church in Shelbyville, Tenn., by Rev. A. L. P. Green, November 22, 1857. This record recalls the beautiful and impressive ritual, and Memory with her magic mirror shows me the faces of many whose names I would put upon the written page, but the list would be too long. The grave and the gay, pathos and humor, are close together if not close akin. The baptism impressed nurse Harriet in a way altogether different from that of the accepted or the disputed standards on the subject of baptism. The next day the nurse noted, and was delighted with the fact, that the baby did not have the colic! After studying the subject for some time, she called to me with the ring of victory in her voice: "I know why the baby hain't had the colic to-day; cause she's been baptized." The validity of this claim once established, the brethren would have no more trouble on the subject, as all tired, sleep-loving, sleep-losing mothers would enthusiastically embrace it. I commend its consideration to the brethren who are presenting the subject, its subjects, the mode, and the benefits.

Of the preachers this year, I saw most frequently Rev. S. M. Cherry and Rev. J. G. Myers, though I

cannot name their work. Rev. J. W. Cullom was a sometime visitor. He was a friend dearly loved by my husband before I knew either. I notice that he is to preach his semicentennial sermon at the next Conference, in Pulaski. May I be there to hear! In this respect Mr. Mooney is his senior, having preached his semicentennial two years ago. I wish I could write that word "semicentennial" as Dr. West used to say Bishop Kavanaugh pronounced it. But I cannot put the sound and inflection on the point of a pen—no more than they can be reproduced, even if written. Brother Cullom preached at one time on the Middleton Circuit. I was not then at the old home; but I remember that old church called Thompson's, and looking back I see the people, and where they sat, who sung, who prayed, who talked in love feast. This was before Brother Cullom's day on the circuit, when we had to go to preaching on week days, *volens volens*. Sometimes I had to ride behind, and I kept myself awake on the way by counting the houses, the panels of fences, and the people we met. I was not always so successful in church during preaching. My counting exercise here was first the people who came in, and after that the people who nodded, until I finally fell asleep myself, nor was I awakened till Brother Smotherman would begin to shout, or Brother Anthony North to sing

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

By this time everybody was awake, and when somebody started

"Will you meet me
In the Promised Land?"

old Rip Van Winkle would have been startled and started from slumber. I often heard Uncle Kit Farriss preach at his church, called for Thompson Jared, a devout Methodist layman. "Uncle Kit," as he was known to all the Methodist family, married a sister to Rev. R. P. Ransom, and here the Ransoms, Smiths, Harrisons, Owens, Simses, Norths, and Dromgooles held their membership. Uncle Harry Ransom and his brother Lemuel were always there. They were men of portly presence, and I used to wonder if they could both get in the door at the same time! I finally decided that they could by a side movement! Dr. Frank Wilkes told me of his experience once in Texas while trying to preach one Sunday afternoon. His congregation was large and constantly augmented and diminished by the coming and the going of some restless cowboys. There was a board off at the back of the church—whether for ventilation, or because of shrinkage and falling off, I do not know, but it was off—and it suggested a means of egress to one of the more enterprising of the cowboys. He began his performance, the congregation turning their eyes and thoughts to him instead of to the preacher, much to the preacher's discomfiture, who called out: "See here, my friend, you'll never get out that way!" With dangling limbs and undaunted courage he called back in challenging tone, "I bet you a dollar I will!" and, added the Doctor, "he did."

Brother Cullom loved to sing

"I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

He has tarried with us a long time, and yet how short seems the day! And how we shall grieve for him, or

for ourselves, when his work is finished and the night comes when no man can work.

Ernest Marvin Mooney, our baby boy, was baptized at home in Clarksville, Tenn., by Rev. J. W. Cullom, November 27, 1879, since which time our moving tents have been far apart, but in thought and in affection Brother Cullom has ever held a place

Whether we've pitched on the plain
Or "where Eden's bowers bloom."

CHAPTER XVI.

UNIQUE SERMONS ET RES.

MISFORTUNES in business overtook Brother Knott. He gave up his beautiful home for an humble one in another part of the town. Again our tent moved, for we went with him. His patient endurance under this trial, his cheerful courage, profoundly impressed me. He kneeled upon his knees and prayed and gave thanks before his God as aforetime.

Rev W T Shaw we often saw during this time. He had no extraordinary pulpit graces, but he glorified God by a blameless, upright life. Just before his death he wrote us a letter which was among our prized possessions lost by fire.

Brother John A. McCurdy I saw last at Chapel Hill, Marshall County, Tenn., at a church called Allen's Chapel—last as "holding a meeting," for I may have seen him again at an Annual Conference. He was at one time on the Middleton Circuit, as was Rev. John A. Ellis, afterwards a member of the Mississippi or the North Mississippi Conference.

I attended a camp meeting not far from Shelbyville. Holt's, I think, was the name of the encampment. There I saw a man whose unique reading and preaching was wonderful—past finding out. His character was in every way above reproach—he was blameless. Dr Green said he "read fluently, but he never by even a mischance called a word right." In orthoëpy he was a pronounced success, but in orthography, of which orthoëpy is supposed to be a part, he was a failure. He

would take his text from the "one-eyed chapter of two-eyed John" (first chapter of Second John, Roman letters), or from "Pestle Hams" (the Psalms), or from "Eccle Cuts" (Ecclesiastes)! His exegesis of "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," has certainly the grace of originality, which cannot be said of some greater sermons. The introduction emphasized the importance of the sense of "seeing," while the verb "compassed" was taken as a noun, and the difficulties of safe sailing before the compass was invented were enlarged upon. It seems to me that I have heard, even from the pulpit, things not so suggestive as this—for no doubt, in thinking of the compass, he had in mind the four cardinal points, north, east, west, south, all around, and a man must thus see and thus be seen in running this race. It is of the same sort as Rev. C. C. Mayhew's "We cast four anchors and wished for the morning." Yet both these men were successful in winning souls. I know the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, and this power is manifest *over* the ignorance of men, while it has in a different way "pleased God through the foolishness of preaching to save many."

Sometime during this year I heard Rev. J. G. Myers preach his noted Ark sermon, familiar, I suppose, to all the old preachers of the Tennessee Conference. I was quite partial to Brother Myers and to his wife, who was a Miss Purvis, of McMinnville, Tenn. She furnished me a word not in the dictionary, but so good a one that I have adopted it, as an apt qualifier of people who have neither the inclination nor the ability to do any kind of work, except to complain of their many infirmities of the flesh. She styled them the "do-less" sort.

It is not yet an extinct genus. They generally have some sort of dyspepsia which makes them "enjoy poor health," and invariably brings on the back ache when there is an accumulation of work and busy brain and active hands and willing feet are needed. Probably you have met some of the family; they have no local limitations.

There were some good meetings in and around Shelbyville during the year, but no such remarkable revivals as are sometimes reported now, making the wonder grow, when statistics are in, what has become of them—the converts.

The apparent decrease was readily accounted for in the history of Methodism when America, though not greatly attached to England, was not yet detached. Her children were coming to this country, and the altar was simply removed from the English hearthstone to the tent of the pioneer and to the groves, God's first temples. I suppose, too, that in a big count some must be put down as Douglas Jerrold asked that he should be, when a collection was being taken for an impecunious member. "How much does poor H—— need, tonight?" he asked of the collector.

"O, a five and two naughts will do"—\$5.00.

"Well, you may put me down for one of the naughts!"

There are certain infallible signs that betoken the approach of an Annual Conference. I did not understand them so well then as I do now. The brethren bestir themselves with unwonted activity, and the anxious inquiry begins to be heard, the one from the other: "Are your collections all up?" Probably, with some, the lapse of time has caused a relapse of interest; and

the preacher, through delay, has a double duty to perform. His only comfort, if comfort or consolation it may be called—is, that some other brother is equally “behind.” The remedy is with the preacher and entirely within his province. His people should be trained both by precept and example, by insistence upon method in all Church work.

Rev. John Wiley Hill, an ascended workman of the Tennessee Conference, magnified the office of presiding elder in training the people to systematic paying. Jacob, journeying even without a tent, after seeing in a dream that wonderful ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reaching unto heaven, vowed a vow unto God, saying: “If thou wilt keep me in the way that I go, and give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.” Yet people who pay little and give less talk of Jacob as “a hard man!” The law of distribution as to time and labor, like that of compensation, is a very kindly one, and the compensation is very sweet to the preacher who has the hearty coöperation of his members in the prompt payment of these connectional claims—and all our Church work should be connectional. Thus more fully does each bear his own burden, and illustrate the ease of bearing one another’s burden.

In closing this chapter on preachers and sermons there comes to remembrance a sermon I heard preached by Rev. L. D. Houston when he was editor of *The Home Companion*. It was a great occasion, and the sermon was greater. It was on “The Offering Up of Isaac.” To this day I can see the father and his son journeying toward Mount Moriah and hear the talk by the way. I can feel the pain and the pang that rend

the heart of the father as the magnitude and awfulness of the sacrifice impress themselves upon his consciousness. I behold the dawning of the morning of that third day, when he "lifted up his eyes and saw the place afar off." I realize the loneliness of the desolation that came upon him when he said to the young men: "Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again unto you."

The menials at a distance wait,
Alone ascend the son and sire;
The wood on Isaac's shoulder laid,
The wood to build his funeral pyre.

The climax was overwhelming, and the tense emotions of the congregation found vent in loud shout and hallelujah when the angel of the Lord called to Abraham out of heaven, saying: "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him."

Few things that I have heard or read are so exquisite as his presentation of the old patriarch *twelve* years after this dramatic incident, when we see him sitting in his wife's tent, where he had gone "to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her."

Though so long a time has passed, I remember his tender tribute to Sarah. "She had been the beautiful companion of his youth in far-off Mesopotamia, the faithful sharer of his toils and wanderings. He was a wanderer and a dweller in tents for at least one hundred years—all the days of his life which he lived were one hundred three score and fifteen years. Then Abraham gave up the ghost and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years."

Then, all his wanderings past, his sons buried him

in the cave of Machpelah, which he had bought for a possession of a burial place when his beautiful Sarah had left him alone in the tent. How many brethren of the Methodist moving tent have possession of a burying place?

Things remote are brought near by the law of association, and the recollection of Dr. Houston's sermons brings back one I heard in the long ago by an "Old Hard-Shell Baptist," as preachers of the Primitive Baptist Church were called at that time.

This sermon was sung rather than preached, or delivered; and, soothing and soporific as sermons or songs may sometimes be, there was no sleeping during this sermon, though it was about the third in order on a summer day. The tune was not lively, but the theme was—"And he said unto her, 'Wilt thou go with this man?' and she said, 'I will go.'"

The well-packed camels and the old man journeying toward Mesopotamia were very realistic. The incidents at the well—the courtesy of Rebecca in offering drink to the tired traveler and to the thirsty camels—all the details of the interview were aptly given in serio-comic manner, while the smiles of the congregation frequently gave way to loud laughter.

In conclusion, he said: "And yes, my brither-rin, there's not a fe-male who hears me this day but would er mount er camel and go—yes, my brither-rin, go even unto er fur country and to er strange man they never hearn tell uv, save by the mouth uv er servant—yes, they would go, even at this day and time, if you would give 'em the gold earrings and the bracelets and the

jewels of silver and the jewels of gold and the raiment. Yes, my brither-rin, they would all go, and even ride on a bare-backed camel, without bridle or stirrup ur-ur-ur anything to hold by ; for, my brither-rin, women are all alike in every age, of every age, in every clime, in every country ; they will surely say 'I will go,' providing, my brither-rin, that the camels are well packed."

CHAPTER XVII.

CONFERENCE AT McMINNVILLE 1858-1900. SUN- SHINE AND SHADOW.

I DID not attend the Conference of 1858 held at McMinnville, but I was much interested in the proceedings, and I love the hill country thereabouts. Mr. Mooney, though born in Fauquier County, Va., spent most of his boyhood and early manhood in Warren County, near Hickory Creek, a beautiful and most romantic region. At the time of our marriage his brother, Prof. Waynfield Mooney, was President of Irving College, not many miles from McMinnville. It had been my privilege to be at the College the previous summer, and also at Mt. Zion Camp Ground. Rev. J. C. Putnam was either presiding elder or preacher in charge. I had had many delightful drives through the country. One I shall never forget. It was in the afternoon. It had rained in the morning and set all the rivulets running. About midday the sun shone bright. Our road lay to the right of a hill green-clad and terraced. Afar off could be heard that sweetest of all music, running water. All at once the whole face of the hillside was covered with sparkling spray—the radiant colors, refulgent in every shade and tone and tint of color, more lovely than any human hand could paint them. Nor time nor distance can efface the supernal beauty of the scene as it burst upon me that summer day. The two things that have seemed most unchanged to me wheresoever our tent has moved are the hills and the horizon. The hills sometimes seem so near

to heaven! And that broad band encircling the universe reminds me that the Father's love encompasses all his wandering children:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

But to the Conference. With these sentiments, I was in most happy accord with the emotions evoked by the exquisite poem of our dear friend Dr. A. R. Erwin in his "Invocation to Ben Lomond,"* "for *mine* eyes had seen the glory there, and my heart overflowed with joy." The surroundings are preëminently of the Highlands and suggest many of the best things in Scottish song and story. Better still, they lift the thoughts to Him who sendeth the springs that run among the hills, and who hath set our King upon his holy hill of Zion.

As I write, the tide of years rolls back in the waters of memory, and I see a sunny spot where a multitude is gathered, and in the multitude all the faces are of the friends I knew and loved. I hear the voice and see the rapt expression on the face of Dr. Erwin as he exclaims:

"Ben Lomond, hail! We stand to-day
Where we rejoice to stand,
Upon thy brow, whence, far away,
The view sweeps o'er the land.

Forth let us look o'er all the earth, until
The Saviour's words we feel;
The Church, a city on a hill;
Ye watchmen, guard her weal."

What was unfolded to him on the mountain height?
Did he even then hear the noise of wings, and see the

* Ben a hill.

chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof, when, gazing anon upon the upturned faces of the brethren, he said:

“So, life’s travel ended, may each of us stand
On Pisgah’s bright summit, o’erlooking that land
Of brightness and beauty, the home of the blest,
Where the wearied ones forever shall rest.”

Ah me, not long after his feet grew tired on the hills, and God took him—the first shadow to fall upon our moving tent.

1858-1900. Forty-two years of tent life for the old Jerusalem Conference, and again the tribes go up to worship at McMinville. I feel that I can hardly write of this second gathering. So many that we knew and loved are gone from the Conference roll! I am glad that there are so many sons of honored fathers in the succession. J. B. Erwin, J. A. McFerrin, John W. Hanner, William Green, J. J. Ransom, are of those on whose shoulders have fallen the mantles of ascended prophets and sires. The Davids who, after having served their generation, are fallen on sleep are more than I can tell. Among those on the Memorial Roll for 1900 I note through tears the names of Absalom H. Reams, J. G. Rice, W. G. Dorris, and Joseph J. Pitts. There are many others to memory dear: Dr. A. L. P. Green, Fountain E. Pitts, Thomas W. Randle, James R. Plummer, R. L. Fagan, the Whittens, J. B. McFerrin, R. P. Ransom, William Burr, John F. Hughes, William H. Wilkes, T. L. Madden, J. J. Pitman.

Rev. J. G. Price and Mr. Mooney were boys together, converted at the same meeting; but, I believe Mr. Mooney was his senior somewhat in the Conference. Their love for each other was very tender. Rev. W. G.

Dorriss was my pastor at the time of our marriage, and after twenty-five years officiated at our silver wedding. Throughout all the years he was our steadfast friend. For wisdom in counsel he was rarely equaled. His words were indeed apples of gold in pictures of silver. His judgment was well-nigh faultless, both as to men and measures.

Dr. John W. Hanner as man and minister I held in high and loving regard. He was not demonstrative, did not carry his heart in his mouth. The fountain was deep and pure, and sometimes overflowed in refreshing streams. I kept for years, and would have kept to the last, a letter received from him when our moving tent was pitched beyond the river, in Missouri. One sermon I heard him preach in Nashville I shall never forget. It might be called "The Home-Bringing of the Bride." For thought, word-painting, and delivery, it was perfect.

With so many names enshrined in memory, I was in full sympathy with the following resolution read and adopted at the annual session of the Tennessee Conference, October 24-29, 1900:

Whereas an all-wise Providence, after a lapse of forty-two years, has permitted the Tennessee Conference to hold a second annual session in this beautiful mountain city; therefore be it

Resolved, That with gratitude deep and profound we praise God that through all these long years the God of Jacob has been our refuge, a very present help in time of trouble, that his grace has sustained our living ministers found trusting in him, and has enabled our dear fathers and brethren to die like Jacob, in sight of heaven.

W. D. CHERRY,
J. W. CULLOM.

This resolution was timely and tasteful, as was the memorial meeting at which reminiscences of the former sessions were read. It was altogether right, meet, and proper that the poem written forty-two years ago by Dr. A. R. Erwin, and entitled, "Ben Lomond, Hail!" should have been read by his son, Dr. J. B. Erwin. Mr. Will T. Hale's response, "The Pathos of the Memories of the Days Gone By," is as beautiful an "In Memoriam" as Tennyson ever wrote, though he sang most touchingly:

Of the days so sad, so sweet;
The days that are no more.

Again the lines fell to us in a pleasant place, for by appointment of Bishop James O. Andrew our tent was moved to that most beautiful inland town, Huntsville, Ala. My life in Huntsville even to this distant day seems more than a dream of beauty. It was more. It was a dream realized in all the charming colors that dreams are supposed to have. The people received us so cordially and treated us so courteously during the whole two years, the then limit of the pastoral term, that they have never held a second place in my affections. There are many dead, and some still living, whose kindness to the strangers within the gate deserve especial mention, but the book of remembrance would be too large.

The city itself is beautiful for situation, and this beauty was enhanced by a lavish expenditure of money in the erection of public and private buildings. Sanitary regulations were well-nigh perfect. The social and literary life filled my utmost desire. In the several Protestant Churches there were godly, devout men, and of elect women not a few. Many men of wealth gave

freely to God of their time and substance. Rev. Harry P. Turner was a local preacher of influence, having his home near the city. Rev. P. B. Robertson was in the city—a man of usefulness and piety.

Spotswood and Rison were Methodists and druggists. I do not know if they abide to this day. The "Spottiswoodes" belonged to the heraldic days of the Old Dominion when Knights of the Golden Horseshoe won their spurs in deeds more daring than those of King Richard on his famous "White Surrey." We could not have received a warmer welcome in a father's house than we had into that of Dr. William Spotswood, where for more than a year we had our home. His wife, and his wife's mother, Mrs. Calhoun, were mothers to me and to our babes in untold acts of kindness.

Dr. Erwin's two years' pastorate had just closed, probably the most popular of any in the history of the Conference. The people, all the people, loved him, especially the people called Methodists, and would not give him up. So he had been elected President of the Huntsville Female College, at that time one of the most prosperous institutions in the South. He was to succeed Prof. George M. Everhart, author of "Josephine and Other Poems," published by Harper and Brothers in 1858. Not long after the change of presidents Mr. Everhart joined the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Dr. H. N. McTyeire was editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, and in it severely criticised this booklet of poems. It was thought by some that this scathing criticism hastened Mr. Everhart's going from our Church. I hardly think so; but when a man becomes dissatisfied with his Church and his Church re-

lations, the powers that "be and are," the manly thing to do is to leave, and to all such the Church can give a Godspeed and a God bless you! in all sincerity and truth. To his successor in the pastorate, Dr. Erwin was most gracious, generous, and helpful—magnifying in many ways the graces of Christian brotherhood. He was often in our room, bringing me books and magazines, all that was newest and best in current literature, and the survival of the fittest from the old, and discussing, with Mr. Mooney, theology, homiletics, *et id omne*.

But the silent shadow was even then stealing across the threshold. The first intimation I had of it was near the close of a bright afternoon in August. The day had been cloudless. The sun had shone with unusual brilliancy. Coming in, and talking for a while with unwonted cheerfulness, even for him, he suddenly said: "The winter and the cold will soon be here. I can see it and feel it; through all this lovely glow the wine of death is in the trees."

"But," said I, "the sun is kissing the flowers."

"But know you not," he replied, "that it is the kiss of death, not of life? The bloom and the fragrance will soon be gone."

The melancholy mood was but momentary, but it was a revelation to us of his consciousness that for him the summer time was past. Alas! how soon sped the remaining days! When November's winds "blew blaw" we realized that the melancholy days had come. The physicians said: "Dr. Erwin must no longer go abroad." The work and the incident worry of the school bore heavily upon him. One of his teachers was called away by her father's illness. I had gone home for a visit, the first in a long time. The teacher had expected to be

absent two weeks. The two weeks lengthened into a month, with Dr. Erwin steadily growing weaker and more anxious, with a message now, if his "little friend," as he always called me, would "only come and teach those classes;" he could not "put in a stranger." This was the tenor of every letter I received from my husband. Finally, he wrote: "Dr. Erwin is so anxious for you to come, he inquires after you daily."

The letter came on Thursday. Next morning I took my babies and bundles and boxes and started for Alabama. When Huntsville was called the snow was falling. Among the first faces that I saw, looking eagerly at the alighting passengers, was that of Dr. Erwin. When he saw me he exclaimed: "How glad I am!" I was too, for I saw plainly that the summer was all gone, and that winter was come. On Monday morning I went into the school, nor did I leave until the end. The teacher's father died, and she did not return. Dr. Erwin said: "Surely you will stay with me; the time will not be long. I shall sleep soon." Like the gentle Greeks, he always thus spoke of death. In the morning, at noon, and in the evening I always called to see him. I would find him bright and buoyant in happy hope of that sleep soon to come. The last thing he ever said to me was: "Little friend, I shall sleep soon. It will be sweet." One gloomy morning in January the shadows lifted, and he passed from us into everlasting life!

Joe (Dr. J. B. Erwin) was then a little boy, and I well recall how his father's hand rested in silent benediction on his bowed head. We have had many true, good friends, but none better, none truer than Dr. A. R. Erwin. Dr. A. L. P. Green, whose memory is precious to thousands yet living, and to the children of

those who have passed away, came to the funeral, and was our guest. We talked almost the whole night.

In about half a year Methodism in Huntsville, and the Tennessee Conference in its membership, suffered loss in the death of another man of God, Thomas Ware Randle, presiding elder of the Huntsville District. He was a man of heroic soul, and when the angels met him there was the shout of victory! Where the sunshine kisses the shadows in God's Acre, at Pulaski, Tenn., there is a little grave with a stone bearing this legend, "Erwin Randle," our baby, who almost at the first pulse beat was gathered into God's nursery.

Full short his journey was,
No dust unto his sandals clave;
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered thither, so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
No need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God!

One moment here, and then away!
His flight through viewless air
Beyond the cloud to endless day,
To be forever there!

CHAPTER XVIII.

ECLECTICS.

I USE this word not as applied to any school of philosophy nor to philosophers, but because I have selected from my book of remembrance the names of some in Huntsville and elsewhere known and loved by many of the preachers of the Tennessee Conference, and by a host of friends outside local limits. One of the most worthy of these in our Church at Huntsville was Mrs. Martha Jordan. She was deeply religious, devoted to her own Church, but broad and catholic. She was the fast friend of her preacher and his family. Her sense of humor was keen, her own humor irresistible. She was witty, ready at repartee, and rich in resources, odd in her dress and manners, affectionate in disposition. She was universally popular, and won her way where others failed. This was illustrated during the occupation of the city by the Federals, when it was sometimes difficult, and oftentimes impossible, "to get a pass." She went in person to Gen. Mitchell—was so pleased to see the man whose geography she had studied when she was a little girl! had never expected that pleasure! After this gracious introduction, she got a pass, and would go in person on the cotton wagon as it passed through the pickets. The South had no more ardent friend. She was an enthusiast in its best sense. Leaving her home, to which she was fondly attached, she went to Virginia and was both nurse and mother to our boys in hospital. Her fate was most melancholy and tragic. Returning from Nashville, the

car caught fire and she perished in the flames. Seeing the inevitable death that was so near, she threw from the window her well-worn and constant traveling companion—her Bible. Many passages were marked, such as: "Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee." Her death was a shock, and all sorrowed that her home-going was after this sort.

"A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home."

Among the elect Methodists of Huntsville were "Grandma Watkins," Mrs. Pope, and her daughter Mrs. Mastin, Mrs. Bibb, Mrs. Scruggs and daughters, Brothers Turner and McDowell. Among our members Mrs. John Nance had a large share of my love, and among Presbyterians Mrs. Fackler and her daughters, Sallie and Elvira, were favorites. I have often wondered how life fared with them. We were much together in books, in the home, and in social life. Once a week Mrs. Fackler had her pastor, Rev. Frederick Ross, to dine with her, and to this dinner the Methodist preacher and his wife had a standing invitation.

During this year Rev. Alexander Campbell, his wife, and son-in-law visited Huntsville, the guests of ex-Gov. Clay and wife. Mr. Campbell preached for a week morning and evening in the Methodist Church. He recognized the courtesy, and said nothing in any sermon that could offend the denominational pride of the most sensitive. He was a fine-looking man, "brainy," and the strongest speaker I have ever heard on the errors of Romanism. The Old Man on the Tiber was hit hard, as was the tendency to high-churchism in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Rev. — Hank, of the Baltimore or the Virginia Conference, was a professor in the Huntsville Female College. He was a bachelor, dignified, genial, and learned, without any of the pedantry that sometimes marks and mars the pedagogue. The college had a hundred or more boarders, chiefly from the more Southern States. Mississippi was largely represented. Among commencement visitors was a layman from Holly Springs, Brother Alexander, who had several daughters in school. He was the father-in-law of Rev. W. C. Johnson, of the Memphis Conference.

Dr. H. N. McTyeire delivered the annual address one year. This was the beginning of our acquaintance and friendship. To my thinking he was the greatest man in Methodism. Generations to come will rise up and call him blessed. The coldness of which some complained I never found. In the home circle he was most genial. In the pulpit it paid to listen. His sermon on "The Man Who Went Down to Jericho and Fell Among Thieves" is beyond comparison with any I have ever heard on that subject. He was *sui generis*. Such a one is seldom seen. A century plant among men. In this annual address, on "Woman," he gave her much praise—some of it unmerited—but he denied to her *in toto* any inventive genius! A woman never invented anything, not even a coffeepot! She could make good coffee, sometimes—she knew how to do that, or some women did, sometimes—but to make, to construct anything without pattern or rule, a woman had never done it! She lacked invention. The present patent office reports give a different conclusion, for they show that women are rich in inventive talent.

Dr. E. E. Wiley was another commencement speaker.

I have forgotten his theme, but his address pleased the people of the college and outside. He was commanding in figure, a fine specimen of physical manhood. His manner was easy and wholly free from affectation.

After Dr. Erwin's death the presidency of the college was tendered Mr. Mooney. But he had full work in his chosen profession, or preferably his calling (for one, I believe in a divine call to the ministry), and could not consider the offer, except to be at the head of affairs till a suitable man could be found. So again our tent was moved and found a resting place in the college till a president was elected.

The trustees were fortunate in their selection of Rev. John G. Wilson, D.D. Dr. Wilson was a scholar, and a man of ability in other directions. He was a good organizer and an excellent disciplinarian, holding the reins of government firmly, but with no unpleasant tension. Dr. Wilson was, later on, President of Warren College, Bowling Green, Ky. He transferred to the St. Louis Conference, of which body he was a valuable and valued member. In that Conference, especially in St. Louis, I often heard him mentioned most affectionately by the preachers and by the membership.

The largest funeral I ever witnessed was in Huntsville, that of Col. Dick Anderson, an eccentric old bachelor, who was Santa Claus all the year round to the children of the city, to whom he lavishly distributed candy and other confections. There was genuine grief among them when he was carried to his burial. For sweet charity he gave no alms, nor to the Church.

Near the college, in a lovely home, with a charming wife and several interesting children, lived John L.

Cooper, a favorite with me of all the laymen I have known. If living, he must be an old man now, but to me he can never grow old.

The Big Spring was a noted locality and a great attraction to residents and to visitors. Thither at the evening time great companies might be seen wending their way. A petrified log in the college yard was an object of interest, especially to the large class in geology in the college, for the writing of the rocks was then much affected, and many claimed for it something higher and better even than the oft-quoted "Sermons in Stones." I was myself quite an enthusiast, and a good "placer;" but when the learned began to differ, then to disagree, my foundations seemed not so firm, and I was not sure about the age of anything, nor greatly concerned about the length of the days in the "beginning" when God created the heavens and the earth, nor as to the "primordial age" of man, nor "*quantum sufficit* for mundane needs."

A scientist went into the garden one morning where Dr. Parr, a Presbyterian preacher, was at work. After the salutations he asked: "How old are you, Doctor?"

"Seventy-five," replied the doctor. "What is *your* age?"

"I am as old as Adam in the garden of Eden. I was there."

"I always heard there was a third party there," responded the Doctor, "but I never knew it was you before."

But the storm cloud was gathering, soon to break in the fullness of desolation on all our pleasant places.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ILIAD OF WOES.

THE Homeric Poem was a recital of classic tragedy. The deeper tragedies of life are never written. These records will have no poetry save that of unexpressed pathos. The Minutes of the Annual Conferences, Volume II., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1858-1865, is a mine of memories, rich in treasures of thought, faith, devotion, as with the miner's lamp we read the names of those who toiled and triumphed.

The session of the Tennessee Conference of 1859 was held in Columbia, Tenn., Bishop Early again presiding. This year there were two score supernumeraries, among them Fountain E. Pitts, Elisha Carr, Abraham Overall, Golman Green, men I had long known; others in the list I was to know better in the years to come, especially these three: Gilbert D. Taylor, Robert G. Irvine, and William H. Wilkes.

The session of 1860 was held in Clarksville, Tenn. It was presided over by Bishop George F. Pierce, the great Georgian, whose presence, like that of Cicero, instantly impressed the Senate into silence. His oratory at this Conference is the theme of those yet living who heard him, and a tradition among the children of the fathers. The list of superannuates this year has added the names of Samuel S. Moody and Golman Green. Three members had been transferred to the Church above—viz., Coleman H. Cross, William J. Cooley, and Alexander R. Erwin. The total white membership was 34,301. The total colored membership was 8,071, equal

to more than one-fourth of the white membership. Owing to disturbed civil conditions, there was an increase in 1861 of only 940 white members, and of colored members only 219. At the Conference in Edgefield, October 4-11, 1865, the total white membership in the Tennessee Conference was 30,655; colored, 1,522. In 1900 the full white membership was 67,860. Loss during the war: white members, 3,636; colored members, 6,449. No colored members reported since 1897, owing to absorption, consolidation, and separation by organizations.

The redemption of Africa from slavish superstition was largely the work of Southern Methodism in the several Conferences. In the Tennessee Conference some of our best ministers were assigned to this work—preaching to the negroes. Such men as Elisha Carr, John A. McCurdy, William Randle, Thomas N. Lankford, Charles B. Faris, A. R. Erwin, and others. Besides this provision, they had preaching privileges on the plantations. No nobler, more consecrated, self-denying soldiers of the cross ever carried the gospel to the wilds of Africa than those who preached it to the black man on Southern plantations. Let us honor their memory. Their works do follow them. This preparation, through the gospel, was the negro's only fitness for the responsibilities of citizenship thrust upon him before fully freed from the toils of the jungle.

This Conference (I refer to 1859) was the one in which Dr. W. C. Johnson's tent was moved from the Tennessee Conference to the Memphis, where he ever magnified the grace of God in every position in which he was placed, presiding elder, station preacher, editor,

anywhere, everywhere, a workman worthy of his high and holy calling. While waiting till the day was a little longer grown, and the calling to come up higher, he kept in touch, in sympathy, in love with the whole brotherhood through our connectional organ, the *Christian Advocate*, as editor of the Memphis Conference news and notes.*

I love the old myth that, when the sun seems to set on the western shore of that soft flowing sea that sweeps around the whole wide world, he simply hides for a night his shining face beneath the limpid wave, and ere the weary earth and her weeping ones are fully awake from sleep and sorrow he has made the return voyage, and from the radiant east is rising and shining in the white light of a new morning!

I have read, too, of Prince Ahmed's tent, which could cover a whole army and yet fold into a parcel not too big for the pocket! Well, the presiding bishop is our prince, and I suppose the parcel in his pocket is the list of appointments that cover the whole army and set the tents a-moving.

It was with full hearts and flowing eyes that we said good-by to friends in Huntsville, and set out to pitch our tent among strangers in Pulaski. The welcome was not so demonstrative as in Huntsville, but it grew warmer all the while, and, like Peter on the mount, I came after a while to say, "It is good to be here," and I should have been willing for the tent to become a tabernacle and there abide.

Among the first to greet us was Mr. Thomas Martin, a leading layman of large wealth and influence, and whose religious life was in accord with his profession.

*His sun set in cloudless splendor after this was written.

He loved his State, his county, his town, his Church, and this love was manifested in many activities and enterprises for the general good. It crystallized in the gift of thirty thousand dollars for a girls' college, which now bears his honored name, Martin College. It is located in a lovely campus, with beautiful buildings. Brother Martin could do more work and more kinds of work than any man I have ever known. He was *facile princeps* at every needed sort of Church work, even to the work of the sexton when that official was careless or absent—would make the fire, ring the bell.

Mr. George W. Petway, now an aged disciple, was in the strength of manhood, a steward in the Church, and looking well after the comfort of his pastor. His wife and three lovely daughters, Alice, Laura, and Lucy, took me to their hearts, and in mine they have a place steadfast and sure. In Brother Petway's home we frequently met his brother, Rev. F. S. Petway, afterwards a member of the Memphis Conference. The family had the gift of song, and the brothers, George and Ferd, were known as the "sweet singers of Israel."

Out on the Columbia pike, not far from town, lived Mrs. — Lester, a devout Methodist, the mother of Messrs. James and John Lester, both lawyers, and of Mr. Frank, who lived, I think, at Lester's Station, near the Alabama line. She was the mother-in-law of Dr. James L. Coleman, of Athens, Ala., and of Brother Sumner, a worthy local Methodist preacher, who, with his wife and lovely little girls, made part of the home circle. Another daughter, Miss Sallie (afterwards Mrs. Wilson, of Columbia), was my friend, steadfast and true,

being with me in sickness and in sorrow, and in some of the most trying experiences of the moving tent.

Another steward was Mr. J. B. Childers, a self-made, strong-willed man of marked peculiarities, one of which was to promise little and to give much. His acquiescence in any proposed measure was not expected. He always voted in the negative and acted in the affirmative. If the recording angel has put down all his acts of kindness, the list will be a long one, and, like Ben Adhem's, it will lead the rest.

For the first time we lived in a parsonage, a modest, unpretentious building, but comparatively comfortable. Our nearest and best neighbor was Booker Shapard, a steward and a prince in Israel. He had in him the stuff of which martyrs are made. Convinced that a thing was right, he was steadfast, immovable. Some of his children and grandchildren are the working members of the Church in Pulaski to-day.

The bar was inferior to none in the State. Some had already attained distinction—a distinction retained until this day. I recall Col. Solon E. Rose, Hon. T. M. Jones, Hon. Hilary Ward, John C. Brown, afterwards Confederate general and Governor of Tennessee, Judge John Walker, the Lesters, Maj. Nathan Adams, and T. M. N. Jones, a Methodist steward lately gone home at a ripe old age full of grace and full of honors. The Abernathys, too, were well represented at the bar, in medicine, in schools, in court, and later on in camp. Judge Walker, after the war, was Consul to the Island of St. Thomas. This is a rapid and probably imperfect record. A review after the lapse of years often contains unnoted omissions. Other lawyers came in later

and have made for themselves no mean place among the chiefs and elders of the people.

But while I have been getting acquainted with the people and my environments, another year has rolled around. Another Conference has come—held this year at Athens, Ala. It was my last for many a year. Already there was much moving of tents, and before we met again a mighty revolution would have taken place. Already the soil of the South had been consecrated by the sacrifice of some of her noblest sons. When the Conference met at Athens, already many tents had been folded forever. The election of a sectional President by the Northern vote had aroused the wildest excitement and antagonism in the South. President Lincoln's proclamation calling for troops had the effect upon the Southern people of the Scottish "firebrand:"

"In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down."

Hospitality was unstinted in every home in Athens, but there seemed a shadow over all things, a sadness in every song. Our Conference home was with the family of Judge Coleman, deceased, father of Rev. James L. Coleman, of the Tennessee Conference; if living now, of the North Alabama. A very delightful home it was, both as to the home circle and associate guests. Among these were Rev. E. T. Hart, afterwards of the Memphis Conference, and Rev. Edward Sehon, of the Louisville Conference. For ease and elegance of manner, and for fluency in conversation and in pulpit and on platform, Dr. Sehon had few equals.

Hon. Gustavus A. Henry, of Clarksville, reminded me of him in many ways. Rev. A. F. Laurence was

pastor of the Methodist Church in Athens. The membership was composed of the choicest material—the Colemans, Fraziers, Hobbses, Malones, and others. Mrs. Chiles was president of the Athens Female College—a Northern woman, not of Southern sentiments. Rev. Joel Whitten was presiding elder of the Florence District. The three brothers, Joel, Simon Peter, and Moses L., were held in high esteem by the preachers and people. Simon Peter was for several sessions secretary of the Tennessee Conference; he was followed by Rev. R. A. Young, D.D., who served efficiently for many successive sessions. The last time I saw Brother Joel was at a session of the Memphis Conference held in Jackson, Tenn., in 1877 or 1878. The session included Thanksgiving day, and the sermon was preached by Rev. Edward Slater, D.D. A few months later both these noble men died at their posts during an epidemic of yellow fever—the one in Decatur, the other in Memphis.

If I am correct as to date, it was during this scourge that Dr. Thomas O. Summers, Jr., volunteered his services to the stricken city of Memphis, and did there such heroic work for God and humanity. About this time Bishop Marvin died. Of all tributes to his memory, none equal in beauty and in delineation of character that written by Dr. Summers. His suicide, a few years ago in the city of St. Louis, gives a deeper significance to the passage brought to his mind by the death of the bishop:

“Who knows whether Life
May not be Death,
And Death itself be Life.”

Of Bishop Marvin he said in closing: “His was a mon-

umental life or character, simple, lovely, original, grand. He stood amid trials and disappointments and sacrifices like a Pharos in a stormy sea, flinging its white light across the waters, though the waves howled about it in fury, and the broad shoulders of the hurricane pressed heavily against its solid form. If I should be asked for an epitaph to write above his grave, it should be that stamped upon an old Grecian coin—a bullock between an altar and a plow, with the inscription beneath: ‘Ready either for life or for death, for service or for sacrifice.’ ” The living and the dying of Bishop Marvin had profoundly impressed this rarely gifted but ill-fated man.

When appointments were read the following were appointed chaplains to the Confederate army—viz., Fountain E. Pitts, John A. Ellis, Jeremiah Cullom, John A. Edmondson, Sterling M. Cherry, Francis A. Kimball, Alexander L. Hamilton, Moses L. Whitten, Marcus G. Williams, and John M. Pirtle. All these, with one exception, remained to the end steadfast and true. For him, even after he had changed the color of his coat, I had ever the kindest feeling, for he was a friend in the hour of peril and extremity.

In the army were William J. Johnson, J. R. Harris, William H. Anthony, David C. Kelley, Thomas L. Duncan, John A. Thompson, J. B. Hardin, Burnet W. Bond (killed at Fort Donelson February following), Henry C. Wheeler, and P. G. Jamieson. Later, Bishop Pierce appointed Dr. J. B. McFerrin, R. P. Ransom, William Burr, and Wellborn Mooney missionary chaplains to the Army of Tennessee. Again we were sent to Pultaski to tent on the old camp ground.

CHAPTER XX.

TWO FIGHTS.

WE were never more cordially received anywhere than in Pulaski upon our return from the Conference at Athens, and to no people am I so strongly bound by the cords of love and a common misfortune. Nothing so binds people to a cause as suffering for it; nothing so strongly unites them as mutual sorrows. I care not for the ministrations of a man over the grave of a loved one who has not himself buried his dead out of sight. From one who has not tasted the sorrows of death the ritual seems words, idle words—or cold, hard, metallic!

The good old county of Giles nobly sustained the prestige of Tennessee as the Volunteer State during the Civil War. Her stalwart sons, never laggards in war, were among the first to respond for the defense of the South and for the vindication of constitutional rights or State rights. Hume Field's company and John C. Brown's company were among the first organized, and they and other Giles Countians were among the last to lay their armor by when the long fight was over—though many had sealed their faith with their blood on many a battlefield before the final furling of their beloved flag. Let me say with emphasis that no men anywhere, in any nation, ever made a better record as soldiers than the men from Tennessee who wore the gray. Further, no such army as the Southern Army, Confederate States of America, was ever marshaled. The statement is truth and will bear the test. In the beginning of the war the pulse beat high. When the

returns were in from the first battle of Manassas, enthusiasm was at fever heat. There was in the Southern constellation no star that told of the coming tide of woes that would sweep the land from shore to shore. Not until the fall of Fort Donelson did we begin to realize the awful significance of war and the unmitigated evils of invasion. Then in our quiet town there was hurrying to and fro.

The Southern hospital was removed from Nashville to Pulaski, and in the dawning of a gray Sunday morning the sick soldiers were received into Giles College, not far from the historic hill where Sam Davis, the typical Southern hero, was hanged, a martyr to his faith and to his lofty ideal of friendship. The tide of invasion rolled nearer and nearer, and the hospital was ordered farther south. On another sad Sunday we said good-by to our soldier friends, and to many it was a final farewell.

Dark days followed. The hospital changed hands, and we were under Federal garrison—till one memorable first of May, when the army of occupation was enjoying the delicious languor of an early spring day. No thought of the boys in gray disturbed the dreams of the boys in blue as they lay in the shade of the trees along the hillside or near the banks of Richland Creek. The scene was as peaceful as a pastoral poem. But suddenly, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Morgan's men came as the wind comes. "Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh." The old yell waked the music in every echo's throat and in every mother's heart. Hill shouted back to hill. "Dixie," "Annie Laurie," and snatches of other songs that we used to sing came floating in like great waves of melody.

It was a brilliant dash, and a complete surprise to friends and to foes. The first rejoiced beyond measure. It was the only cavalry race I ever saw. It was animating and exciting beyond anything in my experience, and it is quite beyond description. Looking up the Columbia pike, I beheld the whole Federal force in rapid retreat. How fast they went! though at first not a pursuer could be seen. But the invisible, invincible force was fast following on. You felt it like elixir in the air, and there was no resisting the inclination to cry out, "Catch them! catch them!" Morgan did catch them, all of them. Then such a time of rejoicing! It continued all night and until about nine o'clock next morning, when our friends left as suddenly and as mysteriously as they had come. None knew whither they had gone.

It took the day to adjust ourselves to changed conditions, and to face the situation, which we knew to be serious. It was cool toward evening, and I had a fire kindled in the open fireplace, and was preparing myself to read some of the captured mail, when again, suddenly, I heard a shout that brought me to my feet and sent the letters to the flames. The Yankees were marching in several thousand strong, and mad. They broke ranks at the corner of the old Methodist church, and before the reign of terror was over they broke everything else. They went their way as they pleased, and that was not a way of pleasantness nor a path of peace. I stood at the front door scared, but determined to stay there, rather than in the house, till some one should come to keep me company. The blue uniforms shone out in bright array in the light of the dying day. Presently I saw one soldier bear our way, and make as straight as he could for the parsonage gate. I saw

from his unsteady step that he had been liberally patronizing the army canteen. On the hill to our right was a handsome house with beautiful grounds owned by Dr. Ordway. Among the belongings was a flock of goats. I had rarely seen them, for they were exceptionally well-behaved goats, and since my acquaintance with them my appreciation for the goat family has increased. The hill sloped gently to the front fence, and as I cast my eyes helplessly about, I spied the whole company of goats drawn up in a line, looking eagerly abroad and sniffing the battle from afar! Old Captain Billy stood at the head of the column, his long horns looking like the headdress of some historic Highland chief. He had his men under perfect command. Without any message from me, he gave me a look with a nod of his helmeted head, as much as to say: "I understand!"

On came Paddy, staggering and swearing. When he came to the gate, no sooner did he reach over to open it than Captain Billy leaped the fence at a bound and made for him on the side next the gate, causing a fall from which the Irishman never fully recovered. For when he would try to rise the goat would dash at him in another place. When he would appeal to the Virgin Mary or to the saints to save him, the goat took it as a challenge and renewed activities. I assure you, it was a lively fight and one much enjoyed by me and the goat—both of whom Paddy would curse long and loud, getting a thrust every time he said an ugly word. When the fight was over, and Paddy had turned his back, the Captain gave me another look and quietly rejoined his company, all of whom had remained in line during the whole en-

gagement. There were "Hot Times in the Old Town" that night, but all was peace at the parsonage. Smarting from his wounds and defeat, and inflamed with whisky, the Irishman grew so obstreperous that he was tied to a young tree in the courthouse yard, which by his agility and athletics he pulled up by the roots! Darker days were to follow.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXILE BY ADMINISTRATIVE PROCESS.

CLASSICAL history tells us that in "ye olden tyme," when the war was over, there were erected on the battlefields two altars, one to memory and one to forgiveness. The sentiment of this is good, and approximates that higher, holier law, "Love your enemies." Not with the love of approval, but as including the spirit of forgiveness, and without resentment or retaliation. Paul, the great apostle, writes: "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." It is at least inferential that this is sometimes well-nigh impossible. So the citizens of Pulaski found it, when again under Federal rule.

In June, 1862, and later, the towns of Tennessee were sad illustrations of what men clothed in a little brief authority will do, and the sending "further South," as it was phrased, of Southern sympathizers, was a common occurrence not only in Tennessee, but in North Alabama. In evidence of this statement, and to show that I have naught in malice set down, I herewith give a true copy of the famous or infamous order under which our tent was moved South several months before the annual session of the Tennessee Conference, which, despite the disturbed state of the country, met in October at Cornersville, Dr. J. B. McFerrin presiding, and Dr. R. A. Young, Secretary. At this Conference Mr Mooney was appointed to Athens Station, but months passed before he heard of it, as the sequel will show. But to resume:

[SPECIAL ORDER NO. 96.]

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES, June 23, 1862.

Rev. Wellborn Mooney, Booker Shepard, Dr. James A. Sumpter, Dr. Charles C. Abernathy, and Robert Winstead, citizens of Giles County, who have been active participants in the rebellion, so far as urging the enlistment of soldiers and furnishing them money, outfits, and arms, industrious circulators of reports calculated to aggravate the already inflamed minds of their countrymen, keep alive false hopes, and check returning loyalty, and sympathizers with the so-called Confederacy now battling to desecrate that flag which floats from the capitol of Giles County, to protect their lives and the property of loyal people, having been duly notified by the Commandant of this post on the 12th day of June, 1862, that the Federal Government could no longer brook treason in any shape beneath that flag, and that the cause to which their hearts are given having been driven to the last extremity, needed the active aid of all who truly sympathized with it, and having been duly warned that by this day, 10 o'clock, they must determine whether they will return to their allegiance or go and aid their friends and the cause which so much needs them, and enjoy the benefits of a government they prefer to that of their fathers.

In obedience to the choice made by the above-named gentlemen, it is ordered that Capt. Twyman, with an escort of twenty mounted scouts, conduct them carefully and safely to our lines, and deliver them under a flag of truce to any officer of the Southern army that may be met with, with a copy of this order, and a request from the Commandant of this post that he so place these gentlemen that they may give the most efficient service to their cause. Should they return within our lines except as prisoners of war, they will be dealt with as spies. The Commandant has authorized them to carry with them their property and families.

By order of W. Munday, commanding post.

W H. MUNDAY, *A. A. A. G.*

They had from noon one day till next morning at seven o'clock to get together what property they could

carry. Our worldly possessions were put in a wagon drawn by two stout mules furnished by Mr. John A. Jackson, of Pulaski. I wished more than ever for Ahmed's tent. I was not compelled to go except from the necessities of the case. There was naught else for me to do, as I could not remain unprotected in the parsonage. With the wagon went my old cook, Aunt Edith, and the nurse, Harriet. Before starting Capt. Twyman assured me in the presence of friends that he would give five minutes in each hour for a rest for me and the children, and to allow the wagon to keep up. This we thought kind. Amid the lamentations of friends we turned our faces to the south, not knowing what further troubles awaited us.

The sun shone hot and the way was a weary one, unrelieved by any of the amenities of social travel, as we were separated from our companions in distress most of the time. Toward midday it grew very sultry. Later there was a heavy rainfall, and we were completely drenched, as all our wraps were in the wagon, which we had not seen since starting, having made no halt at all that first day, except long enough to eat our dinner at an abandoned blacksmith shop. This luncheon had been prepared for us by thoughtful friends in Pulaski. We invited the captain to eat with us, and the invitation was accepted heartily, if not with good will. Night came upon us two miles this side of Rogersville, and we were halted at a humble home whose only occupants were two scared women. Negotiations of some sort were had with them by the captain. The whole company was fed, our party being lodged in the house in an upper room. Next morning, at an early hour, we were ordered to move on, but we were delayed

at Rogersville by the passing of Federal troops, Gen. D. C. Buell's moving into Tennessee. The road was so obstructed that again we were halted. Kind friends would have cared for us, but we were kept waiting in the sun till about eleven o'clock before we were allowed to accept their hospitality and shelter for the night. Then we were brusquely told that we might go, and that a guard would be placed around the house for—our protection! All night long there was the moving of men and military stores, the neighing of horses, the calling of soldiers, and all the paraphernalia of camp life in motion. The second night passed and the morning came, and no wagon! Capt. Twyman made his appearance and told us that at noon we must move on, as the road would be clear. After a short absence, he returned, saying we should start at ten o'clock.

The captain, I take it, was never, at his best, very amiable. He was cross, easily irritated, and the suspicion was not lacking that he kept himself unduly stimulated. He was every whit a martinet of the meanest type, subjecting the helpless citizens in his charge to all sorts of petty tyranny, calling after night for all letters that they might have on their person, or in their possession, searching baggage, even the carpet bags containing the children's clothing. In this connection I mention with gratitude the kind and courteous conduct of the lieutenant and the sergeant of the company, both endeavoring, whenever the opportunity offered, to do something to make the situation more endurable for me and the children. The situation had now become serious for the prisoners.

I finally decided to remonstrate against going forward at all under the circumstances, telling the captain

that conditions had not been complied with, and that I was like the traveler going to London when beset by robbers and his money or his life demanded: "Blow away," he replied; "I might as well go to London dead as without money." This did not impress him. I then said: "Captain, I am not a prisoner; and if you persist in this course, endangering, as I think, the lives of the prisoners, and not delivering their property—in short, if you do not keep to the strict letter of that order—I mean to report you and have you arrested." At this he simply smiled in a superior, sardonic sort of way, and we were told to move on! This soon became impossible, as the road was crowded, blocked with men and wagons. About two miles ahead we were halted at a comfortable farmhouse as yet undespoiled by war. There was a large veranda in front, and thither we betook ourselves, dusty, discouraged, and almost faint-hearted. The captain stretched himself at full length under a tree near by. The scene that followed defies description. It would have been amusing had it not been so sad. It was a Dutch regiment that came marching on. You could tell this even before hearing the delighted ejaculations, "Ach! Mein Gott!" as they beheld the full orchard of ripened apples, on which they alighted with the avidity, if not the alacrity, of grasshoppers, the farmer in vain expostulating: "Boys, shut the gate! don't ruin my trees!"

Meanwhile I was painfully pondering: "What is to become of us? what shall I do?" Just then I saw coming from the right a body of horsemen of superior sort, and my heart was gladdened. They alighted and came to the veranda near unto the place where I was sitting. Soon one of them (I shall never forget him) turned to

me and said: "Madam, you look troubled; may I inquire the cause?" His tone was so kindly, his bearing so chivalrous that at once my resolution was taken, and I rehearsed the whole matter to him from the beginning, not omitting what I had said to the captain.

"Right you are," he replied; "he is amenable to arrest, and there is no necessity for your reporting him at Pulaski. But may I see the order of which you speak?"

"With your permission," I answered, "I will read it to you."

He smiled, saying: "All right, you read, and hold on to the paper." At the close of the reading he inquired: "Where is the captain?"

"There," I replied, pointing to the man under the tree.

Thereupon he ordered him up, saying: "See that these instructions are complied with, sir; have that wagon here before these people are ordered to move on, and consider yourself under arrest unless this order is strictly complied with."

The latent activity in the captain was surprising. In just a little while he had the wagon to the front, nor did we again lose sight of it till we had crossed the Tennessee River, which we did about nightfall, when with much pleasure we said good-by to the captain, not sorrowing that we should see his face no more.

In a letter from Pulaski, dated January 9, 1863, and written by Mrs. C. C. Abernathy, she says: "Lieut. Twyman, brother of Capt. Twyman, was shot at Murfreesboro a few weeks since by our authorities for violating his parole, having been captured before. Two

or three of the gallant escort who saw you safely to the Tennessee River shared the same fate."

I close the chapter with this statement from Capt. Twyman:

BAINBRIDGE FERRY, June 26, 1862.

After this order was handed me I was instructed to see the within-named gentlemen across the river, and direct them to pass out of our lines as speedily as possible. Guards and pickets will pass them through at the nearest point to Bainbridge Ferry. 5 o'clock P.M.

H. G. TWYMAN,

Captain Commanding Twyman Scouts.

More than thirty-nine years have passed, but I have not forgotten how heavy were the shadows on the moving tent as we reached the farther shore and encamped beyond the river.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN ALABAMA.

ACROSS the river I felt like exclaiming with the old Indian chief, "A-la-ba-ma!" (here we rest). But not yet. The night and the darkness soon came down, and there was every indication of a furious storm. Pushing on as best we could in ignorance of the way, we were alarmed by a cry that the wagon had turned over. We feared that some one had been hurt or killed, but these fears were happily dispelled on hearing our old cook call out to the driver: "Where's my bandbox?"

The way was rough, and for a while we went on, not knowing whither. Soon the lightning revealed to us a good dwelling in the distance, where we were soon warmly welcomed, and right royally entertained for two or three days. The host was Mr. Warren Peden, formerly of Pulaski, Tenn. I am not sure that Mr. Peden was at home, but his wife was, and our tent was never pitched under a more cordial and hospitable roof, nor in a more beautiful valley, the Chickasaw.

Our route lay along the Byler road over Sand Mountain. Over the white and glistening sand we slowly traveled south, wistfully longing for a cloud to shield us from the sun's direct rays. The first night we found shelter, but not sleep, for we had a battle royal all night long with the bedbugs. The slain of the enemy were many, but they came on again and again in overwhelming numbers, and attacked in unexpected quarters till we were almost overpowered. Not until broad daylight was there a cessation of hostilities; then we wended our

way over the mountain, bearing in our bodies the signs of bloody warfare and conscious of ignominious defeat.

About halfway to Tuscaloosa we came to a pleasant place, combining in its accommodations a store, the post office, and a boarding house, what the English used to call "a travelers' inn." It was kept by a Methodist—a Brother Cole—and here for a season our tents were folded. To this day no meal has ever tasted so good as that first supper, when we had "sure enough" coffee, fried chicken, biscuit, batter cakes, butter, and milk out of glass goblets! I rubbed my sleepy eyes in sweet surprise. The manna in the desert was not more welcome to the hungry Israelites nor more refreshing. It was good to be there, and we decided to stay till word should come from Bishop Andrew to go forward. Meantime our company had been pleasantly augmented by other Tennesseans and Pulaskians, Maj. Nath Adams and Capt. David Rhea—the former a brother of Gen. Adams, who was killed at the battle of Franklin; the latter a brother-in-law of Dr. James Sumpter, of our party. Maj. Adams was not only a good lawyer, but a man of more than ordinary culture, and very affable in manner. Capt. Rhea abounded in anecdotes. He was a typical Southern gentleman and soldier. He survived the casualties and calamities of war, and was for years successful in the peaceful pursuits of the farm. One sad, never-to-be-forgotten day he was drowned in Richland Creek. His wife and daughters were in Galveston during the late overflow. One daughter perished, while the others barely escaped with their lives.

Many incidents pleasantly broke the monotony of

tent life while on the road. Much travel passed that way. The women came from afar for letters from husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, and sweethearts in the army. For the most part they seemed sad and had but little to say. I was sometimes invited to sit on the porch and entertain them while they waited for their mail. One day there came quite a cheerful company of them. The talkative one of the group was a woman about forty, dark and rather good-looking, "of a comely countenance." She was barefoot, and chewing tobacco most vigorously and spitting quite freely and indiscriminately. By way of saying something, I remarked: "You seem fond of tobacco."

"O yes," she replied, "every gal in Butler chaws."

At length came the letter from Bishop Andrew to my husband saying: "Go on to Marion, Ala., and take charge of the Methodist Church." So the good-byes were given to the kind family and to our erstwhile companions, and again the tent moved toward the south, to Tuscaloosa, thence to Marion. We came at the close of the day to North Port, crossing the Black Warrior near the spot where Prof. Benagh had a short while before been drowned while bathing. We saw, too, the site of the old prison, at that time a place of some local interest, and sadly suggestive of scenes incident to war's alarms. We were entertained by the Methodist preacher of Northport, a Brother Mabry, and made as welcome as if we had been expected guests in times of peace and plenty. I learn from his kinsman, Rev. M. J. Mabry, of the Tennessee Conference, that this good man, Rev. W. E. Mabry, died some years ago in Palatki, Fla.

Provisions seemed scarce in Tuscaloosa. Nothing

abounded except watermelons. We bought two soon after leaving Tuscaloosa, and dined on them near noon by a big spring under the shade of a tree. Tuscaloosa is a fine old city, beautifully shaded with triple rows of water oaks. I had often heard Dr. Thomas O. Summers speak of Tuscaloosa, and the people I met fully justified his high opinion of them.

Our carriage was drawn by two big, lazy mules named John and Jane. The driver was from Tar River, North Carolina, an African himself as black as tar, with gleaming white teeth, and with rolling eyes the larger part of which was white. He made strenuous efforts to increase the pace of the two J's, but in no single second did he move them to increased speed. They just jogged along, and entreaty, persuasion, invective, the lash were tried in vain. They ganged their own gait, so that it was late before a habitation was reached, and then the people refused to take us in, because we were strangers and the men were gone. Their hesitation to entertain was due not so much to lack of inclination as to lack of ability, and from fear on the part of the women and the children, these and the old men being in most cases the only keepers of the gate.

The moon and the stars came out, and still Jehu prodded and John and Jane plodded. The dead pines shone white in the moonlight, looking like veritable ghosts, while the melancholy hooting of an owl added to the weirdness and the sense of isolation. All requests for lodging were refused. The children went to sleep crying for bread. I was hungry, desperately hungry, and I steadfastly believe that no one has a full conception of that petition in the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," until he has been down-

right, absolutely, superlatively hungry—hungry as I was that night. I said, in my extremity, “Who can blame hungry men on a march for taking something to eat?” I have thought, too, that a starving, dying soul must so feel its need of the Bread of Life. Be that as it may, I shall never, so long as I have a crust, refuse to divide it with the hungry. Along toward ten o’clock some kind people took us in after they had been assured by my husband that he was a minister. I was then too hungry to eat, but sleep was sweet indeed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN MARION.

No noteworthy incident marked our further way toward Marion, the Mecca of our hopes. We started after an early breakfast, and Jehu, John, and Jane again tried our patience, with about eight hours of persistent, provoking plodding. About two o'clock in the afternoon we reached the town, tired, dusty, and in our now normal state of hunger, but abnormally hungry. We drove direct to the parsonage, wholly unexpected by the people, and, I may add, wholly undesired.

Dr. A. H. Mitchell was the pastor, not only popular, but having a permanent place in the affections of the people called Methodists. He still survives, in his ninety-fourth year, and none love him more than the pilgrims and the strangers whom he so kindly greeted that summer day so long ago. He stands on what Whitman calls "old age's lambent peak"—the golden setting clear and broad. Abraham, when he sat in his tent door in the heat of the day and looked up and saw the three men, could not have been kinder in "fetching the water" and the morsel of bread, than the travelers might comfort their hearts, than was Dr. Mitchell to the strangers from Tennessee.

But when the evening drew nigh, and it was noised abroad in the city that a man from Tennessee had pitched his tent at the parsonage, and was come to take charge of the Methodist Church, and that Dr. Mitchell had been put on the district and was to leave the sta-

tion at once, there was more than grief among the people. They wanted nobody but Dr. Mitchell, and least of all did they want a man from Tennessee. For Tennessee, though Southern to the core, had not seceded in the beginning, and therefore Tennesseans were traitors to the South! This was decidedly a new and unexpected situation, and adjustment and explanations were difficult and embarrassing, not in order, not called for. The light was dawning, and was soon so clear that the wayfaring man, though a fool, could read the revelation.

Only a diplomat and a man of God could have stilled the rising storm. This Dr. Mitchell did. He had known of the contemplated change, but thought it best, in the unsettled condition of the country and the uncertainty as to the time of our coming, to say nothing about the matter. The grace of submission, if not of reconciliation, prevailed, and the strangers stayed. The Doctor went to the district and Mr. Mooney entered upon the work at Marion.

I was not feeling comfortable, but I kept my Irish under until a favorable opportunity—not for showing it, but for showing that I was a Tennessean. This came one day at a dining, a long table full of guests, when peculiarities of speech became the subject of conversation. One of the company remarked: "I have heard it said that all Tennesseans say 'youns' and 'weuns.'"

This loosened my tongue. "That is all right," I said, "good old English, as you should know, 'you ones, we ones' appositively, for explanation; the use is somewhat archaic, but current, reputable, respectable in old forms. They have been ruined by corruption of the

orthography to the baser use of orthoëpy, the dialect spelling is wrong—there are two words in each, you ones, we ones—and there is no letter ‘u’ in ones, nor can it be abbreviated thus. But,” I continued, “I never heard ‘I taken,’ ‘I seen,’ until I crossed the Tennessee River, and struck the natives of Alabama.” I carried the table, and the wordy warfare ceased with the gracious apology or explanation: “Why, Mrs. Mooney, I supposed that you were a Virginian.”

Well, I soon ceased to wonder on which side the river I was, and in memory Marion became a Paradise Regained, without weed or noxious plant or any vile thing. It remained free from invasion, I think, throughout the war, but her losses in wealth and in men were heavy. She gave largely of both, and gave with a free heart, willingly. Her men stayed and fought till the star of hope went out in our Southern skies to rise no more.

It was past midsummer when we pitched our tent in this goodly land, but ere the sun had turned his face westward we had become much attached to the people. There was unity in the membership, and they were forward in every good word and work. Here was the model Sunday school of all I have ever known, under the superintendency of Brother Brown, a layman. He was absolute dictator, and yet there never was the least friction in the school, neither in the work nor among the workers. The school gave more missionary money than any school with which I have been connected, and devoted more time to the study of the Scriptures, and took more interest in the teachers’ meeting.

The names of Le Vert, Howell, Armstrong, Myatt, Dozier, Perry, awaken a thousand pleasing and tender

associations. Rev. E. Le Vert ("uncle," he was affectionately called) was, as his name indicates, of French family. His mind was quick, alert; so was his manner, at home, in the pulpit, everywhere. He was mighty in the Scriptures, and next to the Bible he loved Burns and other Scotch poets. He was fond of children, and used often to entertain them with poetry—such lines as:

"Sic a wife as Willie had
I would na' gie a button for."

"The Twa Dogs" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night" he could quote *ad libitum*. He recited Smollett's "Tears of Scotland" with faultless elocution and most dramatic effect, and declared the poem a true recital of our own sufferings:

"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn!
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn,
Thy sons for valor long renowned
Lie slaughtered on their native ground.
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to thy door.
In smoking ruins, sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty."

His own hospitality was not only liberal; it was lavish.

Rev. — Armstrong, one of the most guileless of men, was president of the academy or college for girls. He was, after the war, president of Athens Female College, and still later of Grenada Institute, Mississippi, whither he had scarcely moved his tent before he sickened and died of that Southern scourge, yellow fever. He was very absent-minded, very polite, and always thanked you "for the suggestion." The girls in his classroom were much upset one day during recitation, so much so that they could not control their laughter.

Finally Miss Mattie Le Vert said: "Excuse us, Mr. Armstrong, we are laughing at your handkerchief." Passing an open drawer *en route* to his recitation room, he had laid hands on what he supposed to be a handkerchief, and which he was using rather freely. It was his wife's lace undersleeve, a dainty bit of handiwork. Looking at it in mild wonder, and then at Miss Mattie, he said, "I thank you for the suggestion," and resumed his class work. In a little while he was again reminded of the unusual style of his handkerchief, and again said, "I thank you for the suggestion." The third time Miss Mattie said: "Mr. Armstrong, if you will give me Mrs. Armstrong's undersleeve, I will put it away."

"I thank you, Miss Mattie, for the suggestion," replied the urbane and unruffled professor, and handing it over went on undisturbed with the lesson.

Ah, me! 'twas years ago
When all this happened, that I sing;
And many a time the Southern snow
Has mapped the flowers of spring!
But still their fragrance floats to me,
On lang'rous, quiet days like this,
And wakes my soul from reverie
To scenes of forgotten bliss.

Among these scenes I see the gay groups who called for us in carriages and wagonettes for an outing in the woods to gather chestnuts and chinquapins, the dwarf chestnuts. Jests and songs abounded while we gathered up rich stores of these delicious nuts, which, like the squirrels, we opened and ate, reserving the better portion for domestic uses in the preparation of dainty dishes, recipes for which are not given in the cook-books. The woods, too, held hitherto uncounted wealth

in grapes, hanging in purple-black clusters, which when duly ripened by the frost were pleasant to the taste and a fruit to be desired to be made into pies, into wine, and into other things known only to the inventive and expert housekeeper.

A gracious revival in the fall cheered our hearts. This revival included the whole membership, young and old. In addition, there were many gracious conversions, principally from the Sunday school. Some still survive, to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour by a pious walk and godly conversation.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN ATHENS AND ACROSS THE RIVER.

I THINK I may safely say that I saw every side of the war, except the bright side, and my tent was so often moved that I sometimes did not know one hour where it would be the next. Yet, there was always a bright light in the cloud. Notwithstanding the sad surroundings, and the enormous draughts upon faith, hope, and courage, the great Southern heart beat warm, and the milk of human kindness flowed freely.

The Tennessee Conference which met at Cornersville appointed Mr. Mooney to the Athens Station; but, as travel and all mail communications were greatly interrupted, some time passed before he learned of his appointment. In December the South Alabama, or Mobile, Conference met, and many anxious thoughts occupied our minds while trying to decide which to do, whether to return to North Alabama or to stay where we were, for we had every assurance that our tent would not be moved from Marion. It was finally concluded that, as there was no present danger of arrest, no Federals being in North Alabama, that Mr. Mooney should return to his own Conference, leaving me and the children for some time in Marion, we giving up the parsonage to the "new preacher," and moving into a hired house. Here Christmas, with its beautiful flowers, came to us with many tokens of love from the kindly people of Marion.

Letters were not frequent. Papers were scarce: so were all postal facilities. Even in this spot, so secure,

so blessed, the South began to be in sore straits, and oftentimes the shadows were heavy on the tent. Sometimes a soldier on furlough would bring us a little bag of coffee he had gotten in exchange for tobacco while on picket duty. Knitting and weaving were the popular accomplishments among the women and the girls, while many became experts in making fine cake without flour. There had been no flour in town for sale in a long time, when it was rumored that some bags were being brought overland from Tennessee. The wagons were met miles from town, and every sack bought! For speculation? O, no, but for general distribution as far as they would go—and wide as was the want, one sack, marked “Paid for,” was left at the parsonage door. This was before the winter time.

Women delicately brought up learned not only to card and spin and weave and knit, but they became acquainted with the woods and roots and plants—dealers, in one sense, in dyes, but not sellers—coloring, with these things native to the soil, most exquisitely the coarsest cloth until it made quite a dainty dress. I saw, too (and wore them), shoes made out of Confederate jeans, that werè not only comfortable, but fashionable and the appropriate and approved sort to wear. This gray Confederate jeans claimed much time and care in its preparation. A black silk dress was sometimes shredded, picked to pieces and mixed with the wool, carded, spun, and woven and made into uniforms for the fathers and the sons at the front. A very excellent shoe blacking was made from the China berry, while sorghum on the plantation became a

popular sweet, though there was no scarcity of sugar in this region.

A long-delayed letter from Tennessee gives the situation throughout the South at this time. I quote, "Our people, I mean the women, for they are the people, are busily employed making up clothing, bedding, etc., for our Tennessee boys in Virginia, and by the first of next week a large lot of the necessities and comforts of life will leave for the field of strife."

May came, and with it Mr. Mooney, and once again the tent moved. The way seemed safe, and soon we were in Athens and delightfully domiciled with Mrs. Judge Coleman and her family, Miss Mattie and Masters Frank and Ruffin. Alas, no sooner did we indulge the pleasing sense of security than a large force of Federals compelled another moving of tents. Somerville, four miles across the Tennessee River, became the city of refuge for many Athenians. The families of Dr. James L. Coleman and Mr. Mooney were encamped for some time in the Institute, not far from the Methodist church.

Mr. Mooney went on to the army, and was appointed missionary chaplain to the Army of Tennessee by Bishop Pierce. I saw him no more till the final folding of tents at Appomattox.

Dr. Coleman's family, Miss Sallie Lester, the children, myself, and the servants remained in Somerville till a few days after the battle of Chickamauga, when the Doctor decided to return to Athens to be near his mother and the family in the time of deeper trouble that he saw so surely coming. So, again we recrossed the Tennessee, and encamped for the time in Athens. I was glad the Doctor went, for sore sorrow

awaited the mother, in the news that her beloved son Richard was among the dead at Chickamauga. It devolved on me to be the messenger, and my eyes still overflow when I recall the scene in that stricken home. "John and Richard both gone! O God, how can I stand it!" Thus in Ramah was there a voice heard, "weeping and lamentation," Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." Many a time has April wept upon their graves since that day, but all through the South the mothers' cry is still: "O God, how can I stand it!"

We were just a little in advance of the Yankees who pitched their tents in Mrs. Coleman's grove, near to the house, and within a few yards of my window. To be more quiet, at the earnest request of Mrs. Rebecca Hobbs, of precious memory, I moved my tent into town, into her own pleasant home, where it seemed that for a time we might abide in peace. Delusive dream! On the morning of December 17, she and her husband, Ira Hobbs, a devout Virginia Methodist, were ordered out of the lines, and I was again homeless, not knowing what to do nor where to pitch my tent. The morning came, one of the most dismal I have ever seen—snow, slush, mud, a leaden sky. A number of friends gathered in to tell the old people good-bye, and along came the sergeant to receive the keys of the house. The old people were greatly loved, and there was much weeping as they went around speaking words of comfort to their companions, whom in all probability they should not see again.

The tension was extreme, when unexpectedly an incident occurred which relieved the situation and my overwrought feelings. The sergeant sat in front of

the fire, I sat to his right in the corner, and opposite me in the corner sat Sister Martha Frazier, daughter of John Wiche, of Virginia. She was a most devoted friend of Mrs. Hobbs. She was small, with auburn hair, blue eyes, very emotional, and her emotion was full, free, flowing. In vain she tried to dry her eyes with constant applications of her apron. A fresh fountain was continually opened. She (Mrs. Frazier) was the last in the line, and the leavetaking was most affectionate and affecting. Mrs. Hobbs, passing directly to the sergeant and, carrying her key basket after the manner of Virginia housekeepers, on her arm, handed him the keys, saying: "Personally, sir, I have no ill will toward you, and I hope to meet you in heaven!" Sister Frazier, overcome with weeping, had not heard the wish, but just as it was uttered she exclaimed: "I am glad there is a country where the invader can never come!" I gave way to uncontrollable laughter, sad as the situation was, while the poor soldier looked unutterable things as he reluctantly received the keys.

Extremity is opportunity. The meeting broke up. Not seeing the opportunity, but realizing the necessity, I said to the officer: "I alone am left in this house with my little ones and their nurse; I must beg of you a conveyance, an army wagon or something of the sort, for my trunks and the nurse; I can get a horse, buggy, and driver for myself and the children. We are ready to go, trunks all packed. I should be so glad if you would." He most graciously granted the request, and soon we were on our way to Dr Coleman's, just outside the picket post. I had not thought of this dilemma till I saw the picket coming from our right. I told the boy to drive a little faster while

I lifted up my folded handkerchief after the style of a pass. I knew he could not possibly get through the picket mud till we were beyond, and seeing the United States wagon following he could not be charged with neglect of duty. So we just drove on. We were not expected, but received a warm welcome.

CHAPTER XXV

RETURN TO ATHENS.

JUST as our tents were about to move, the following letter was received from Bragg's Army, Catoosa County, Ga.:

September 20, 1864.

A terrible battle is now progressing in hearing. Skirmishing commenced on the 18th, the battle yesterday. Bragg's army is large and buoyant—has been reënforced from Mississippi and Virginia. Bragg made the attack. The enemy has given way some, but fights obstinately. A Confederate victory is expected. I am quite hopeful. Killed, George Malone, from near Shady Grove Camp Ground. Col. Palmer, Lieut. Col. Butler, and Maj. Joiner, of the Eighteenth Tennessee, wounded. I saw the third Tennessee in line of battle a few hours since. Jack Lester, Clack, etc., all well. Col. Lillard badly wounded. I saw Dan and Richard Coleman yesterday. Both were said to be unhurt this morning. [This was a mistake; Richard was killed—shot to pieces with shrapnel.]

I write from Gen. Stuart's hospital, where I am helping to wait on the wounded. Of the preachers, I have seen McFerrin, Browning, and Bolton. The battle continued all day yesterday, from say about ten o'clock A.M. till night, with little or no cessation—good many wounded are being brought off the field. The mail carrier is about to leave. Good-by.

This letter revived our drooping spirits, and we packed our belongings with comparative cheerfulness, ignorant as yet of the wounds and the deaths of friends and relatives.

As we journeyed on, so beautiful was nature in her rich, red, burial robes that there were no sad sugges-

tions of death in field, forest, nor in the life caroling so sweetly from happy homes hidden away in the trees. We strolled for some time along the banks of the river, we rested on the roots of the trees, and enjoyed the shade while we ate our dinners. Then the children played merrily for a while, picked up nuts, and gathered grapes. About four o'clock we recrossed the Tennessee River. We spent the night at Mooresville with an elect woman, who entertained us most delightfully. Her home and her gracious manner make a perfect picture in memory. The next day we reached Athens. The tedium of tent life in Somerville was brightened by transient gleams across the darkness that was so surely shutting us in. It was there on a Sunday and at church that I lost all hope of the final success of the Confederacy. The little incident is still vivid, though it will lose much of its realism in the putting it on paper. It had been advertised far and near that on a certain Sunday Rev. — would preach on the Confederacy in Prophecy. It was a very hot day, but the eagerness to hear brought out a multitude of men, women, and children. Of course the men were mostly old, or otherwise unfit for military service.

The horses were a sight to see! They might have been descendants of Jacob's stock—that is, if the equine species was included in the ringed, streaked, and striped cattle so famous in patriarchal lore. They had evidently not come from green pastures, and as I looked on them I thought they too evinced in their way a mild interest in what the preacher would have to say, for the war had been hard on the horse. Really, I had not supposed there were so many in the coun-

try as were hitched here and there, near to and at some distance from the church. The sight reminded me of an old-fashioned camp meeting.

All Athens, it appeared, had come out with the rural population to hear this new thing. From some cause Miss Sallie Lester and I were rather late. For this reason, and because the front was fully occupied, we took seats in the rear of the church and near the door on the right. Introductory services were nearly over, but we were in time for the text: "Behold the man child!"

I was never much on the prophecies, and could not tell whether the preacher was giving us gospel truth or not. The novelty had a certain charm that was interesting. Toward the peroration he warmed up and, waving his hand, exclaimed dramatically: "Behold the man child!" Inadvertently a number of heads turned in the direction indicated. "Behold the man child," he again exclaimed with somewhat more of the imperative form. Just then there entered at our right a chubby little child, a boy in breeches for the first time. They were cut very tight and made of butternut jeans. They were short in the legs, wide in the belt or waistband. The body or waist was also short and somewhat full above, but the wide belt to which it and the pants were fastened was tight, uncomfortably so, to the sight. Of this discomfort and the general grotesqueness of his appearance the man child was happily ignorant and wholly unconscious that he was marked as an illustration. He went on his way up the aisle and toward the pulpit. When the preacher for the third time exclaimed, "Behold the man child!" the little fellow was in full view and stood

still as if to say: "Here am I; behold me." I whispered to Miss Sallie: "My last hope is gone—he is too tight around the middle to breathe much longer."

On another Sunday we had an orator of the vehement sort, who expounded and pounded and knocked the book, tossed his hair, and beat the air, and occasionally brought his foot to bear with full force on the pulpit floor, while his arms turned in as many different directions as an ærial amateur in athletics. He had one especially objectionable gesture, accompanied by a guttural nostalgic air.

Dr. Stitt Malone, of Athens, was sitting by Dr. James L. Coleman (in the right-hand amen corner) to whom he whispered something in evident concern, but which appeared to amuse Dr. Coleman very much. In a little while, the violent gesticulation was repeated, and at once, with a quick step and anxious air, came Dr. Malone down the aisle and passed out of the door. Dr. Coleman was much upset; but he did not follow, nor did he again look our way till the sermon was over and the congregation had been dismissed.

"Doctor," we asked anxiously, "what was the matter with Dr. Malone? What was he whispering about? What were you laughing about?" It was some time before Dr. Coleman was composed enough to tell us, but when he had about exhausted himself and our patience, he said: "Dr. Malone pulled me down and whispered almost audibly: 'If the preacher does that again, I shall puke.' No sooner said than he had to leave, but whether the repeated dose relieved him I can't say." The Doctor was not a Thompsonian, but he knew the effect of an emetic as expressed in that school of *materia medica*.

Talking thus by the way, I have gone both backward and forward incidentally, and will not tarry now to tell of the terrible days and nights in Athens after our return from Somerville, and my seeking sanctuary at Dr. Coleman's. The occasion of this new reign of terror was this. In the absence of most of the Federal force on a foraging expedition, the Southern cavalry had dashed in and captured men, munitions, provisions, and all the belongings. Retaliation, the usual recourse, was had, and that of an unusually severe sort. It seems to me that the fullness of time has come when brave men, fighting, as they claim, in a good cause, should scorn a measure of this sort, where only the defenseless are the sufferers. I thought I should never sleep again. Thought, an anxious pilgrim, ever turned to Tennessee. Most painfully did I ponder the problem: "How shall I get back?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

BACK TO TENNESSEE.

I HAD State money, Tennessee and South Carolina, and besides this some silver and gold, probably fifty or sixty dollars. This I was afraid to spend, not knowing what darker days were ahead. I have been sorry that I did not spend it, for at the last it was stolen. I had only one thing I could convert into greenbacks—a piece of sole leather, for which I received a good price, but not enough to begin a hazardous journey upon. However, it would take me to Pulaski, and I would go there if not to Murfreesboro, if I could buy a ticket without taking the oath, and if I could get seats in the car, the road being held and run by the military.

After an especially sleepless night, I arose unrefreshed the next morning, and was on my way to the dining room when I was startled by the sound of a familiar voice. Imagine my surprise, on entering the room, to be greeted by Rev. John A. Edmondson. The delight was not unmixed, for I found him in blue, rather than in gray. He saw my hesitation, and said in his old, frank way: "I know how you feel, but you have no better friend."

After breakfast, he came into our room and seated the children one on each knee, and put into the hand of each a five-dollar bill! My problem was being solved in a most unexpected way. I had had no dream, seen no ladder with the angels of God ascending and descending; but I said with Jacob: "Surely

the Lord was in this place, and I knew it not!" Brother Edmondson asked me to tell him freely what I wished to do, whether to remain in Alabama or to return to Tennessee. I told him my heart's desire was to get back home to Murfreesboro, if I could do so in safety, and without being subjected to the humiliation of taking the oath—that I could not do—that I wished to buy tickets for myself and nurse without going to the office of the provost. He was as kind as kind could be—bought my tickets for me, and secured transportation for my trunks through the country to Murfreesboro. More than this, he went with us in person to Pulaski, and never left till he saw us safe in the home of that noble layman, George W. Petway. There were still stones of difficulty in the way, but I was steadfast in purpose to go to Murfreesboro.

One afternoon Mrs. Liles Abernathy, Alice Petway, and I were walking on the street of Pulaski when we were met by that man of God, Dr. Gilbert D. Taylor, with whom I had always been a favorite. He shook hands hurriedly, and as I thought brusquely, and passed on, which my friend explained by saying: "He is watched." I then noticed that he had left in my hand a bit of folded paper. On reaching my room, I unfolded it and found it to be quite a large bill of currency which in the years to come he steadfastly refused to let Mr. Mooney repay. Both of these men were in entire ignorance of how I was compassed about, both of them seemed angels of deliverance; both their names are deeply inscribed on the fleshly tablets of our hearts.

Years afterwards, Bishop McTyeire went west to hold a Conference. When he returned he said to me:

"I met a friend of yours out in that lonely place. You write to him; he will appreciate it, I am sure." The friend was Rev. John A. Edmondson, whose heart of gold was unmixed with base alloy in the tribute paid to friendship.

Dr. Taylor has gone home. I have never known a truer, braver man, nor one who so closely followed the Master's example in going about and doing good. Seldom a day passed that you could not see him on his old white horse with a basket in hand, filled with some delicacy for the sick or the poor. I have always felt that when I was far out in the river of death my life was spared in answer to his earnest, importunate prayer. My grief was great when I heard that he was gone, but it was for myself; I know that he was glad to go. The fight had been a hard one all the way, but with Paul he could say: "I am ready, I have kept the faith."

In a few days after the incident recorded, Mr. John A. McKissack accompanied me to Nashville, and I thought all my tribulations were over, having, as I supposed, nothing that would be searched. But I had reckoned without the man in blue, in buttons, who very positively told me that I could not get aboard for Murfreesboro until he had examined my baggage! Opening my carpetbag, lo! a pair of boots and a pair of cotton cards. "Both contraband!" he observed rather exultantly

"But," I said, "I am not going South; I am coming from the South, and the cards belong to this old colored woman."

"Yes," she answered, "and I'm gwine ter keep 'em, too." And she did.

The boots I handed to the friend with me, saying: "Give them to some poor fellow who needs them; I do not." This she did, and many years afterwards I was sweetly surprised to hear the sequel from the man himself who received them, Maj. J. W. A. Wright, at that time in a Federal prison in Nashville. I was introduced to him at Monteagle. On hearing my name he evinced great excitement, saying: "I have wished to see you, madam, for years—for years—for to you I am indebted for my life. But for the boots you sent a poor prisoner, I could never have escaped; and unless I had escaped, I should have died. I got away that night, and here I am after so long a time to thank you from a full heart." I heard his lectures on botany, and when the summer was ended he sent me from his Alabama home several valuable and much-prized books of which he was the author. I bear testimony to the tribute that as a scholar he had few peers, as a platform orator his style was well-nigh faultless.

This digression by the way revives pleasant recollections; but I must hasten, for I cannot yet sing "Home Again," and my fears increase with every moment's delay, lest after all I may be disappointed. The young man took my key and unlocked the bonnet trunk, but, seeing it filled with baby clothes, he at once locked it and handed me the key, for which I thanked him, and hurried aboard with many misgivings. The car was filled with Federal officers, not a woman in the company. They were very courteous to me, and exceedingly kind to the children, taking the two older in charge, buying for them fruit and candy and talking to them like men hungry for home

and the prattle of little ones. But I was so uneasy that I scarcely breathed. Finally one of the officers said, "Well, my little fellow, what is your father?" "A preacher, sir," was the ready reply. "But what sort of a preacher?" meaning whether Northern or Southern. "Why," was the amazed answer, "a good preacher, sir." "Colonel," called some one from the rear, "let that little fellow alone; he's too sharp for you." A general laugh followed, in which I joined heartily, for my journey was over; my tent to be moved no more

Till the warrior's banner took its flight
To greet the warrior's God.

From this time till then I was in Murfreesboro and in the region round about. I was there when Hood's army came into Tennessee and when it left, and I wish to assert, in denial of the false history taught our children, that it was never "dissolved into a rabble of demoralized fugitives." Men came and went who had not seen their families for years, not even revisiting the sites of their desolated homes. Many left letters which were not received till after the surrender, when the sad survivors of the Lost Cause had returned. I have before me now several such, time-worn and faded and bearing the blotches of unavailing tears. The instances were not rare. Such sublimity of courage is seldom witnessed. I saw it illustrated among the men left behind as prisoners, naked, cold, hungry, steadfast, unmovable as the Roman sentinel amid the fiery deluge of Pompeii. The spectacle moves me even now beyond words. I shall never forget the appearance of one who threw from the prison window a note addressed to me and signed: "Old man in need

of everything." I carried to the prison door a big basket full of food and clothing. The guard was in a bad humor and had turned many away who had gone on a like mission. I met them returning and was advised not to go, and the servant bearing the basket said, "I am afraid;" but I was almost there, and I thought of the old man and decided I would try by entreaty or persuasion or guile. I approached the guard with inward fear and trembling, saying: "Good morning, sir. The weather is cold."

"Cold as hell," he answered.

"Well, that is a new way of describing it," I said, laughing at the new qualifier; "but," I continued, "I suspect you are hungry."

"Hungry as hell," was the reply.

"Well, I have brought you a good, hot breakfast, everything good; come on, and have something to eat," and I opened up the basket and he ate with a good will heartily, refusing to invite the other guard, as I suggested. He was in a good humor by the time he had finished, and quite a good-looking young man.

"Now," said I, "you have too much good sense not to know that I did not bring all this breakfast to feed one hungry man, and you know, too, what it is to be hungry, and how those poor fellows inside suffer, for you have not rations for your own men—the officers are permitting the citizens to feed such as are able to leave the prison accompanied by the guard, but some cannot do this; but here, read this note."

"No," he said, "you can go in with the basket; I don't care to read the note."

I insisted, and before he was through he was in quite a tender mood and urged me to go in. I told

him I wished him to see what was in the basket, and then call for the writer, "an old man in need of everything." The old gentleman came, and as he bowed and I gave him the answer the guard and the giver both turned away. When I said "Good morning" again, the guard's smile was sunny, and he invited me to come as often as I pleased.

Meantime, there are other moving tents toward which all our hearts are anxiously turned, and for a time we shall follow them, that we may note from their own records some of the work done by the chaplains and the missionary chaplains of the Army of Tennessee.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONFEDERATE CHAPLAINS AND MISSIONARIES.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims;
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear the noise of hymns!

THAT the loss of membership in our Churches in the South, was so small when we consider the awful death rate during the war was owing largely to the work of the chaplains and missionary chaplains in the Southern army, who, as ministering angels, bore the Holy Grail to men in the camp, and the message of salvation to men on the battlefield and in the hospital, and then when life was over wrote the sad tidings to waiting ones at home. It is, therefore, with no ordinary emotion and with the deepest reverence that I copy from the faded old papers "The Minutes of the Meetings of the Chaplains' Association of the Army of Tennessee," following as closely as possible the dates given and the places of meeting.

LOOKOUT HOTEL, SUMMERVILLE, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN,
November 23, 1863.

The Association of Chaplains and Missionaries of Bragg's Army convened at the above place.

After preliminary religious exercises, Rev. B. W. McDonold was called to the chair, and A. D. McVoy was chosen Secretary.

The roll of those present, being taken, was called as follows: G. G. Harris, Eighteenth and Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Regiment, Brown's Brigade; G. G. Chapman, Thirty-Second Tennessee Regiment, Brown's Brigade; G. T. Henderson, Second Tennessee Regiment, Polk's Brigade; G. H. Wil-

loughby, Eighteenth Alabama Regiment, Clayton's Brigade; A. D. McVoy, Thirty-Eighth Alabama Regiment, Clayton's Brigade; W. A. Simmons, Eleventh Georgia Regiment, Bate's Brigade; S. M. Cherry, Thirty-Seventh Georgia Regiment, Bate's Brigade; J. A. Ellis, Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, Bate's Brigade; B. W. McDonold, Fiftieth Alabama Regiment, Deas's Brigade; W. F. Morton, Thirty-Ninth Alabama Regiment, Deas's Brigade; G. H. Tompkins, Seventh Florida Regiment, Triggs's Brigade; A. C. Matthews, Allison's Tennessee Regiment; B. M. Taylor, Seventeenth and Twenty-Third Tennessee Regiment, Johnson's Brigade; C. M. McDonald, Twenty-First Mississippi Regiment, Humphries's Brigade; T. S. West, Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment, Humphries's Brigade; W. T. Hall, Thirtieth Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade; J. G. Richards, Tenth South Carolina Regiment, Manigault's Brigade; C. D. Elliott, Bragg's Staff; G. M. Craig, Fifteenth South Carolina Regiment, Jenkins's Brigade; James McDowell, Palmetto South Carolina Regiment, Jenkins's Brigade; W. F. Robison, Fifteenth Georgia Regiment, Bennings's Brigade; H. B. McCallom, Fifteenth South Carolina Regiment, Kershaw's Brigade; Wellborn Mooney, Missionary Chaplain; F. S. Petway, Missionary Chaplain; William Burr, Missionary Chaplain; C. W. Miller, Missionary Chaplain.

The meeting was then opened for business. A discussion arose relative to the general meetings of chaplains, whether or not they should be held oftener.

By motion, it was decided that the next general meeting be held the first Wednesday in December, and that the place and time be left to the chairman to decide, and give due notice of the same.

J. W. Willoughby moved that this meeting recommend the chaplains of each corps to hold regular meetings for consultation, which was adopted.

By motion, a committee was appointed to draught a constitution and by-laws.

By motion, the President, B. W. McDonold, was appointed on the committee, and he appointed W. T. Hall and Rev. Mr. Milligan.

The Chairman of Committee on Supply of Chaplains made inquiries relative to the existence of the committee, and if it could report.

It was decided that this committee had no claim on said committee.

By motion of W. T. Hall, it was decided that the chaplains of each division be requested to furnish the chairman with the roll of chaplains and the regiments destitute.

The morning session adjourned to meet again in the afternoon.

Afternoon Session.

The chairman called the meeting to order, and opened it for business.

The roll was called.

An inquiry was made relative to obtaining supplies of tracts, papers, Bibles, and Testaments; upon which an informal discussion sprung up. It was left to each chaplain to regulate the matter himself, after obtaining the desired information.

An inquiry was made in regard to Christian Associations. The Chairman requested the Chaplain from each corps to explain the nature, operation, and success of such associations.

By motion of J. M. Craig, a Committee on Christian Associations in the Army was appointed, consisting of J. M. Craig, W. A. Simmons, and J. G. Richards.

The meeting adjourned to meet at 10 A.M.

SECOND DAY.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, November 4, 1863.

After preliminary religious exercises, the chairman declared the meeting open for business.

The roll being called, the minutes were read and approved.

W. T. Hall moved that the meeting be governed by the usual parliamentary rules, which was adopted.

The subject of chaplains' support was fully discussed, and referred to a committee consisting of J. M. Craig, W. E. Walters, and William Burr.

The meeting adjourned to meet in the afternoon.

Afternoon Session.

The chairman called the meeting to order for business.

The Committee on Chaplains' Support reported, but the following resolution was offered by W. T. Hall as a substitute for the committee's report:

"Whereas experience teaches that the religious wants of the army are most efficiently met by chaplains; and whereas it is exceedingly desirable that the most efficient clergymen of the Church be dedicated to this work; and whereas it has come to our knowledge that several excellent chaplains have already resigned, and many others are known to be on the point of resigning their positions as chaplains, because of incompetent support; and whereas frequent changes of this kind are detrimental to the cause of religion in the army, and greatly to be deprecated—therefore be it

Resolved, By the chaplains in Gen. Bragg's army, that we recommend to the various religious denominations in the Confederate States of America that they institute an inquiry into the support of their ministers in the army, and prevent the resignation of any for want of competent support."

J. M. Craig reported the following resolutions:

"The undersigned chaplains and officers in the Army of Tennessee do respectfully petition the Congress of the Confederate States of America to grant army chaplains the privilege of drawing forage for one horse. We respectfully but earnestly lay this petition before your honorable body for the following reasons:

"1. It not unfrequently happens that the men of middle age or even older accept appointments as chaplains, and these men are from lifelong habits and from age wholly unfitted for the long and active marches to which their commands are frequently subjected.

"2. The sick and the wounded whom it is the chaplain's duty to visit are frequently, and especially immediately after battles, placed at such distances from camp as to make it absolutely necessary that the chaplain shall have a horse, or fail to do his duty by those who are in especial need of his services.

"3. Many general officers require the chaplains of their commands to appear mounted at inspections and on reviews.

"4. All other commissioned staff officers are entitled to forage for their horses.

"For these reasons we believe it to be but a mere act of justice on the part of the government toward the chaplains to give them this privilege; but if in the judgment of your honorable body it be improper to give the chaplains this forage, we ask that you will direct the quartermasters to sell it to them.

"We do further state that we consider this step as absolutely necessary to enable us in many cases to secure and retain good chaplains in the service."

W. E. Walters offered the following resolutions:

"Whereas a number of families consisting of women and children now residing upon the mountains and in the vicinity of this army are destitute of the means of subsistence; and whereas it is absolutely impossible for them to obtain bread by purchase, owing to its scarcity, and the fact that they have no means of transportation; and whereas some of them have sons and husbands in the Confederate army, and the wailings of the mother and the wife and the cries of helpless children should not rise for bread in our very midst, and rise in vain, unheeded by us—therefore be it

"*Resolved:* 1. That the poor and suffering women and children, especially the families of our soldiers now residing upon this mountain and in the vicinity of this army, should be supported.

"2. That we respectfully ask that Gen. Bragg will order that rations be issued to those poor families, or an opportunity be afforded them of purchasing necessary supplies from our commissary department.

"3. That a copy of these preambles and resolutions be respectfully transmitted by the Secretary of this meeting to Gen. Braxton Bragg."

B. W. McDonold offered the following resolutions:

"*Resolved:* 1. That we earnestly pray and toil for the evangelization of the army, and that we make a special business to pray for each other and to assist each other in our work.

"2. That we prepare the business for next chaplains' meeting beforehand, giving to it our deliberate thought and fervent prayer.

"3. That we request all the smaller associations of this army to send up to our next meeting a written narrative of the state of religion in their respective fields, with any suggestions for the consideration of the general meeting which they may choose to make."

After religious exercises, the meeting was adjourned.

A. D. McVoy, *Secretary*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONFEDERATE CHRONICLES.

DALTON, GA., December 9, 1863.

The Chaplains' Association of the Army of Tennessee met according to adjournment in the Presbyterian Church at Dalton, Ga., at 10 o'clock A.M.

The opening services were conducted by Missionary C. W. Miller.

The Chairman, Chaplain B. W. McDonold, called the house to order, when, the Secretary being absent, Chaplain M. B. DeWitt was appointed Secretary *pro tem*.

The roll was then called and the following chaplains and missionaries answered to their names: B. W. McDonold, R. T. Norton, M. G. Graham, M. B. DeWitt, J. J. Harris, J. A. Ellis, L. H. Milliken, J. G. Bolton, L. B. Chapman, G. L. Gray, M. T. Bennett, L. C. Ransom, William Burr, C. W. Miller, W. Mooney, W. Flinn, and S. A. Kelley.

W. H. Browning was appointed Assistant Secretary *pro tem*.

The minutes of the last meeting not appearing, the Chair called for communications, memorials, and petitions from chaplains from Corps Associations, etc. Whereupon the Corresponding Secretary of Hardee's Corps stated that he had been ordered to present to this association at each regular meeting a correct report of the state of religion in said corps. Also that he had been directed to petition the General Association to appoint some chaplain to prepare for publication a tract on the "Duty of Colonels to Supply Their Regiments with Chaplains." Further, he presented a document from the same Association containing a protest against the depredations committed by our soldiers upon the rights and property of citizens.

The Committee on Constitution and By-Laws made their report, and after amendments and corrections was adopted [filed].

The Association then proceeded to the election of officers
(172)

for its government, which resulted as follows: President, Chaplain B. W. McDonold; Vice President, Chaplain W. H. Browning; Secretary, Missionary Wellborn Mooney; Assistant Secretary, A. D. McVoy; Corresponding Secretary, M. B. DeWitt; Treasurer, Missionary William Burr.

On motion, the Association resolved to meet the second Wednesday of each month at 10 A.M.

The Committee on Memorial to Congress on the subject of forage for chaplains' horses reported, whereupon Chaplain Browning was appointed to forward said memorial to Congress.

The committee appointed to consider the best mode of conducting Christian Associations in the army, being unprepared to report, were, on motion, allowed further time.

The protest from Hardee's Corps Association was taken up, and, on motion, unanimously agreed to and indorsed. A motion to publish said report was laid on the table.

On motion, it was resolved to secure the preparation of a tract on the "Duty of Colonels to Supply Their Regiments with Chaplains."

On motion, a committee consisting of Chaplains Browning, Bennett, and Chapman was appointed to secure such a tract as shall meet the wishes of this Association in the form of a prize essay.

Further, it was resolved that all members of this Association shall make efforts to get contributions to provide a suitable prize.

On motion, it was resolved that the prize essay shall not exceed eight pages in length, nor fall short of four, also that the time for bestowment of prize be limited to three months from this date.

On motion, a committee consisting of Missionaries Mooney and Burr and Chaplain Ellis was appointed to secure a suitable tract on "The Depredations of Soldiers on the Rights and Property of Citizens."

On motion, the Association adjourned to meet at its next regular time.

B. W. McDONOLD, *President*;

M. B. DEWITT, *Secretary pro tem.*

DALTON, GA., January 12, 1864.

The Chaplains' Association of the Army of Tennessee met in the Presbyterian Church pursuant to adjournment, and was opened by religious exercises by the President, Dr. B. W. McDonold.

On the calling of the roll the following answered to their names [many are so faded and indistinct as to be illegible]. I make out: B. W. McDonold, W. H. Browning, J. B. Chapman, T. Page, J. G. Richards, G. T. Gray, W. G. Graham, J. G. Bolton, W. T. Hall, W. F. Norton, A. Otkin, J. B. McFerrin, R. P. Ransom, William Burr, Wellborn Mooney [and a long list of others, whose names, I have no doubt, are inscribed in the Lamb's Book of Life. I have tried my best to decipher all, but time and poor ink are not good insurance agents for the heralds of fame].

The minutes were read and approved. The President called for communications from Corps Associations. None were present.

It was moved by W. H. Browning that the subject of procuring a library for the use of chaplains and missionaries of the Army of Tennessee be discussed.

W. H. Browning moved that steps be taken to secure such a library. Adopted.

On motion, the following were appointed a committee to consider the matter and to procure a library: W. H. Browning, Bennett, and Cherry.

On motion, the President was added to the committee.

The Chairman of Committee for Prize Essay made a brief verbal report.

The Committee on Christian Associations was, on motion, discharged.

The Committee on the Tract "Against Depredations on Private Property" reported that the tract was in process of preparation.

It was resolved that an adjourned meeting be held next Tuesday to hear the tract read.

W. H. Browning reported that he had forwarded the memorial on forage for chaplains' horses to Hon. John V. Wright, Member of Congress from Tennessee.

He read a letter on the subject from Mr. Wright.

S. M. Cherry made a statement respecting the depository. It was moved and adopted that we recommend to the religious public to send all the papers and tracts, etc., which are intended for circulation in this army, and not for special appropriation, to the care of Rev. S. M. Cherry, tract agent.

It was moved and adopted that a committee of three be appointed to report to the adjourned meeting our supply of Bibles. Committee: McDonold, Buck, and Richards.

It was resolved that, in view of the great difficulties surrounding us and the importance of the action of the present session of Congress, we, the members of this Association, between this and the next meeting, pray especially for the light of divine grace to assist that body.

It was resolved that a committee of three be appointed to prepare a petition to Gen. Johnston and general officers of this army on the subject of sanctification of the Sabbath, to be presented to the adjourned meeting. Committee: McDonold, Richards, and Norton.

Adjourned with prayer. B. W. McDONOLD, *President*;

A. D. McVOY, *Secretary*.

DALTON, GA., January 19, 1864.

Adjourned meeting of the General Chaplains' Association met pursuant to adjournment in the Presbyterian Church.

Calling of the roll was omitted.

Committee on Supply of Bibles for this Army reported, and the report was received, amended, and adopted as follows:

"Hon. James A. Seddon.

"*Sir*: The undersigned committee on behalf of the Army of Tennessee beg leave to state that there is great destitution of the Scripture in this army, and to inquire whether it is consistent with the interests of the country for us to procure Bibles for the army from the enemy."

The committee to prepare a memorial on the Sanctification of the Sabbath presented the following report, which was adopted and ordered to be presented to the general officers of the commands. (See report.)

Committee on tract entitled "Depredations on Private

Property" submitted the following tract, which was received, amended, and adopted, and a committee appointed to superintend publication, consisting of the following: Bennett, Burr, and Hall.

Adjourned with prayer.

B. W. McDONOLD, *President*;

A. D. McVOY, *Secretary*.

DALTON, GA., February 10, 1864.

Chaplains' Association of the Army of Tennessee met pursuant to adjournment in the Presbyterian Church, and was opened with religious exercises by Chaplain T. G. Hughes, after which the chairman called the meeting to order for business.

The roll being called, the following members answered to their names: B. W. McDonold, W. H. Browning, W. T. Bennett, S. M. Cherry, A. D. McVoy, J. A. Ellis, W. T. Hall, W. F. Norton, J. H. Thompson, R. G. Porter, B. F. Perry, C. W. Buck, A. F. Smith, A. B. Fears, J. T. Gwin, G. R. Talley, M. B. DeWitt, R. M. Norton, J. G. Richards, W. W. Graham, J. F. McCutchen, Robert McCoy, J. B. McFerrin, J. S. Holt, William Flinn, T. S. West, T. G. Hughes, C. M. Hutton, H. H. Kavanaugh, I. G. Long, G. A. Caldwell.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Surgeon J. H. Gibbs was invited to a seat as advisory member.

M. B. DeWitt presented a communication on state of religion in Hardee's Corps.

W. T. Bennett presented a similar communication from Hindman's Corps. Both indicated a very encouraging state of religion in the respective corps.

B. W. McDonold, chairman of committee to secure Bibles, reported he had corresponded with the Secretary of War, whether it were possible to obtain Bibles from the enemy. That an answer from the Secretary of War stated that there was no commerce whatever with the enemy, and that therefore the Bibles could not be procured in this way.

S. M. Cherry read a communication from Rev. A. M. Miller in reference to the Evangelical Tract Society.

W. H. Browning reported verbally from the Committee on Supply of Religious Exercises, stating that every regiment in Hardee's Corps, except Cleburne's Division, had been visited and supplied with preaching.

W. H. Browning, for Committee on Prize Tract, reported verbally, and requested further time, which was granted.

W. T. Bennett, Chairman on Committee to publish tract on "Depredations on Private Property," reported that the tract publishers at Macon were willing to adopt and publish the tract as their own.

J. G. Richards introduced the following, which was adopted:

"Resolved, That the General Association recommend to the chaplains and missionaries of the several brigades to furnish their Corps Associations statistical tables stating the amount of reading matter distributed, showing the number of prayer meetings held, sermons preached, the number of Christian Associations and memberships, and that the Corps Associations report the same to this Association."

J. B. McFerrin moved that the Secretary notify the chaplains and missionaries of this army in regard to these resolutions.

The following committee were appointed to draught a blank form for the above statistical report: B. W. McDonold, B. F. Perry, and J. G. Richards.

W. T. Bennett introduced a resolution in reference to the discouragement of any denominational peculiarities prejudicial to the interests of Zion in the army, which was laid upon the table as unnecessary.

W. T. Hall introduced a resolution to overture the President of the Confederate States of America to appoint an early day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer.

A substitute was adopted that a committee be appointed to memorialize the President of the Confederate States of America in reference to the above subject, consisting of W. T. Hall, M. B. DeWitt, and C. W. Buck.

M. B. DeWitt introduced the following:

“Resolved, That we, the chaplains and missionaries of the Army of Tennessee, in Association assembled, do most earnestly, yet respectfully, petition the Congress of the Confederate States of America to so alter or amend the army regulations as to forbid all reviews, inspections, and other parades, and, indeed, all other work not essentially necessary to the security of the army, on the Sabbath day. God has commanded us to keep this day holy, which cannot be done under the present regulations.”

W. H. Browning presented the following as a substitute for the above, which was adopted:

“Resolved, That we, as chaplains and missionaries of this army, present a memorial from the army to Congress to remove existing regulations affecting the sanctity of the Sabbath.”

The following committee was appointed to forward the petition to Congress: W. H. Browning, M. B. DeWitt, and J. T. Page.

J. F. McCutchen introduced a resolution in reference to a monthly fast, which after some discussion was withdrawn.

Adjournment with prayer.

B. W. McDONOLD, *President*;

A. D. McVOY, *Secretary*.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ROLL CALL.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DALTON, GA., March 9, 1864.

The General Association of the Chaplains and Missionaries of the Army of Tennessee met pursuant to adjournment.

After prayer meeting conducted by Chaplain Gray, the president took the chair and called the meeting to order. The following members answered to their names: W. T. Hall, J. B. Chapman, B. W. McDonold, W. F. Norton, G. T. Gray, W. H. Browning, J. B. McFerrin, R. L. Wiggins, J. G. Richards, J. S. Holt, William Burr, W. W. Graham, R. A. Wilson, W. Mooney, H. H. Kavanaugh, J. N. Myers, T. Page, W. W. Hendrix, R. B. Lester, J. G. Bolton, J. A. Wiggins, W. P. McBride, R. P. Ransom, S. R. Lester, O. P. Caldwell, A. D. McVoy, J. G. Johnson, T. H. Davenport, L. B. Payne, W. A. Harrison, W. H. Robert, J. A. Myers, E. C. Boggs.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and, after verbal changes, approved. Judge M. G. Wellburne, a colporteur to the army, and Rev. M. E. Hanks, a visiting preacher, were invited to seats as advisory members.

Communications were called for. The corresponding secretary read a most encouraging report in regard to the state of religion in Hood's Corps. (See paper marked A.)

W. H. Browning moved that general missionaries report to corps associations, which motion was so amended as to allow such reports to be made to this body to-day, and then adopted.

W. H. Browning made a verbal report from the Association of Chaplains and Missionaries of Hardee's Corps, suggesting the propriety of prayers at dress parade.

The chairman of the committee on prize essay submitted the following: "Your committee appointed to procure the writing of a prize tract on the importance of the office of chaplain, and the obligations resting upon commanders of regiments to see that their commands are supplied with chaplains, beg leave to report that they have used all diligence to procure the

writing of said tract, and that they have received but four manuscripts; and, while none of them are what we would like them to be, we present the following, as in our judgment, the best. That the sum of \$273 was handed to the committee as a prize and to assist in its publication. The author of the manuscript selected requests, should his production be accepted, that the whole amount should be appropriated to its publication. All of which is respectfully submitted.

W. H. BROWNING,
W. T. BENNETT,
J. B. CHAPMAN,
Committee."

It was moved and carried that the report be received and the committee discharged.

B. W. McDonold, chairman of the committee to draft blank forms for statistical reports, stated that the form had been drafted, and presented to and adopted by the Association of Chaplains and Missionaries in Hood's Corps, but had not been presented to the Association in Hardee's Corps.

The committee appointed to forward a memorial to Congress in regard to the proper observance of the Sabbath, reported that they had not received any petition on this subject.

The committee appointed to memorialize President Davis as to a day of fasting and prayer, reported that that duty had been performed.

It was moved that the tract selected by the Committee on Prize Essay be read, which motion, after some animated discussion, prevailed, and the tract was read by the chairman of the committee.

Chaplain Page was called to the chair.

Dr. McDonold offered the following:

"Resolved, That all four of the tracts, together with the money, be referred to the Evangelical Tract Society, with the request that they procure and publish a premium tract on this subject."

Chaplain Browning proposed this as a substitute for the above resolution:

"Resolved, That we present the sum of \$273 to the Board of Managers of the Evangelical Tract Society with the request that they offer it as a prize for a tract on the importance of

the office of chaplain and the necessity of procuring chaplains in each regiment."

This substitute was accepted by the author of the resolution and adopted by the Association, whereupon W. H. Browning was appointed to forward this money and to make known the wishes of this body to the managers of the Evangelical Society.

Unfinished business was called for. There was none.

NEW BUSINESS.

Chaplain Otken presented the following: "That this Association memorializes his Excellency, President Davis, to permit ministers of the gospel now in the ranks to be appointed to the position of chaplains when properly recommended and qualified for this sacred office."

This resolution was adopted, and Otken, Chapman, and Mooney were charged with the duty of presenting this memorial.

Dr. McFerrin read a report of his labors as general missionary, from January 31 to February 28, 1864. See report marked B.

Several chaplains from the cavalry reported their labors, and invited others to come over and help them.

It was moved by W. T. Hall that the minister simply record results. The motion was lost.

On motion, the treasurer was instructed to pay the assistant clerk six dollars for stationery purchased by him.

On motion, the Association adjourned with prayer by Rev. Brother Hendrix.

B. W. McDONOLD, *Pres.*;
WELLBORN MOONEY, *Clerk.*

A.

DALTON, GA., March 8, 1864.

To the Chaplains' and Missionaries' Association of the Army of Tennessee.

Brethren: The Corresponding Secretary of the Chaplains' Association of Hood's Corps begs leave to present the following brief report of the state of religion in the said corps:

The following brigades were the only ones heard from since the last meeting: Lewis's, Findley's, Brown's, Walthall's, Managault's, Deas's, and Clayton's. In Findley's, Brown's,

Deas's, and Clayton's Brigades a series of interesting revival meetings are in progress, promising great and good results. Already a large number have been converted, and have connected themselves with the different Churches. A number have been baptized, while there are others awaiting baptism.

In Clayton's Brigade the meeting has been in progress six weeks, and still continues with unabated interest. Eighty have presented themselves at different occasions as the subjects of prayer. Twenty-seven converted, four baptized, ten awaiting baptism, and twenty-four have connected with the different branches of the Church.

In Findley's Brigade a meeting of unusual interest is in progress, having been but recently commenced. Eight, thus far, have joined the different Churches. The meeting is daily increasing in interest, and the prospect is of the most encouraging character.

In Managault's Brigade prayer meetings of peculiar interest were held in line of battle, in which much earnest feeling was manifested by the troops.

In Deas's Brigade a general feeling of interest in religion prevails, and a good prospect for a revival is apparent. Six have been converted and joined the Church.

In Walthall's Brigade troops eagerly receive and appreciate religious reading. Divine services and Bible classes are regularly held and well attended. No marked or unusual religious feeling yet manifested, but a good prospect indicated.

In Brown's Brigade an interesting meeting is in progress, and a number of conversions reported. The chaplains speak most encouragingly of a most hopeful state of things, indulging the pleasing thought that the army is better in morals and Christian character while immured in winter quarters, preparing physically, morally, and spiritually for the stern realities and severe ordeals of the opening campaign—the Bible read, the gospel appreciated, attendance on public worship good and increasing, Christians praying, numbers seeking Christ, and numbers converted, rejoicing in the newly discovered hope of eternal life. Thus there are many features that revive and cheer the hearts of the chaplains and missionaries of this corps.

Under the blessing of God we look for greater results to

crown the labors of the devoted ministers of God—the reformation of the soldiers' life, and the salvation of his soul.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

A. D. McVoy, *Cor. Sec.*,
Chaplains' Association, Hood's Corps.

B.

Report of missionary labors from January 31 to February 28, 1864, by J. B. McFerrin, Missionary in the Army of Tennessee :

To the Chaplains' and Missionaries' Association of the Army of Tennessee.

The undersigned, in compliance with the request of the Association at last meeting, begs leave to submit the following report, viz. : He preached in the month, including the last day of January and the 28th day of February, twenty-two sermons ; visited the hospitals at Kingston, conducted many prayer meetings, received the names and gave certificates to fifty-three candidates for membership in the Church of Christ, and baptized nine persons in the name of the Holy Trinity. He distributed a few copies of religious books and tracts, and held various religious conversations with sinners on the subject of religion. Nineteen of the sermons were delivered in and near Kingston, Ga., one at Tilton, and one to Gen. Polk's Brigade in the field, and one at Dalton. The meeting at Kingston was continued about three weeks. It was a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Most of the converts were young men belonging to battalions of battery camped near the town, yet some of the citizens, and some of the inmates of the hospital were partakers of the benefits.

He had the efficient coöperation of Rev. R. A. Wilson, post chaplain, the aid of Maj. A. L. Hamilton, post quartermaster, and a passing visit from Rev. R. P. Ransom, Rev. C. W. Miller, and Rev. Dr. Stiles, missionaries.

The meeting, he trusts, was productive of much good.

J. B. McFERRIN, *Missionary in the Army of Tennessee.*

CHAPTER XXX.

MORE MINUTES.

THE General Association of the Chaplains and Missionaries of the Army of Tennessee met pursuant to adjournment.

In the absence of the president and the vice president, Rev. G. A. Caldwell was called to the chair. He conducted brief religious services, after which the Association was pronounced ready for the transaction of business.

The roll being called, the following members responded to their names: A. D. McVoy, S. M. Cherry, J. H. Tomkins, W. W. Graham, J. H. Jenkins, J. T. Gwinn, J. A. Ellis, G. R. Talley, T. G. Hughes, J. N. Myers, W. W. Hendrix, L. R. Redding, R. B. Lester, O. B. Caldwell, W. P. McBride, J. G. Bolton, T. Page, M. B. DeWitt, R. L. Wiggins, C. A. Otken, Well-born Mooney, R. P. Ransom, T. H. Davenport, T. H. M. Henderson, L. C. Boggs, W. A. Robert, J. P. DePas, M. T. Rosser, J. W. McGee, C. W. Miller, W. A. Wood, J. L. Neese, A. Van-Hoose, D. Hayes, T. C. Teasdale, G. A. Caldwell.

The minutes were read and, after slight verbal change, were approved.

Revs. M. E. Hanks, R. M. Powell, W. J. Wardlaw, and Hon. J. L. M. Curry were invited to seats as advisory members.

J. B. McFerrin, W. A. Harrison, C. W. Buck, L. B. Payne, W. A. Parks, H. H. Kavanaugh, and Thomas Turner came in and took their seats.

Communications were called for. Brother DeWitt, Corresponding Secretary, Hardee's Corps, made a most gratifying report, accompanied with statistics of the state of religion in that corps. The report was received, but, the statistics not having been put in the hands of the secretary, he is unable to give the aggregate numbers.

Brother McVoy, Corresponding Secretary, presented a statistical report in regard to the state of religion in Hood's Corps, which was received, and shows 16 chaplains, 6 missionaries, 5 Christian associations, 1,553 members in these associ-

ations or in the Church; died, —; killed, 10; 156 members in Sunday schools; 55 regular prayer meetings; 224 sermons preached; 734 Bibles on hand; 539 Testaments on hand; 579 hymn books on hand; 146,739 pages of tracts distributed; 5,636 religious papers distributed; 153 conversions; 37 baptized; 131 joined the Church; 350 at the altar for prayers; 20,700 pages of books and magazines.

Chaplain McVoy represented that the statistics furnished him were very imperfect, not showing fully the happy revival influence with which that corps is blessed. Only seven brigades reported at all.

Rev. O. B. Caldwell presented a report on the Chaplains' Association of Hume's Brigade of Cavalry, Tunnel Hill, April 11, 1864, which was received, and shows: Chaplains, 4; missionaries, 1; Evangelical Associations, 4; members, 110; died, 1; killed, —; regular prayer meeting, 1; sermons preached, 16; conversions, 5; Bibles on hand, —; Testaments on hand, 25; hymn books, —; Bibles distributed, 2; Testaments distributed, 841; religious papers distributed, 750; members of Bible classes, 105. Brother Caldwell stated that there was a good deal of religious interest in this brigade, and invited his brother ministers to visit and preach to the cavalry.

S. M. Cherry, being called on for a report, gave a summary of his labors as agent and chaplain the past two months, from which it appears that he has furnished the chaplains, missionaries, and soldiers of the Army of Tennessee 12,860 copies of religious newspapers, 300,000 pages of tracts, 1,500 hymn books, 200 Bibles, 900 Testaments, and a lot of miscellaneous religious books, besides preaching 26 sermons.

J. B. McFerrin, from the joint committee in Hardee's and Hood's Corps, on the subject of procuring a suitable hymn book for this army, reported verbally that this enterprise was impracticable, which report was received and adopted.

Brother Page reported the following: "The Corresponding Secretary of the Evangelical Tract Society of Petersburg, Va., reports he will receive the premium offered by this Association, and procure the writing of the tract called for, and also asks that a further sum be created by this Association to meet the expenses of publication. This is the substance of a letter written by the Corresponding Secretary of the Evangelical

Tract Society, Petersburg, Va., to Brother Browning, chairman of your committee." (Signed T. Page.)

Whereupon L. R. Redding offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

"Resolved, That Brother Page be requested to say in reply to the communication of the Evangelical Tract Society that this Association declines to take any further action on the subject."

Brother Otken, chairman of the committee appointed to memorialize President Davis in reference to the promotion of ministers of the gospel in the ranks to the position of chaplains, reported that said memorial had been forwarded, but no reply received as yet. The report was received and adopted.

Unfinished business was next in order. There was none.

NEW BUSINESS.

M. B. DeWitt presented a revised form of statistical reports, which, on motion of Brother McVoy, was adopted in lieu of the one now in use.

Chaplain DeWitt proposed this:

"Resolved, That this General Association appoint a suitable person to collect materials for a history of the great revival of religion in the Confederate States army."

On motion, this resolution was laid on the table, and made the order of the day for 12 o'clock M., at the next meeting of the Association.

A. D. McVoy and M. B. DeWitt were appointed to prepare blank forms for statistical reports, the former for Hood's and the latter for Hardee's Corps.

The Association adjourned with prayer by Brother Talley.

GEORGE A. CALDWELL, *President*;

WELLBORN MOONEY, *Clerk*.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MURMURS OF THE DRUM AND FIFE.

MURMURS of the drum and fife!

How far the music rings.

But high above the sounds of strife,

A song of better things.

METHODIST CHURCH, MARIETTA, GA., June 20, 1864.

The General Association of Chaplains and Missionaries of the Army of Tennessee met in obedience to the call of the president.

After prayer meeting, conducted by the chairman, B. W. McDonold, and a brief address by the same, in which he gave his reasons for calling the present meeting, the Association proceeded to the transaction of business.

The roll being called, the following answered to their names: B. W. McDonold, M. B. DeWitt, J. H. Tomkins, R. G. Porter, G. H. Talley, William Burr, W. C. Molloy, A. O. Stanley, F. F. Glenn, T. H. Weir, J. B. Stone, A. G. Bakewell, C. M. Coffee, R. H. Whitehead, G. W. Johnson, E. M. Bounds, J. L. Latimore, Anthony Burroughs.

The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and approved.

Communications were called for.

Chaplains McVoy and DeWitt gave encouraging verbal reports of the state of religion in their respective Corps—Hardee's and Hood's—but did not present the usual statistical reports, the active operations of the army having prevented the preparation of such.

Brother Cherry reported that he had distributed since the last meeting of the Association 20,000 papers and 60,000 pages of tracts.

T. C. Weir reported that within the last year there had been quite an increase of chaplains in Polk's Corps, and that a wave of revival influence had visited and refreshed that part of our army.

Brother Latimore, and other brethren, also testified that

Polk's Corps had enjoyed a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

William Burr announced that Roddy's Cavalry had been blessed with an extensive revival of religion.

The following members came in and took their seats: J. P. De Pas, R. L. Wiggins, W. P. Foster, and G. T. Gray.

Reports of standing committees were called for, but, none being presented, the chairman called for reports of special committees.

Wellborn Mooney, of the special committee appointed to memorialize President Davis in reference to the promotion of ministers of the gospel to the position of chaplains, reported and read an elegant and courteous reply from his Excellency, every way favorable to such promotion. Whereupon it was moved and carried that this report be received, and that the committee be discharged from further duty, and that President Davis's letter be spread upon the minutes.

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, VA., April 19, 1864.

"Rev. Charles H. Otken, Rev. J. B. Chapman, Rev. W. Mooney, Committee, Dalton, Ga.

"Gentlemen: The President has received your letter of March 9, and directs me to express to you his deep sense of the importance of regular and earnest religious instruction and consolation to our brave soldiers. He does not presume to doubt the necessity of chaplains in full numbers, and knows of no barrier to the promotion of such from the ranks. On the other hand, he considers the spirit which prompts ministers to volunteer as privates in the ranks and serve their country in so glorious and trying position as an earnest of their fitness for the duties of chaplain, where knowledge of the wants as well as zeal for the good of the soldier is required. The presence of a large number of these devoted men in the ranks of the army has contributed greatly to elevate and purify the religious tone and sentiment of our gallant soldiers; and, while it may not be possible to provide for all of these as chaplains, thus rendering necessary a discrimination as to their claims, no intention exists to preclude them from receiving the sanction and countenance of law in their honorable efforts by promotion.

"Thanking you for your kind wishes and prayers in his behalf, the President wishes me to convey to you the assurance of his esteem and of his appreciation of the great work in which you are engaged.

"I am, gentlemen, very respectfully your obedient servant,
WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSON, *Colonel and A. D. C.*"

Brother Page reported that he, as requested, had written the Corresponding Secretary of the Evangelical Tract Society, informing him that this Association had declined to take any further action on the subject of procuring a tract on "The Importance of the Office of Chaplain," etc., which report was received, and Brother Page discharged from further duty.

Here the Chair announced that the hour (noon) had arrived for which the following resolution had been made the order of the day:

"Resolved, That the General Association appoint a suitable person to collect materials for 'The History of the Great Revival in the Confederate States Army.'"

This resolution having been read by the clerk, it was moved by Wellborn Mooney to lay it on the table, and make it the order of the day for 12 o'clock at the next regular meeting of the body, which motion was lost.

After considerable discussion the house proceeded to vote on the original resolution.

The ayes and noes were called for, with the following result:
Ayes: A. D. McVoy, M. B. DeWitt, J. H. Tomkins, S. M. Cherry, G. R. Tally, William Burr, Wellborn Mooney, H. S. Moore, A. O. Stanley, T. F. Glenn, T. C. Wier, J. B. Stone, C. M. Coffee, G. W. Johnson, Anthony Burroughs, R. G. Porter, R. S. Wiggins, G. T. Gray, and J. W. Ready—19.
Noes: W. T. Hall, C. W. Buck, T. Page, A. G. Blakewell, R. H. Whitehead, C. M. Gordon, E. M. Bounds, J. L. Latimore, and J. D. De Pas—9.

The resolution was then adopted, Dr. B. W. McDonold having been excused from voting.

On motion, it was resolved to appoint a committee of five to nominate the suitable person contemplated in this resolution, and to report to the next meeting of the General Association. Whereupon the chair appointed the following brethren on the

said committee: S. M. Cherry, M. B. DeWitt, C. H. Otken, J. G. Richards, and J. S. Latimore.

Unfinished business was declared in order, but there was none.

NEW BUSINESS.

On motion of Brother Hall, a committee was raised to notice appropriately the death of any member of this Association who may have died since the last meeting.

W. T. Hall, C. W. Buck, and R. L. Wiggins were placed on this committee.

No further business appearing, the Association adjourned with prayer by Brother Hall, to convene on the second Wednesday in next month (July), at such place as shall be hereafter designated.

B. W. McDONOLD, *President*;

WELLBORN MOONEY, *Clerk*.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GOD'S HEROES.

Not on the gory field of Fame
Their noble deeds were done;
Not in the sound of earth's acclaim
Their fadeless crowns were won.

SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH, ATLANTA, GA., August 10, 1864.

The General Association of Chaplains and Missionaries of the Army of Tennessee met pursuant to adjournment.

Prayer meeting was conducted by Brother Wright.

The president being absent, Vice President Browning presided.

By common consent the calling of the roll was omitted.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Communications were called for.

It was moved by Brother Cherry, and carried, that the House hear an account of the state of religion in the army, so far as the brethren present may be prepared to give it.

Hardee's Corps, Cleburne's Division: An increasing religious interest.

Bate's Division: Chaplain's laboring when opportunity serves, and their labors, under the blessing of God, crowned with more or less success.

Cheatham's Division: A happy spiritual influence in Wright's and Gist's Brigades.

Stewart's Corps, Walthall's Division: A pleasant state of things in Canty's Brigade.

French's Division: Great interest on the subject of religion in Crockett's Brigade, also a happy influence in Sears's and Eaton's Brigades.

Loring's Division: Scott's, Featherstone's, and Adams's Brigades are all blessed with an outpouring of the Spirit, and many souls are turning to God. Fifty to sixty conversions in the past eight or ten days.

Lee's Corps, Clayton's Division: A deep religious feeling throughout the command. The men are hungering and thirst-

ing for the word of life. Several have lately been born unto God in each of the brigades.

Stevens's Division: The good work goes on in Cumming's Brigade. Many have joined the Church of late. There is also a good influence in Brown's Brigade.

Anderson's Division: A blessed influence in this command. Great anxiety for religious reading. In Roddy's and Gholson's Cavalry Brigades there is a number of penitents, and great desire for chaplains or missionaries.

The Association being thinly attended, the account of the spiritual condition was meager, though highly encouraging.

S. M. Cherry reported that since the last meeting of this Association he had furnished for the use and benefit of the army 20 Bibles, 950 Testaments, and 16,000 religious newspapers.

G. W. Johnson and J. M. McCutchen came in and took their seats.

REPORTS OF STANDING COMMITTEES.

It was moved, and carried, that Brother Cherry be relieved from the committee appointed to nominate a suitable person to collect materials for the history of the great religious revivals in the Confederate States army.

On motion, Wellborn Mooney was put in his place as chairman of this committee.

The committee charged with noticing appropriately the death of the lamented Brother McMullen, failed to report, none of them being present, whereupon it was ordered that J. A. Walker and A. D. McVoy be added to this committee.

The chairman of the committee appointed to prepare a memoir of Brothers Smith and Johnson represented that he had no report, and was not sufficiently acquainted with these dear brethren to furnish a suitable memoir. Therefore, on motion of G. R. Tally, the committee was relieved from further duty. It was then moved, and carried, to raise another committee of three to prepare the memoirs in question. S. M. Cherry, S. Holt, and J. B. Mack were placed on this committee.

Unfinished business, none.

NEW BUSINESS.

Chairman Tally presented the following resolution, which, on motion of Brother Johnston, was laid on the table and made the order of business for 12 o'clock M., at the next meeting of this body:

"Resolved, That the chaplains and missionaries of the different corps in the Tennessee army unite in one General Association, to meet twice a month, and that the meeting be opened with a sermon.

G. R. TALLY,

S. M. CHERRY."

The Association then adjourned with prayer by Rev. Mr. Johnston.

W. H. BROWNING, *Vice President*;

WELLBORN MOONEY, *Clerk*.

The General Association of the Chaplains and Missionaries of the Army of Tennessee met pursuant to adjournment.

After prayer meeting conducted by Brother Bennett, Dr. McDonold took the chair.

The roll was called, and the following members answered to their names: B. W. McDonold, W. T. Bennett, M. B. DeWitt, R. W. Norton, L. R. Redding, J. G. Bolton, William Burr, Wellborn Mooney, W. S. Moore, J. P. De Pas, J. L. Cooper, J. S. Mathis, J. V. Pointer, George P. Birdwell, C. M. Coffee, E. M. Bounds, G. W. Johnson, A. Burroughs, H. L. Harvey.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Communications were called for.

Chaplain DeWitt, Corresponding Secretary, reported verbally that in Hardee's Corps there were some precious revivals of religion, and that the chaplains and missionaries associated with that command are laboring harmoniously and successfully in that wide and extended field, now "white unto the harvest." Owing to the active movements of the troops, and their frequent engagements with the enemy, he had been unable to prepare a statistical report.

Brother Cooper, Corresponding Secretary Stewart's Corps, made a most gratifying report in regard to the spiritual condition of that corps.

Brother McVoy, Corresponding Secretary Lee's Corps, being absent, no report was presented.

J. L. Cooper presented a communication on the destitution and want of Bibles and Testaments in Stewart's Corps, which was received and docketed.

Reports of standing committees came next in order. There were none.

REPORTS OF SPECIAL COMMITTEES.

The committee appointed to prepare memoirs of Revs. McMullen, Johnson, and Smith being all absent, and, some of them having failed previously to report, were therefore discharged.

J. T. Latimore came in and took his seat.

The clerk read the following report:

"The undersigned members of the committee appointed to nominate a suitable person to collect materials for a history of the great revival of religion in the Confederate States army beg leave to report that they have been unable to have a consultation with Revs. J. G. Richards and J. L. Latimore, the other members of the committee. That after a free conference among themselves they have unanimously agreed to propose the name of Brig. Gen. M. P. Lowrey as a suitable person to perform this important work; therefore be it

"Resolved, That this Association do respectfully request the Rev. Brig. Gen. M. P. Lowrey to proceed at his earliest opportunity to collect materials for a history of the great religious revival in the Confederate States army, and to put the same in the hands of the clerk of this body, to be held by him subject to its order and disposal.

W. MOONEY,

M. B. DEWITT,

C. H. OTKEN."

Redding moved the adoption of the report entire.

H. S. Moore moved, as a substitute, that the clerk of this Association be appointed to do the work. Withdrawn.

Moved by Mooney, and carried, that the resolution be reconsidered as to the Confederate States army.

Armies of Tennessee and Mississippi were inserted, and the report adopted.

Mooney, DeWitt, Otken, Latimore, and Richardson were appointed to wait on Gen. Lowrey.

Rev. Wellborn Mooney reported a gracious revival in Low-

rey's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, in which he had been assisted by Rev. Dr. Teasdale, of the Missionary Baptist Church, and by Gen. Lowrey, of the same Church. Many brave men from the ranks had been convicted and were gloriously converted. One hundred and twenty-five were at the altar for prayers at one time. Eighty-seven soldiers were baptized at one service.

NEW BUSINESS.

The resignation of W. H. Browning, the worthy vice president, was tendered, and accepted with sincere regret that his failing health rendered it necessary that he should retire from the chaplaincy.

The Association adjourned with prayer by Brother Burr, to meet in obedience to the call of the President at army headquarters Wednesday at 10 o'clock.

Whether that meeting was ever held this scribe saith not. Now the rest of the acts of the Association and its goodness, and its deeds first and last, behold, are they not written in the Lamb's Book of Life? "When the roll is called up yonder," may there be no absent member!

Before closing these records I recall an incident which many of the old soldiers will remember. It occurred in Cheatham's Division during the great revival in the Army of Tennessee. The services were conducted one night near a dead tree which was on fire. The fire was noticed, but it was agreed there was no danger. The sermon was preached, and seekers of religion were invited. Many came, and while they were being instructed and prayed for, without the slightest warning the tree fell between two of the preachers, Rev Allen Tribble and Rev J. G. Bolton. They both escaped unharmed, but a dozen or more soldiers were killed or wounded.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

THE breaking up of camps throughout the South necessarily led to much moving of tents among all classes. The old home life was a thing of the past. The laborer was no longer worthy of his hire, and had he been worthy his former owner could not have afforded to "keep" him.

Many, indeed, had been the hearts anxious for the war to cease; but, weary as the waiting was at home, the earnest exhortation to loved ones in the army had been, "Stay on till all is over; we can endure." Nor was this spirit lacking when the remnants of the Southern army returned, and had to begin the battle for bread without hoe or plow or horse; for though the last was a concession at the surrender, such were the obstructions on the part of speculators already hungry and ready to take advantage of the helpless, that not many reached home with a horse. Truly, the old order was passing, "giving way to new," the like of which had not been seen, and from the like of which "may the good Lord deliver us!" The visage of the times was rough indeed. There were wild rangers in every forest claiming that the land was forfeited to the government and forty acres and a mule would be given to each freedman. War at its worst estate was scarcely so bad as the troublous times known as "reconstruction." Domestic affairs were in a deplorable condition.

In December (18), 1865, the thirteenth amendment.
(196)

abolishing slavery, was adopted as part of the Constitution, and at once there was an exodus of many of the old-time faithful attachés of the fallen fortunes of their masters, and who would have remained faithful but for the evil counsels of bad white men come hither from the ends of the earth to prey, to plunder, and for political purposes.

Fluentes Omnium ("ragged robins") and vultures, whose sharp beaks found no dead body too filthy for picking, if perchance some morsel could be found to appease for a time the insatiable appetite. The Freedmen's Bureau, Civil Rights, and Tenure of Office bills were all extremely oppressive measures upon the former land owners and slaveholders. The Tenure of Office bill especially, because, while the second bill guaranteed to the negroes the rights of citizenship, the last virtually disfranchised their former owners, "as a requisite demanded by Congress for holding office was that every candidate should swear that he had not participated in the secession movement." This virtually excluded Southern men from holding office, and was the sowing of dragon's teeth that gave for successive years a wild crop of adventurers known as "carpetbaggers" or beggars.

Nor was the Church exempt from the evils that infested the State. Every available means was used to retain possession of our churches (many of which had been used as hospitals), even when soldiers had gone and we were no longer under military rule. "Absorption" was a much-mooted theme in certain clerical circles. I know an instance in which a missionary came "to take possession" of one of our wealthiest and most influential Methodist churches!

But enough, 'twere long to tell of the haps and mishaps till the convening of the Edgefield Conference, October 4-11, 1865, Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh presiding, and Rev. R. A. Young, D.D., Secretary. The brethren had never sung with such pathos, such expressed emotion :

“What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts we have passed,
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last !

But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by his love ;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.”

Six preachers had died during the year, names to memory ever dear—viz., Benjamin F Smith, Abraham Overall, Moses M. Henkle, John Kelley, Daniel H. Jones, and Samuel S. Moody.

The appointing of the preachers, always a delicate and difficult work, was doubly so this year by reason of great losses during the war, losses affecting the resources of the Church for years to come. But many of the old leaders were yet at the helm ; and, though the old ship had been tossed to and fro, it had not suffered shipwreck ; and, while some had entered the sweet haven of rest, those that remained were of good cheer and gave thanks to God.

I had taught school as best I could the last year of the war, and had a little money when it was over. When our tent was moved the remainder amounted to thirty-five cents, and there were five of us ! This was not an exceptional case ; some were not even so well provided. The general condition and sentiment were pithily expressed by Capt. Sam Morgan on the

Monday morning after the return of our Tennessee troops. In reply to the inquiry, "How are you, Captain?" he answered: "I never felt better in my life. I am at the bottom. I can't get any lower. The next turn of the wheel I am bound to go up. I'm here hunting work."

Mr. Mooney replied: "That's my case, and that's what I'm here for. I'm bound to have work even if it's to beat rock on the turnpike."

Capt. Morgan replied: "You'll get it; some men are on the street now waiting for you. They want you to teach school at Salem, you and your wife."

The next Monday morning we opened school, with the best-behaved "boys" I have ever seen, many of them being ex-Confederate soldiers—all veterans now—if their march is not over. Is it a wonder when I try to realize it that I sometimes feel like "The Straggler" (Wilson Hunt Stites, author, of Nashville, Tenn.), who thus sings:

The evening shades are gathering fast,
The day is almost done;
As I sit here before my door
And watch the setting sun,
I see its rainbow tints adorn
The glowing Western skies.
And watch the shadows from the vale
Before me softly rise.

Up from the valleys and the gloom,
My war-worn comrades come,
And march as to an unheard note
Or spirit tap of drum.
How like they seem to those I knew,
To those who fought and died,
To those who lived the warfare through,
And conquering hate defied.

My Moving Tent.

I'd love to call and bid them stop
Until I fell in line.
Tis hard for their old comrades here
To be thus left behind.
How gladly would I join them now,
Though in the spirit land,
And tent upon celestial fields,
With that immortal band!

How grateful I was that after the lapse of these eventful years our tent was for the third time pitched in Pulaski, R. P. Ransom, presiding elder of the Florence District! It seemed but a short holiday from school work, for in just a week I again rang the school bell, not having this time to go from home, as I taught in the parsonage.

CHAPTER XXXIV

ADJUSTMENT.

WE had all drunk deep of the waters of Marah, and found them bitter indeed, but again mid the old surroundings, and with friends so tried and true, we felt "that the waters were made sweet," and that the fountain flowed all the freer and fuller and purer for our journey through the wilderness where there had been no water. But the realities of life pressed hard upon all, and adjustment was a problem not only of the State but of the household.

Unaccustomed labor was hard upon our people, especially upon the old, too far gone in the journey to bear additional burdens, and without the inspiration of hope to sustain them in the further way. Hence the exceeding grace of the quality of youth which believes that Pan still plays upon his pipes, and that somewhere the Golden Fleece awaits the coming of the Argonauts. The lessons of economy too, enforced by four years of experience of want, were helpful relief measures in this experimental period. Above all, faith, so long tried in the furnace of affliction, shone resplendent. The South, so long suffering, had about this time to assert her right to safety on her own streets and highways and in quiet country places where daily and nightly lives were in jeopardy and the virtue of the home assailed. This Kuklux organization, having its birth in the strenuous exigencies of the time, was cradled in a house in this historic town, Pulaski, but sprang like Minerva from the brain of

Jupiter, full armed, and as supernatural beings inspired a very wholesome awe upon superstitious violators of the law.

Our Church officials remained almost as they were before: Thomas Martin, Booker Shapard, J. B. Childers, Allen May, George W. Petway, and T. M. N. Jones. At least three of these have since gone home: Thomas Martin, Booker Shapard, and T. M. N. Jones.

Again and again during this year and the years that followed did my heart overflow with gratitude to a good and wise father who in a time of peace and prosperity prepared me for a possible day of coming calamity. My school was large, my patrons prompt in paying. This revenue supplemented my husband's salary, so that there was no lack of any good thing. The Church too was wonderfully revived in the membership and in the increase thereof numerically and financially. In my school was J. J. Ransom, son of that great and good man Rev. R. P. Ransom, our presiding elder. John, even at this early day gave unmistakable evidence of those qualities that mark him as a man and minister—scholarship and courage.

Among the frequent visitors to the parsonage was Rev. John Sherrill, whose hearty salutations I recall with tears as I think of his lonely grave in Texas. But henceforth I cannot tarry long in these pleasant places in the dear old Tennessee Conference—but one more tribute of tears to Dr. Gilbert D. Taylor, who walked the earth serenely as a saint, until "God took him."

The Conference of 1867 was again held in that beautiful inland city, Huntsville. It had been one of the pleasures of hope to attend, but a long and painful

illness kept me indoors for weeks after the adjournment. When I could travel, along toward Christmas time, we moved to Clarksville, Tenn., where were formed some of the most delightful friendships of a lifetime. There I should have been well pleased to stay on indefinitely, going out no more. Often in the nighttime since, when afar and among strangers, I have fed my hungry, homesick heart with the fond fancy that I was back again, and thither was our tent several times pitched, and always have I cherished the fondest recollections of the place and the people—all the people of all the Churches, and of no Church.

The first year Rev. R. S. Hunter was our presiding elder. He transferred at the end of the Conference year to one of the Missouri Conferences, and was succeeded by Rev. R. P. Ransom. The Conference that year (1867) was entertained by Clarksville, and a most delightful session it was, Bishop Paine presiding and Dr. R. A. Young, as aforetime and for a long time to come, Secretary. Before I leave this city, so sweetly enshrined in memory, I should like to stretch a hand across the gulf of years to some whose personality is so vivid, so distinct, that I can hardly realize the sense of separation, except by the sharpness of its sorrow.

I think I never had a truer friend than Dr. J. B. West, a man of matchless wit, and whose preaching excelled in beauty, pathos, and power. He was president of The Academy, at that time called a Conference school, and having a large number of young women from several States in the college family.

Clarksville is the only place where we have ever lived that the Board of Stewards voluntarily increased

the pastor's salary. The body was composed of such men as Hon. John F. House, Hon. Charles G. Smith, B. W. Macrae, R. H. Pickering, W. S. McReynolds, John F. Coutts, M. C. Pitman, Samuel Caldwell, Henry Atkins, and Sterling Beaumont. I may possibly have omitted some from this roll of worthies, all of whom deserve more than a passing mention.

Brother Atkins was a cheerful Christian, and most devout, in whom all men had the utmost confidence. This feeling was illustrated by people coming from the country to trade, and yet, though pressed for time, willing to wait till he could serve them.

Every member of the Clarksville Bar was a member of some Church! Once when Dr. John E. Edwards preached in the Methodist Church "on a certain Sabbath day," coming for the purpose from the seat of the General Conference, the Bar in a body attended his ministry, a courtesy I have never known shown a minister elsewhere, and I must add that the Virginian was worthy for whom this thing was done, and that his preaching more than equaled expectation.

The social and literary life of Clarksville was of the best. It had fewer of the vices of wealth than other towns—this from the fact that the men of wealth were men of piety, the women of wealth gave of their riches and time to the Church. In all the years of my sojourn I never knew of a dance or a card party given by a woman the member of any Church. Hence the morals of young men attending the Southwestern Presbyterian University were in no danger from this sometimes fruitful cause of evil, and I have never known better behavior, better morale, than among

this student Body, as regarded their relation to each other and to the community.

I was more than sorry when Conference met again and I knew that our tent must be moved, this time to Gallatin, Mr. Mooney being on the Lebanon District, and our home for the first year in Gallatin. Rev. T. L. Moody was our pastor and a pleasant member of our home circle. The next year we removed to Edgefield or East Nashville. This Conference, 1869, was at my old home, Murfreesboro, and we were "at home" at my father's.

The State Constitutional Convention met next year, 1870, in Nashville and much good was accomplished in statecraft. At the close of this year, Rev John F. Hughes was placed on the district, and once more our tent was pitched in Pulaski.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE WHEELS GO ROUND.

THIS return seemed almost like a home-going. The time of absence had been so short that there were no marked changes in the community. When I rang the schoolbell the playtime had been but a bit longer, and the boys and girls were only a little larger grown.

This year there was a gracious revival of religion in our Church, and there were added to it daily such as should be saved. The revival was in the latter part of 1872. Mr. Mooney was assisted by Rev. C. C. Mayhew, who afterwards transferred to the Illinois Conference. He was a wonderful preacher. I know no more apt qualifier. "The common people heard him gladly," and men with no pretensions to piety crowded the church, while our most intelligent members felt built up in their most holy faith. Yet it would have puzzled even the learned Dr. Thomas O. Summers to give an exegesis of his sermons. He just preached right on without a text, though he always took one. "We cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day," was a favorite. I heard him on: "There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise: the ants, the conies, the locusts, and the spider." I could not follow him in his flights, but the wisdom of these four little things was magnified by the foolishness of man, who will not prepare his meat in due season, nor build his house on the rock, nor go forth in bands, nor take hold with his hands!

This meeting had not closed when the Conference convened in Nashville, Bishop Doggett presiding. Mr. Mooney was assigned to the Carthage District, a long, hard move, with no parsonage for the presiding elder, and I may say right here that at this time there were not many parsonages in the Tennessee Conference, none that I remember on the districts. The Carthage District then was of unfortunate shape, long and narrow, and therefore inconvenient to travel. It embraced a country of rich soil and romantic scenery. It contained nine pastoral charges, and they were all served by men of heroic mold, enduring hardness as good soldiers of the cross. The presiding elder left his wife and children in their little home in Clarksville and went at once to his work, preaching fifty-nine sermons on his first round.

Goose Creek Circuit was in charge of Rev. B. F. Ferrell, who had been longer in the work than any man in the district. The old historic Cumberland Circuit, once part and parcel of the old Roaring River Circuit, served by Rev. N. B. S. Owings, was the largest circuit in the district. It had eleven churches and twenty-two stewards. It was the birthplace of fifteen itinerant Methodist preachers whose names are as ointment poured forth in many a Methodist home. I wish I could pause for a panegyric to each of the faithful men who served on the district this year. Suffice it to say that in labors they were more abundant. Mr. Mooney was at home but four times during the year. In company with Dr. J. B. West, I attended his District Conference at Hartsville, going to Gallatin by rail and thence to Hartsville by stage, a ride thoroughly enjoyed. We were all three the

guests of Capt. Ellis and wife, and more enjoyable entertainment I have seldom had. The drives through that romantic region so rich in legend are still a pleasure.

But I have a bit of Mr. Mooney's experience more enjoyable in the recital than in the endurance. He may give it:

"In traveling through the upper portion of Middle Tennessee I heard of a little scope of country pretty well cut off from the rest of the world. It contained twenty or twenty-five families. The soil produced abundant harvests. There was a little log cabin in the neighborhood, once used as a schoolhouse and for preaching. But, alas! most of the Church people are gone, and the community is without the gospel. I sent an appointment for preaching two or three months in advance. Then I went to the place one day earlier, that I might 'warn in' the folks, that there might be no disappointment. I took with me an old local preacher 'to the manor born,' and native there.

"We went to the house of a prosperous planter who proved to be quite a character. We entered his house on a bright sunny day in winter. He was in his room sitting near a huge wood-fire. The front of the legs of his pantaloons was much scorched. On his head he wore first a woolen cap, once white, but far from white when I saw it; over this cap was a lady's breakfast shawl folded so as to show *four* thicknesses; over this shawl was an old black soft felt hat. In the same room were his wife and two children. She was in bed sick, and sadly in need of attention. The children were unwashed, uncombed, and needed clean clothing. Thus this gentleman of about thirty-five years played in-

valid in his wife's sick chamber. Yet he ran a large farm, controlled a number of hired hands, made money, and *kept* it. His laborers were up at four o'clock in the morning and ready for work. His house was old and rusty and yet unfinished. Numerous long festoons hung from the upper joists, and the busy builders, it seemed, had been unmolested in their toil of years. The dirt lay in undisturbed repose upon the floor, and without the fear of brush or broom.

"I may as well confess, I was much disturbed about a place to sleep, clean enough, I mean. Imagine my joy, then, when I saw the woman of all work go to a big feather bed in "the big room" turn back the bed-clothes and put on a white counterpane to be used as a sheet. "Good!" thought I; "I can sleep on that." At breakfast the next morning I found a very primitive sort of table. The legs crossed each other underneath, and the table was so low that I could not get my knees under it. On the table we had plenty of coarse corn bread, fat hog meat, and coffee without sugar or cream. Maybe there was some sorghum. It was my first and only visit."

There was work, hard work, and plenty of it, for us all; and I was not sorry when the year had rolled around, though there had been much to cheer us, even in this exceptional experience. Rev. J. P. McFerrin was my pastor, and no brother could have been kinder or more considerate. He was a sweet singer, and his songs have cheered often since in the days that have come and gone. It was an added joy then the next year that while Mr. Mooney was put on the Columbia District Brother McFerrin would again be my pastor. This was considered, and was, one of the

best districts in the Conference; but it had no district parsonage, and in three years we paid out seven hundred dollars for house rent, and occupied three different houses—living one year in Spring Hill, where the rent was nominal, as I taught in the academy, and we occupied it as home.

In this recital, I am making a plea for home mission work and for homes for our faithful preachers. Had I my itinerant life to live over again, I should prefer, in fact, to stretch a tent of my own rather than to live in a hired house. We moved from Spring Hill, where Rev. J. M. Jordan was our pastor (a faithful, zealous man), to Culleoka, where my pastors were Rev. J. C. Putnam and Rev. Green P. Jackson, and where lived Rev. W. H. Wilkes, all three faithful overseers of the flock, and differing greatly in their gifts and graces. I have not seen Brother Putnam since the old days. Brother Jackson I met at the recent session of the Tennessee Conference in Pultaski, and found him as of yore—full of the gospel of grace and of literary lore. The tragic death of Brother Wilkes some years ago was a great shock and sorrow. I have been somewhat comforted concerning it, since hearing from his daughter Alice (Mrs. W. R. Peebles) that she thinks that death was so sudden that he suffered no pain at all.*

The attraction to Culleoka, or the real moving cause, was the Webb School, in which we placed our oldest son, and where he remained till he finished the course. These were indeed years of sunshine in all our relations of life; but alas! the shadow of death was beside our tent and soon darkened all our joy, for

* Struck by a train while riding in his buggy.

about June 14, 1876, our oldest born, our darling Blanch, passed away gently and triumphantly. Death left a strange sweet smile, which, when we saw her last, still lingered on her face. Her funeral service was conducted by Bishop Wightman and by Rev. J. C. Putnam in the Methodist Church at Culleoka. She was buried in Pulaski, where much of her childhood had been spent. Many old friends gathered at the depot to receive her body and convey it to the last resting place. The services at the grave were conducted by Rev. W. R. Peebles, Drs. F. C. Wilkes, R. H. Rivers, and Rev. A. G. Dinwiddie, the pastor in Pulaski. The people in Culleoka, Pulaski, Athens, and in all the region round about gave us a sweet ministry of love and sympathy, but from my heart the shadow has never fully lifted. Many, too, were the letters of condolence from bishops, preachers, and friends from all over the Conference. These tokens of consolation were appreciated and are still treasured.

Before saying good-bye to the Columbia District and its good men and women I must refer to Rev. Robert G. Irvine, who had become effective and was serving some work in this district, probably Pleasant Valley Circuit, in Giles County. One day, while at home in the midst of his family, suddenly a bloody streak seemed to pass before his eyes, and lo! the sight of one was gone. The other became much affected by sympathy. He went to that expert oculist, Dr. T. J. Edwards, of Union City, and there remained till the Doctor assured him that all hope was gone. Going home, longing once more to see the face of his

wife, even for a little while, they walked into the garden at midday, when he placed her in an open place in the full sunlight, striving in vain for a glimpse of the well-loved, familiar face. A more pathetic scene I cannot imagine. When others' burdens are so heavy, why should we murmur or complain?

Tradition tells that once a poor pilgrim started afoot to the prophet's tomb. Day by day he walked upon the scorching sands. Foot-sore and weary, he cried out: "Allah is unkind." In this temper he approached the holy place; and then, blistered and scorched, he saw one faint with hunger and almost ready to die; and lo! the man had no feet; he had made the journey on his knees.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE RETURN TO CLARKSVILLE.

IF anything could have brought solace to hearts so sorely smitten, it was the return to Clarksville, where for the four following years Mr. Mooney was on the Clarksville District, and then for a year at New Providence and Bethel, during all of which time we lived in Clarksville in our own home. These were pleasant, prosperous years, saddened only by the memory of our loss.

Rev. R. K. Brown was my pastor part of the time. If not to all the country dear, he was so to the better part of it, and that included the larger A more conscientious preacher I have never known, nor one more thoughtful of his friends and their comfort. There are preachers and preachers, but the one who preaches best to me is the one who thinks most of me during the week, and shows his thoughtfulness in deeds of kindness. Brother Brown abounded in this sort of goodness. Often coming from the schoolroom, tired with the day's work, have I found his carriage at the gate, himself reins in hand, waiting to give me a drive. His sermons too, like himself, were good, not entertaining in popular phrase, but upbuilding to his hearers whom he had visited during the week, and could therefore feed with food convenient—that is, coming at the right time and nourishing. I have never known any one with more delicacy of feeling. In visiting the poor and the needy, he seemed intuitively

to divine their wants, and could so minister to them as not to humiliate nor wound.

Dr. J. D. Barbee, a good man and true, of sterling worth and Saxon grit, was my next pastor. Under his ministry there was a gracious revival. Our two daughters were converted, and with many others joined the Church in Clarksville. Everybody loved Brother Barbee, and at the fiery trial through which he passed at the Conference session of 1898 held in that city his friends were a unit, faithful and full of faith in him. Neither Senate nor Sanhedrin could shake their steadfastness of confidence, nor inject a suspicion of falseness on his shining armor. His sermons were strong, his voice loud, with no uncertain sound, his English terse, intensive. His illustrations were from the classics. A favorite was the old Trojan horse. I learned to prepare myself for the Ciceronian cry, "Intus, entus, inquam est Trojanus equus," for he had a way of placing his hand over and above the rim of his ear, so conserving the sound while he exploded the vowels and consonants with might and main. When I saw that movement I used to brace my back against the bench and hold fast the hand of my neighbor, thus breaking the full force of the vocal outpour. He was not half-hearted in anything. I like that sort. I like him.

The laymen of our Church in Clarksville were and are unsurpassed by any Church Mr. Mooney has ever served in a ministry of more than half a century. No matter how high his position in the State or in the Congress of States, none ever felt himself too exalted or too removed to manifest a lively interest in the concerns of his home Church. I should love to say some-

thing of the many members, official and private, who made all the years of our sojourn there so sweet and so pleasant that in the retrospect there is no pain, and the only tears are of regret that the moving tent is pitched so far away.

During our last sojourn there were two notable social events, the golden wedding of Dr. A. D. Sears, the long time pastor of the Missionary Baptist Church, and our silver wedding. We had as celebrant, Rev. William G. Dorris, who officiated at our marriage, a quarter of a century before. Of the large company present on this anniversary, there were only the three who had been our wedding guests, Brother Dorris, his wife, and daughter, Mrs. Sallie Dorris Jackson, the well-beloved associate and friend of my girlhood. Dr. Thomas O. Summers, then editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, sent a poem for the occasion, read by Dr. J. D. Barbee, closing with

Then I pronounce that you
Are man and wife by silver ties;
Golden and diamond weddings, too,
Be yours, till you ascend the skies.

Dr. J. B. West offered an eloquent and befitting prayer. There were poems recited by members of the Clarksville Reading Club, under whose direction the programme had been planned. Mrs. John F. Coutsgave "Twenty-Five Years Ago," and Prof. John S. Collins "Five and Twenty Years Ago," after which Mr. John J. West, the vice president, presented to me as president, many beautiful silver souvenirs from the members, twenty-four of whom served as attendants or waiters. This was the last time that father and

mother and all the living children were at home at the same time.

Soon Conference came and our tent was moved to College Grove, Tenn.; thence, after two most delightful years, to Bellbuckle, Tenn., where, after two more years, very unexpectedly, all the tender ties and associations with Conference and people were broken, and by appointment of Bishop E. R. Hendrix we were encamped beyond the Mississippi River, on the banks thereof, at Cape Girardeau, Cape Girardeau County, Mo., St. Louis Conference.

A river gives a great sense of separation, and when on the other side I felt a stranger indeed. This feeling was intensified from the fact that a part of the family was left in Tennessee, and from hearing a strange speech in "my ain countrie," a large per cent of the population being German. The St. Louis Conference differs in many respects from other Conferences. The Conference itself is, or was, largely composite, made up of transfers. Some one described the territory as like a pair of tongs—long-legged, weak in the body, and strong in the head. My recollections of the body, clerical and lay, are most pleasant.

I was delighted after so many years to meet again Dr. John Mathews, a leader in any great body of men, and whose ministry in the city of St. Louis is one of the marvels and the glories of Methodism. Aside from his great preaching power, his recognition of strangers in the congregation was a potent factor in his popularity and in his success in winning souls for Christ. He literally drew all men unto him, and Centenary was always crowded.

Dr. T. M. Finney, Dr. D. R. McAnnally (then edit-

or of the St. Louis *Advocate*), Dr. E. M. Bounds, Dr. J. E. Godbey (editor of the *Southwestern Methodist*), Dr. W. B. Palmore (present editor of the St. Louis *Advocate*), Bishop J. C. Granbery, with the pastors of St. John's, Cook Avenue, and St. Paul's, gave Methodism force and prestige among the Protestant Churches in this stronghold of Romanism. I am not sure that all the brethren named belonged to this Conference, but I associate them with it. Others there are whom I remember, but I am like the old man who introduced his wife as: "This is my wife, of whom you have heard, but her name escapes me, though I used to know it well."

The leading laymen were Samuel Cupples and R. M. Scruggs, familiar to the people called Methodists far beyond the St. Louis Conference. Their attendance at the District Conferences was beneficial to business interests, as they were wise in counsel and looked carefully into the business methods, or lack of business methods, in the several charges, notifying the brethren not to expect help from them in case Church property was burned uninsured.

This Conference surpasses in the payment of domestic missionary money, the money being in the treasury to meet the appropriations of the incoming year. Thus weak charges in important places can be served by strong men without that fearful foreboding suffered sometimes by good and faithful men in our home mission fields. The Cape is an appointment of importance from the fact that the Southeast Missouri Normal School is located there and during ten months of the year there is a large student body in attendance, not a few coming from Methodist homes.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MEMORIES OF MISSOURI

THROUGH my mind, the groups not always gay, but seldom sad. The Cape is a fine old town, and our Church there, though weak, is composed of excellent material. The Poes, Mrs. Stewart and family, Miss Mamie Matlock and Mrs. Ellen Wright, Gertrude Alexander, and others are fondly remembered. The town belongs to the early period of settlement on the Mississippi River. All the force of tradition and legend link it to the "Fathers of the Church," a sentiment strengthened by Romish schools, in which in many instances "the Sisters" represent the home life—many girls passing with them those years when mind and heart are most easily and most indelibly impressed. The old cemetery near the river has many graves antedating the Louisiana Purchase and representing many nationalities. Some of the inscriptions are quaint and pathetic, and show that the heart of the sleeper or of the survivor had an aching void which the new world could not fill.

On the Charleston road lies what is known as the County Farm, a beautiful "bit o' land" worked by the county poor. The house is historic, as the place where Gen. Grant received his commission. The farm when we knew it was in charge of a Brother Poe, and admirably managed both as to outdoor work and indoor life of the inmates, the only institution of the sort I have ever seen of which this could be said. Religious services were frequently held, members of

the Church in town going out with their pastor and assisting with song and prayer.

When I first saw him, Brother Poe stood in the doorway. I did not know his name, but I cried out in surprise: "Do look at that man! He looks like Edgar Allan Poe come to life!" It was on this same drive that I saw illustrated a beautiful custom they have of helping each other, both in the Cape and elsewhere west of the river. On the right of the road going from town we saw men and boys sawing and piling wood, an immense quantity, reminding me of the old Christmas wood-pile. Near to the busy scene was a comfortable-looking farmhouse, through the window of which could be seen a long table spread with snowy cloths, and women passing busily to and fro. The scene enlisted my interest, and I asked: "What does it mean?"

"The woman living in the house," explained Brother Poe, "lost her husband last week, and the neighbors are giving her a 'wooding.' Yesterday and the day before they cut and hauled wood, now they are sawing and piling, and when they are through they will have supper and a good time socially."

"Why," I exclaimed, "that crowd would eat her out!"

"But," said he, "she furnishes nothing whatever except the table. Every woman carries a basket full of cooked food with a good supply uncooked for the pantry." The wood was not all gone in a year.

When the people of Missouri mean to surprise the preacher and his family they do it most successfully by a little conference *inter nos*, adjourning with "Pass the word." It is all done so quietly and delicately.

The aid thus given is a great help in housekeeping. We seldom had to buy anything for pantry or store-room. Among our presents one Christmas were five turkeys. Their way of helping in sickness, too, is commendable. The watchers plan aforetime, the women "by turns" sitting up till midnight, when the watch is relieved by the men—after they have all eaten of the supper which the women have prepared at home, thus relieving the family of all work and worry and the sometimes burden of feeding the watchers.

While in the Cape I became acquainted with that elect woman of Southern Methodism, Miss Lucinda B. Helm, and interested in her special work, homes for the preachers. She attended the Conference at Fredericktown, and presented the work in her quiet way to the women who attended a parlor meeting. The necessity for the work had been emphasized by our experience at the Cape, where at our first going there was no parsonage.

The owner of our hired house called to see me, asking after our comfort and if I could suggest any change about the house, etc. I mentioned some changes that I thought would be improvements, to which he readily agreed, suavely saying: "I am always willing to do any reasonable thing to oblige my tenants." After a little pause, painful to me, I replied: "As a matter of fact, I suppose that we are your tenants; but I had not so thought of it before." He wondered to a mutual friend what mistake he had made.

Another gentleman asked me, "What do you *hire* for?" meaning, "What salary do you receive for teaching?" That word was all right, but I told him that

with us "hire" was a plantation word—that negroes were hired, or hired out, in the days of slavery.

But all in all, I enjoyed life in the Cape. While there we visited the old Williams Churchyard, most beautifully kept by Brother — Williams, by whose conduct and courtesy we were shown over the historic spot in which reposed the body of the first Methodist preacher west of the Mississippi River.* At the head of the grave has sprung up a tree, as if our great first mother, the earth, would in this way keep his memory green. Not far from the cemetery is McKendree Church or Chapel, the first Methodist Church built in the then Western wilderness. The old pulpit still stands in which that man of God (McKendree) held forth the word of life. It bears not only the marks of age, but the cuts of the relic hunter. The puncheon floor which served a pioneer people has not been removed, but has been piously preserved by placing a plank floor upon it. The locality is picturesque in the extreme, and one could readily place the tents of the old campers and hear the songs of Zion welling up from thankful hearts. The earthly houses of those tabernacles have all been taken down and placed upon the heavenly hills.

As I mused thus, there came from the trees a burst of sweetest song, and from the thick cluster of intervening branches I heard the noise of wings, and I thought: "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

Again, after two years when Ahmed's army tent was taken from the pocket, it had the names of all,

* I have lost his name.

and marching orders, and our encampment was on the Great Muddy, in Washington, Franklin County, Mo., a town in which four-fifths of the population is German, and the confusion of tongues a revelation of the possibilities of language. Here for the first time, outside of a book, I saw the wooden shoe, and on still mornings I yet hear the clatter as the school children bring their feet to bear upon the pavement. Nearly all the buildings, public and private, are of brick, giving the place a solid look not unlike the builders. There was a large pork-packing house near the river, and, what interested me more, a corncob pipe factory, many of the cobs coming from Tennessee. Pipes were most daintily fashioned into things of beauty out of these cobs. An old Confederate soldier had for his especial work the making of the stems, long stems, short stems, straight stems, crooked stems, an infinite variety of stems. The pipes too were of divers sorts, some of substantial shape, and others of fantastic form. The Germans are almost without exception smokers, and the pipe is more popular than the cigarette.

Some of the truest Southern people I have ever known are in these Missouri towns. Yet it nearly broke my heart when I found two old Confederates in the county farm. The Daughters of the Confederacy in Missouri have wrought nobly, and the old soldiers are now well cared for. We had some good men and true in the Church at Washington and New Haven. Among the most active were Brothers Purvis and Pike (one a Canadian, the other an Englishman), whose wives were sisters. Both households in many ways contributed to the comfort of the pastor

and his family. Hospitality is a distinguishing grace of the Missourians. Social functions are daily affairs. The first I attended in Washington, I was surprised when the host inquired, "Where is the butter?" for there was a great pyramid of it on the table. A big bowl of apple butter was handed around, and I found that, while this was not the foundation of the feast, it was a daily dish at every meal. The making it sometimes in the great apple orchards was charming from its novelty. I learned to enjoy it almost as much as a Missourian, and I was kindly remembered by great jars and bucketfuls.

Washington is fifty miles from St. Louis on the Missouri Pacific railroad. Here, and also at Cape Girardeau Dr. John Mathews came out and lectured for us, to the delight of pastor and people, for the Doctor is a master on the platform as well as in the pulpit. I am grateful debtor to him and wife, to Bishop Granbery and family, and to Dr. Finney, wife, and daughter, for much that makes my memory of Missouri altogether pleasant, except for the intense desire to be back in Tennessee. The way was unexpectedly opened, and I believe providentially.

But before I recross the "Father of Waters" allow me some other reminiscences, though the half cannot be told. After the adjournment of the Conference at Fredericktown, on a bright, sharp September day, we had a memorable drive to the place "where the battle was fought." Later in the day we drove to the historic French mine, Bel Mina,* the oldest in the new world, and still showing signs of the French occupancy. The quaint houses and the rustic bridge

* I think that is the name.

make quite an Acadian picture. The work is interesting beyond description. I saw at one time six thousand pounds of boiling lead, looking a veritable silver sea, against which sat the assayer, the refiner, the purifier, separating the dross or alloy from the pure. Never before had I so felt the force of the figure—the fiery furnace and the purifying process: “And I will turn my hand upon thee and purely purge away thy dross. Take away the dross from the silver and there shall come a vessel for the finer.” But who may abide the day of his coming, and who shall stand when he appeareth, for he is a refiner’s fire and like fuller’s sope,* and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.” The smoke from the furnace differs much from that of coal or iron, being white and losing itself in lovely radiant lines amid the clouds and becoming a part thereof.

At Cairo, *en route*, I saw the making of the woodwork of the Singer sewing machine, through the whole process, cutting the tree, sizing, scalding, splitting, dividing, placing, pressing, glueing, varnishing. The machinery, wheels within wheels, *et id omne*, is done in Stirling, Scotland. To the romantic, sentimental sightseer the spot where, or the reputed spot, where Evangeline passed her lover, is an object of ever-increasing interest, and is not far from the city called Cairo.

In St. Louis I saw many humane institutions, object lessons, and rebukes to those followers of a merely human philosophy, which at its best is seldom humane. In company with Sister Avis I visited the Woman’s Christian Home, an institution under the

* Old spelling: Latin, *sapo*; English, soap.

management of the Christian women of the several Protestant Churches, each furnishing a room. Women and girls coming as strangers to the city, while in search of employment, here find shelter and security and food free of charge till they become wage-winners. The matron told me that of the hundreds thus aided only a few had failed to repay the kindness.

Shaw's Garden, St. Louis, was both a study and a pleasure, enlarging my knowledge of the world's Flora, and charming the eye with the infinite variety of form and color. Amid the graves in God's Acre, I stood with reverent heart and bowed head before that of Gen. Sterling Price, so idolized by the Confederates of Missouri, the beautiful monolith with its legend being the gift of Southern State soldiers.

I attended in St. Louis a service held by the Salvation Army, and had a clearer conception of the necessity of Christian work to be done in cities, especially coast cities and river towns, by authorized agencies outside Church and chapel, if the Church expect to reach and influence the lives of this seething element from house boats, from the slums, from the riverside where there is no synagogue, of men, women, and children, crowded into places in no sense homes—all these elements so mightily mixed—that cannot, will not go to the regular Sunday service. These people crowded to the Salvation Army service. They felt it was for them, and they took part in it.

Some of the experiences were thrilling. One boy, rescued from the river, said: "I was hungry and you fed me, naked and you clothed me, swearing and you put a song in my mouth, and I mean to keep on sing-

ing and praising the Lord for all his goodness." The amens were frequent and fervent all over the house, and the martial music from drum, fife, and bassoon, mingled with the hallelujahs and the spirited singing, made a never-to-be-forgotten scene and impression, the impression that much home mission work needs to be done among this ever-increasing, hard-to-be-reached population, made up of both native and foreign folk.

Many other places, especially the parks, were visited, and the Old Folks' Home. Of this sweetest of all provisions for "ye gentle olde folke," I had only an outside look; but I saw from the open window a sweet picture of the light at eventide.

I had heard a learned gentleman say: "It is worth a trip across the continent to see the bridge at St. Louis." I am not engineer enough to know if these words were extravagant, but it impressed me that in design and construction it is equal to any of the Old World's wonders, excepting the Great Pyramid. I stood on the bridge at midday and ate my dinner while I watched the boats go by, and was reminded that the one on which we were to return, the City of Arkansas, would leave to-morrow. We said good-by to our friends with thanks for the many courtesies received, and made ready to go aboard.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

It was in May, 1888, while we were still in Cape Girardeau, that Mr. Mooney received a letter from S. B. Watts, attorney at law, Meridian, Miss., saying:

Bishop Hendrix, in response to my request, gives me your name as an educator of experience. The trustees of East Mississippi College, located in this city, and under the auspices of the Mississippi Annual Conference, M. E. Church, South, are in search of a president for 1888-89. The institution was founded in 1878, and has been in continuous successful operation ever since. It is a boarding school, and has a capacity for about forty boarders. The location is as good as any I know, society good, and health excellent. The local patronage is good. The Methodist is the leading denomination. If you would like to come South, Meridian is the place.

Mr. Mooney had never a call to teach, his one calling being that of a Methodist preacher, so he did not entertain this third offer of a college. I would willingly have gone South, but for some time negotiations had been pending in Tennessee looking to the purchase of the Dresden Academy for a home school. Four of us were teachers and in as many different States: a son in Tennessee, a daughter in Logan College, Russellville, Ky., and another in Williamston College, South Carolina. So situated and so separated, I had been on the alert for a place where for a time we might have some home life; the daughters and I teach together till the younger children were educated, or other changes should come. Thus the year before correspondence was had with Mrs. E. T.

Hart, widow of Rev. E. T. Hart, of the Memphis Conference, who, after transferring from the Tennessee Conference, had taught in Dresden. Sister Hart wished to sell the property, and I had written Bishop McTyeire, my chief counselor, in reference to the matter. His reply from some cause did not reach me at the expected time. I heard from him thus on October 31, 1888:

Dear Sister Mooney: I wish you had received my Dresden letter. I reply in substance to yours. I am not acquainted by personal visitation with Dresden, but by report I know it to be a good place and people. The center is eligible for a school such as you propose. Brother Mooney could work for many years within easy reach and find pleasant fields. It seems to me that the property is offered to you on very reasonable terms. But go and see it. Never buy and settle until you have seen with your own eyes.

May our Father guide you! Amen.

Yours very truly,

H. N. McTYEIRE.

Dear good Bishop! never too busy for a word of cheer or of counsel, to write to say "I rejoice with you" or "I weep with you." This was the last letter I ever had from him. While we were yet in Missouri he went from us a bright and a shining light destined to shine brighter, for the coming generations will rise up and call him blessed, recognizing the wisdom and the worth of his great work for Southern Methodism in writing her history and in giving her a university.

I followed his advice, and in November, near unto the time of Thanksgiving, I came, I saw, and decided to buy. In the following June the two little ones and I left Washington, Mo., for Dresden, Tenn., coming by rail to St. Louis, by boat from that place to Hickman, Ky. The City of Arkansas was a good boat,

well furnished. There was "a goodlye companye" of passengers in the beginning, and we had an abundance of well-prepared and well-served food. The old pilot was an interesting character, wise not only in river craft, but he knew the river and all intermediate points from New Orleans to St. Louis, and the history of the boats by name, and the boatmen. He gave us a graphic account of the movements of the boats on the river during the civil war and the maneuvering of men, some getting praise and pay which should have been awarded others. Alas, and alas, for the many uncrowned heroes!

When the boat reached Cape Girardeau several friends came aboard to give us a passing salutation. The courtesy cheered us for the further way, and is kindly remembered. We landed at Hickman strangers to all. However, the clerk of the boat had directed us "to a good place where we might get dinner and spend the several hours of waiting for a train to Union City." I inquired of the clerk of the hotel the name of the Methodist preacher. He wrote "Rev. R. M. King," to whom I addressed a note, giving hotel and destination. He soon replied in person, and very pleasantly relieved the tedium of waiting, and then saw us off on the train to Dresden, all done as cordially as if he were receiving a favor rather than bestowing one. On the train another Methodist preacher introduced himself, a "Brother Matthews," I think, who showed us all needed traveling courtesies, and for the time made us forgetful that our tent was moving to a place of which we knew little or nothing.

The weather all day had been showery—alternate rain and sunshine. How like life and the unknown

life to which I hastened! I often recall that time-worn traveler, the "Wandering Jew," whose footprints till he reached the meridian scarce left an impression on the soft fallen snow. But past that line and journeying toward the Arctic, every pressure of the foot left upon earth's white shroud the sign of the bloody cross.

As we reached Dresden there was a glorious burst of sunshine, and when we alighted we received a generous and gracious welcome from Mr. E. H. Ayres, a steward in the Church, and from Rev. J. W. Blackard, the Methodist pastor. As aforetime, I was the guest of Mr. J. W. Moran and his wife, who insisted that their home be our home till all things were in readiness at the academy. No sweeter spot could refresh a tired traveler, and the kindness extended at my coming has been steadfast through all these years. Outside the immediate home circle no one sorrowed more than I when Sister Moran was unexpectedly called from the joys of her beautiful earthly home to a mansion in our Father's house on high. During the day we moved over to the academy, which looked lonely and bare, but much work was needed, and I kept busy till the going down of the sun. That night I went to prayer meeting, and never but once before had I felt so utterly depressed. About halfway to the church the frogs began a concert of most melancholy music, nor did their vocal trills and basso profundos cease till long past the hour when well-behaved musicians should have been asleep. I have ever since had a keener appreciation of the possible pleasures of the deaf. The dulcet sounds ceased before morning. With the coming of the day, I began to put a cheerful courage on and to hum:

Ask her, if when storms are along
She can sing a merry song.

I fear the ditty was about as doleful as the song of the frogs, or the whistle of the boy going through the graveyard to show he was not scared.

Before the second night the son came "to help put things in order." After a few days the two daughters joined us, and we were for a time busy with pleasant plans for our school work, and in getting acquainted with the people, some of whom I had met on my visit of inspection in the fall. Mr. Mooney remained in Washington till after the adjournment of the St. Louis Conference in September, when he was transferred to the Memphis Conference, which met in November at Fulton, Ky., and was presided over by our good Bishop Hendrix, of Missouri, the presiding bishop at the several preceding Conferences I had attended. This fact alone helped to make me feel at home in the new field to which we had come. The sense of satisfaction was increased on meeting again Dr. W. C. Johnson, whom we had known so well in the days gone by.

Thirteen years, with their lights and shadows, have come and gone, and I have liked the brethren of the body and the people generally with each added year, though there has been a good deal of tent-moving and of fluctuating fortune.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MEMPHIS CONFERENCE.

IF I were a preacher and intended to transfer, or consented to be transferred, it would certainly be in the early years of my ministry. Life is too short after a man has reached his meridian, or part of it, for him readily to adjust himself to new relations, to form the same sweet, strong associations, bonds in the best sense, which are not easily broken, and which to a true man are never sundered. Among no people is the change so easily effected as in the great Methodist itinerant ranks, where going and coming are in some sort inwrought in the system, a change of companies and captains and men showing the true *esprit de corps* of the army, a spirit genial, kindly, spiritual, and sometimes spirited.

The ruling humor is what the French call *bon-homie*—kindness, good nature, free and easy manners, cordial benevolence. And this benevolence frequently takes the active form of beneficence. And if the announcement is made that a brother has been unfortunate and is in need, at once the hand goes to the pocket, and if haply and happily a dollar be found, the men begin a march to the front and put it on the table. It is all done so quickly that there is hardly a pause in the bishop's work.

Our change of Conferences and of Conference relations, while not without a mixture of regret, has been wholly without morbid repinings. We still painfully miss many who made life a pleasure in the past, and

at times feel a yearning for the old places and the old faces. But absorbed in his loved employ, I have never heard Mr. Mooney murmur or complain, no matter what his appointment.

In the fifteen years of separation and absence many of the preachers with whom he served in the Tennessee Conference and the people to whom he ministered have passed away, and so abounding is the brotherly kindness in the Memphis Conference that from the first he has been made to feel one of them. For myself, I feel that I have come to stay, and to say: "Thy people shall be my people, where thou livest I will live, where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried."

His appointments have been in order of time and place, or place and time: Hickman Station, three years; Lexington District, four years; Mayfield Station, two years; Third Street, Paducah, one year; Kenton and Rutherford, two years. His present work is Greenfield and Brock's, in the Union City District—the beginning of his fifty-third year in the work of the ministry, with never a year off nor a month for a holiday. His health failed the latter part of the year in Paducah, but a three weeks' draught of the bracing air at Monteagle made him well, without other tonic or medicines.

There are many precious names in all these charges "the which if they should be written, every one," this book would not contain them. A grateful heart is a living book of remembrance. In it all their names are written, especially those of the brethren of the Conference, and of the elect women in its bounds, whose sympathy was so manifest and so abounding after the

burning of the Kenton Church and parsonage, together with our books and belongings. May this grace abound to your account—not that we desired a gift—“notwithstanding ye have done well that ye did communicate with our affliction. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.” And as ye have ministered may ye be ministered unto.

The personnel of this Conference is striking. There are some very homely men in its make-up, and homely simply means homelike, not ugly. And even an ugly man becomes good-looking if you like him and he have the redeeming grace of goodness, which is transforming in power. I always thought that Brother Sam Caldwell, of Clarksville, was handsome, and I stood to it, though Dr. West and others said I was lacking in good taste or good sense. But Brother Caldwell said that I had “more sense than anybody who had ever come to Clarksville.” So if any one charge that there are ugly men in the Memphis Conference, I am not prepared to vote until he gives a well-defined meaning to his qualifier. The almond tree is certainly beautiful, even when the strength of the tree is gone, and there is no longer hope of foliage or fruit. Still more beautiful is the young head that bows for benediction and out of respect and reverence for the hoary head. Both trees are in this Conference. In no Conference have I seen more sympathy for the superannuates, for the old men whose race is so nearly run that they are no longer expected to move at the front of the army

The Memphis Conference has some kings on this roll whose rule is still acknowledged by loving subjects. When they rise to speak there is a holy hush,

and when the blessing has been pronounced there are songs and sobs and embraces and sometimes a shout. Brother John Randal is now the patriarch of the Conference, having joined in 1843, when the Conference was yet in its infancy, and embodying in his experience the trials and the triumphs of his beloved Church. He is always attended by some young brother, for he is in age and feebleness extreme. Like Barzillai, he asks no favors from the king for himself, but prays for all good and gracious gifts for his sons in the gospel.

The yearly increase and decrease in the list of superannuates is about equal—some are taken and others are added. Two great men and princes in Israel fell last year, and there was weeping and lamentations throughout the encampment. Brother C. J. Maulden sickened a few days before the meeting of the Conference at Martin. He had been aweary and needing rest for a long time, but a man of heroic mold, and the perseverance of a saint, he could not realize that the tabernacle was being taken down. I saw him daily for some time after our return from Conference. He was braver than I, he could die; but when I knew that “the crossing was nigh,” I could not see him go over, though I knew full well that he was entering “the haven of rest” of which he loved to talk and sing.

Dr. W. T. Harris had been my presiding elder. He was my father’s friend, and of all the preachers in the Memphis Conference he came closest into our home life and affections. No man in the body claimed a larger share of its love, and no member surpassed Dr. Harris in love for his brethren. The lowliest

among them he would have served at any personal inconvenience or sacrifice. By nature he was chivalrous, and he had the true courage of the soldier of the cross. There was no taint of cowardice in him, neither physical nor moral, if the two can be disassociated. The weak always appealed to him most strongly. In the pulpit he was eloquent. His sermons had gospel, grammar, rhetoric, and graceful gesture.

"There was no shower of shooting stars,
Ending in darkness,"

but there was the glorious shining of the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings. He preached the last sermon in the church at Kenton, and was the last guest at our table. How little we thought that we would see and hear him no more! I am not writing eulogistically of a dead man. I am glad that I said these things to him (appreciation of his preaching and social nature) while he was with us. He too has a son, on whom the mantle of the gifted father has fallen and is most worthily worn—Rev. Sid Harris, now the popular pastor of Clinton Station, Kentucky. Few young ministers in any Conference are more in demand for pulpit or for platform.

Another of my presiding elders, Rev. W. L. Duckworth, has been added to the list of supernumeraries; and another, Rev. A. R. Wilson, to the superannuates. But both still do most effective work. Indeed, the words "supernumerary" and "superannuate" would be misnomers in any but the Methodist vocabulary. As a matter of fact Methodism never has too many men, and they are never too old to work. Her consecrated sons sing in life's latest song: "I'll do what you want me to do." Both these brethren have

been wise in winning souls to Christ. Each has a son in the ministry—Rev. R. P. Duckworth and Rev. J. C. Wilson—both young men of rare promise.

One of the most touching scenes I ever witnessed occurred at the late session of the Memphis Conference in Dyersburg, when the name of T. J. McGill was called. He arose, and with a face all aglow asked that his name be placed with those of his more worthy brethren, the old soldiers of the cross, no longer able to do the work of itinerant Methodist preachers. As he finished his farewell there were no dry eyes in the church. My pen cannot describe the exquisite pathos of the unexpected incident, and when his old comrades gathered round and clasped him in their arms the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of weeping.

Of the chief of the fathers of the princes and elders yet on these rolls are B. A. Hayes, 1846, and R. V. Taylor, 1847. There are others equally worthy. Of the superannuates some ask no aid from the Church, others but a pittance to eke out the remnant of the day so far spent. No class of men should so appeal to the active, substantial sympathy of the Church. No claimants are more worthy, none more helpless, except their widows and orphans. Surely if an old horse can have a warm stall and a green pasture, the old hero of the saddlebags should be cared for. All honor to the North Alabama Conference for the adoption at its last session of "A plan to provide homes for its superannuate preachers and for families of deceased preachers."

CHAPTER XL.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE years at Hickman and on the Lexington District had not passed unmarked by sorrow. Several times the silent specter had stolen in and shadowed all the sunshine. It is a solace, however, to be at home; and as I decline toward the gray twilight of years I call to mind the fact that in an itinerant life of more than two score years I have lived longer consecutively in Dresden than in any one other place—eight consecutive years! The passing of time was, as in Eastern lands, marked by flowers. The music of wedding bells was followed by the tolling and the dirge and the melancholy march to the graveyard.

Our daughter, Roberta Young, after living and teaching in the community one year, was married, June 12, 1890, in the Methodist Church at Dresden, to Prof. Walter W. Brown, of Williamston, S. C. In the short time that she had been with them the people had learned to love her dearly, and she went from the Church, the community, and her home with many blessings and the pleasing prophecy of a long and continued useful life. She was educated at home and in Bedford College, afterwards completing the course of English, mathematics, and music in the Shelbyville Female College, under the presidency of Prof. J. P. Hamilton, receiving the degree of Mistress of Arts and a special diploma in music. Shortly after graduation she went to Cape Girardeau, Mo., in which city she endeared herself to a large circle of

friends both in the Church of which her father was pastor and in the community. In young womanhood she went to Williamston, S. C., as teacher of music in the Williamston Female College. There she met Prof. Brown, a young man richly dowered by nature and birth, and with the best training of college and university. Much of her childhood and girlhood was passed in the city of Clarksville, where she was happily converted under the ministry of Dr. James D. Barbee, and joined the Methodist Church, of which she remained a faithful member until all the anguish and the pain were over—pain borne with patience through years—ending in death far from home among strangers, tender, helpful, sympathetic, it is true, but lacking still the grace that makes old things sweet and softens and sanctifies the pang of parting—the spices and the myrrh with which loving hands would embalm the body for its burial. Though dying almost a thousand miles from home, the devoted husband brought the beloved body and placed it beside their infant, Maud Mooney Brown, who, after a brief life, had been gathered home July 3, 1891.

Where the Saviour's voice is calling,
Where no blight is ever falling,
Where no sound of shout or brawling—
God's little ones!

Where the pains of earth are o'er,
On a fair, celestial shore,
Where the tide flows evermore—
God's little ones!

I think the heart of the mother was comforted somewhat after a while in these thoughts, but the hearts of both father and mother sorrowed much for their little one so soon taken. Now all three are

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

To us the only surcease from sorrow is the thought that they are safely sheltered from every stormy wind that blows. But the darkness of the day, September 14, 1896, when we buried our child, has dimmed all the remaining days of brightness. A glory went from the earth no more to be seen in fruit and flower, a sweetness not to be heard in the song of bird nor in the happy voices of humankind. The venerable Dr. R. A. Young, whose name she bore, wrote: "Heaven is richer to-day." We believe it, and rejoice in the thought that to-day she is singing that wonderful new song in the new city. But ah! my friend, the old song in the old home was wonderfully sweet, and we miss it.

But before this, on October 21, 1893, death had come unexpectedly to our home, and the following funeral notice, widely circulated by Capt. C. M. Ewing and Col. E. Tansil, brought together a great multitude of Masons and old Confederate soldiers in Weakley County, besides many sympathizing friends of the family:

FUNERAL NOTICE.

Maj. J. E. Dromgoole, of Shoals, Ind., died this morning at five o'clock, at the residence of Rev. Wellborn Mooney. Friends are invited to the burial to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at three o'clock, at the cemetery.

Service of song and prayer at the residence, conducted by Revs. Stewart and Killgore. Masonic Ritual of Interment. All ex-Confederate soldiers are invited to attend.

I copy in part from that excellent county paper, the *Dresden Enterprise* (then edited by Mr. Robert

Lewis and wife), the following sketch of the deceased, written by his aged father and read at the academy. "Its deep pathos," says the editor, "visibly affected the large audience."

John Easter Dromgoole was born in Brunswick County, Va., August 31, 1831. He came with his parents to Tennessee when he was but three months old. The family settled in Rutherford County, near the town of Murfreesboro, where the subject of this sketch remained till mature manhood. He was a graduate of Union University, of the Kentucky Military Institute, and of the Lebanon Law School. His first practice as an attorney was in the town of Murfreesboro.

About the year 1858 he removed to Indiana, and at the commencement of our late troubles was practicing his profession at the county seat of Martin County. His known adhesion to the Southern view of the existing troubles and his open public defense of the position he had taken soon got him into trouble. He was assaulted by brutal men and most cruelly beaten. He then left Indiana, and returned to his former home.

He went out as a private in the Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment; was captured at the surrender of Fort Donelson and sent to Camp Douglas. By the aid of a few noble women, and the liberal use of means, he made his escape from Camp Douglas, was conveyed safely by Federal aid through the States of Kentucky and Tennessee and on to the Federal outposts south of Murfreesboro, where he again joined his former associates in camp, near Shelbyville. He was in many severe conflicts, was wounded three times, and carries with him to the grave the evidence that he had been at the post of danger. He was in the war till the final collapse, and was mustered out near Greensboro, N. C.

The war over, he returned to Martin County, Ind., and resumed his old vocation, and remained there until declining health admonished him that he was nearing the confines of the eternal world. Suddenly there came a great longing, a heart-hunger to rest beneath the shade of the trees in his own beloved South. Hastily throwing together a few things needful for his journey, he turned his face homeward. Three weeks

ago last Friday he reached Dresden, so changed from his former robust self as to be past recognition. Filled with emotion, he exclaimed: "I have come home to die." This shadow never lifted, or, rather, the shadow had already lifted, and he was looking steadfastly beyond. At 5 A.M. October 21, just as the night was dying and the new day was dawning, the light of immortal glory silently covered his face, the warfare was ended, the toilsome march was over.

Among his last audible utterances were: "Thank the good people of Dresden. Don't forget it. Thank them for me for all their kindness. It began the day I came, and it has never ceased."

Nor did the loving ministry cease when dark, gray shadows had veiled the aching eyes. Willing hands with gentle touch made ready the body for burial, and kind hearts kept the death watch through the hours of weary waiting. God bless the old soldiers who came to a comrade's funeral! Gazing on him, they felt that the pulse of a hero's heart is stilled, but that he had passed on to certain victory at last. May you all meet him in the grand reunion above!

The reverent and affectionate manner in which he was laid to rest endears to me still more strongly the grand and ancient order of Freemasonry and increases my interest in the personal welfare of each member of the mystic brotherhood who participated in the ritual of interment. When you are called to the grand lodge above by the Supreme Architect of the universe, may you be reunited in the circle that shall nevermore be broken! These sadly sweet words were found on a slip of paper beneath the pillow on which his head had rested in dying:

What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell?

Absence makes the heart grow warmer;
Land of beauty, fare thee well.

Still my fancy can discover
Sunny spots where friends may dwell;
Darker shadows round me hover;
Land of beauty, fare thee well.

Through the mists that float above me,
Fondly sounds the evening bell;
Like a voice from those that love me,
Breathing fondly, "Fare thee well."

His escape from prison, and the home-bringing of his wife and child form one of the unwritten romances of the Civil War. His wife, formerly Miss Augusta Cook, of Indiana, was true and devoted. The little girl brought home died, and was buried in her father's absence. The faithful wife breathed out her life while the battle of Murfreesboro was raging, leaving an infant, Lily, only a few hours old.

He was on his way to visit this daughter, Mrs. Baker, when his last sickness came upon him with such swiftness and severity that he turned his face homeward to die among his own people.

I wish to say here that the mob which attacked him was composed of lewd fellows of the baser sort, cowards who probably never met the foe in open field of fight. The Indiana troops in and around Murfreesboro were the flower of the Federal force, and seemed to establish a sort of guardianship over the orphan babe of this Indiana mother who had died while her husband was in the Southern army in the midst of the fight. To show that the better element of the people of Indiana had no part nor lot in this matter, I give this tribute from the Martin County paper:

AT REST.

Word reached here last week that Maj. J. E. Dromgoole died at Dresden, Tenn., October 21. He left here a short time ago to visit his father at the above point. For years he has been troubled with wounds and disease contracted during the Civil War. When the war commenced he was at Dover Hill, but, true to his convictions, he went South and fought for what he believed to be right. After the war he came here, and has lived here almost continuously since. He was a member of the Martin County bar, and was considered by all to have a magnificent education, both legal and general. Until recently he was President of the Blue Ribbon Temperance Club, and to-night they will hold a meeting devoted to his memory. It has been said that adversity is the true test of manhood; and had many a man passed through all he did, they long ago would have given up, despairing. But though troubled with wounds and disease, health wrecked, and away from his old home, he attained the ripe age of sixty-one. When the hand of death was placed upon his brow and his eyes closed to all things worldly, it was a sweet release to a pain-wrecked tenement. At the time when fields and forests give up their golden fruits, having fulfilled their mission, he gave his life again to its Author.

O, the outward hath gone, but in glory and power
The spirit surviveth the things of an hour.

Besides these deaths in the home, there have been others of friends whom we miss and mourn—so many that when I begin to count them there is opened a fresh fountain of tears. The loss to our local Church has been heavy, both by death and removal.. I have elsewhere mentioned the death of Mrs. J. W. Moran, a wise and willing-hearted worker in whatever concerned the welfare of her Church and the comfort of her pastor. Mrs. Mary A. Gardner and her daughter, Mrs. Metta Gardner Thomason, were among my first, truest, and most steadfast friends. Better still,

they were noble types of beautiful Christian womanhood. For these and for the many others who have fallen on sleep since my moving tent was pitched in Dresden I have only a tribute of tears to wet the grasses above their graves.

One of the sweet old circle that gave me a hearty hand clasp and "God bless you" at my coming still survives, Mrs. Margaret Maloan. Her life has long been a benediction in the home where she had the tender charge of the orphan children committed to her care by the dying mother, Mrs. Patience Emmerson Maloan. But to a large and loving circle outside the home has she been a ministering angel and a helper of many in times of trouble. It is light with her at the evening time, but when the light of her life goes out there will be sorrow in many hearts.

Dresden was the home of Hon. Emerson Etheredge, long a leader in the old Whig party, and famous far beyond local limits for his fluency of diction and his matchless eloquence. He did a noble work for Tennessee in the dark days of reconstruction.

CHAPTER XLI.

PEN PICTURES.

I DO not know that I am a good judge of preaching, or a judge of good preaching. If I am, I have heard some not to be surpassed in this country nor across the waters. This statement does not apply to the sermons of the great men already mentioned, but to sermons I have heard in the Memphis Conference by the preachers belonging thereto, or by presiding bishops. The one preached by Bishop C. B. Gallo-way at the session of the Conference in Memphis was mighty in power. The whole place was shaken where they sat. Even the memory of it is thrilling. Bishop Hendrix's sermon at Paducah was food fit for the Master's table. Bishop Wilson, at the Lexington District Conference, preached such a sermon as few men can make in a lifetime. Like the man who beats on cold iron till every muscle is tense, and every breath a heart throb, so beat the blows of his hammer, such as the fabled Thor might have wielded till he broke the mighty mountain in pieces and disclosed the burning mass glowing hot within. Such power was in the preaching, as he spake it, that it was indeed "like a fire and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces."

At Dyersburg in November we had three sermons upon the fatness and sweetness of which a man might feast a long time though in a desert place where no manna was falling. I refer to the sermon by Dr. E. E. Hoss in his presentation of Peter, the erring, re-

pentant, reclaimed apostle, showing the length and breadth and the height and the depth of the love of Christ, passing all knowledge, with which the man of God should be filled when he feeds the flock, including the lambs and the sheep; to Dr. J. C. Morris's graphic portrayal of Christ's triumphal ride into Jerusalem and the glorious climax when the Doctor himself joined the procession, and the glad hallelujahs, sitting upon an ass and rejoicing more than one who had conquered with white horses; and to Bishop Morrison's sermon on Sunday, when he showed us "The Triumph of a King," and, like Stephen, we saw the heavens opened and Jesus standing to receive and crown the faithful itinerant who had gone forth weeping and was now coming rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. All the lowly ones were there and not unnoticed by the King of kings, even the wife of the itinerant who for long years had toiled and moved and wept and patched the old pants and dyed and made over the old coat—even she was given recognition and part in this glorious coronation scene. Both these climaxes brought emotion to the high tide. Strong men wept and rejoiced. Nor was it the emotion that exhausts. It was the insweeping and outpouring of a tidal wave that refreshes and builds up.

I do not know how the animal, meek and lowly, felt, but the preachers' wives already felt some of the compensation of reward. But I did not "set out" to write about what Dr. Sam Steel's old sexton used to call "Occasional Sermons," such as we could not, or at least I could not, take for everyday Sunday fare. I meant to say something of the sort we take for common, which is sometimes uncommonly good.

Dr. J. H. Evans was my first presiding elder, Dresden being then in the Union City District. The good old art, if I may call it so, of sermon-making is his to a high degree. I do not mean sermonizing, but sermon-making. I never heard him indulge in prosy platitudes nor pretty phrases nor sensational stuff. He is in truth an able minister of the New Testament. Dr. Warner Moore, the worthy son of Dr. Smith W Moore (of precious memory in Church history), is scholarly, scriptural, strong. He always has an audience of people who think and appreciate that gift in others. Rev. W. A. Freeman, now of Hernando Street, Memphis, is genial, affectionate, having a strong hold upon the hearts of the people and the preachers. His preaching has in it much of that quality called unction—"an unction from the Holy One." Rev. W. D. Jenkins, for the third year my presiding elder, is an earnest preacher, speaking the word of God with all boldness. He presents no beautiful bouquets of fragrant flowers for fastidious folks. He dresses and tries to keep clean the garden of the Lord.

My pastors, first and last, in this Conference, have been as follows:

Rev. J. W. Blackard, wise in planning and looking well after all the interests of the Church, material and spiritual. As a delegate to the Ecumenical Council, he received favorable recognition abroad and from the great Methodist family. Having served stations in town and in city, he is now entering upon the work of presiding elder of the Jackson District.

Rev. E. H. Stewart, an indefatigable worker among the young people and the children. He is the most conscientious man I have ever known. This is the

consensus of opinion of all who know him best. Though frail of body, he does much work for the Master, and work that will last. Needless to add, he is loved wherever he goes.

Rev. A. J. Meaders, the accomplished Secretary of the Conference, long my neighbor, is an expert workman, both in the pulpit and out of it. His sermons are well thought out and well delivered. He always goes before his people prepared. His tent was moved from Dresden about the time that ours was moved to Mayfield, since which time the man in the door of whose tent I have so long sat has been my pastor, and after a careful comparison of the gifts and graces of all the others, I unhesitatingly say that he is the best of them all!

In my occasional visits to Dresden I have found other worthy ministers in the Methodist manse, all of whom have been not only neighborly but brotherly.

Byron Roach, whose tent is now pitched in Texas, succeeded Brother Meaders. His kindly attention to my father is gratefully remembered.

H. C. Johnson—no son could have been kinder to a mother than he to me in a time of sickness. The same can be said of his successor, my one time Sunday school pupil, Rev. C. A. Watterfield. Both are sweet singers, both are good preachers, but their sweetest songs and best sermons are the ministries of gentle deeds.

One of the worthies of the Conference, and one of the worthiest, is Rev. J. H. Witt. When "Uncle John" rises to speak there is silence in the senate. Every one expects to hear something, and no one is disappointed. He has the courage of his convictions. He

joined the Conference in 1853, when a circuit was as large as a district is now, and when Immanuel's land was cultivated with an old-fashioned gospel plow—straight furrows, precious seed sown with tears, gathering in of sheaves and rejoicing. He uses none of Brother Jones's gunpowder, of which an old hunter said when advertising it that he "could walk a mile through hell with a bushel bag of it under each arm; and it would not take fire." Brother Witt is President of the Ministerial Aid Society, an association to which all the preachers and laymen and Methodist women ought to belong. The small "sum of three dollars from the preachers and one dollar from the laymen and women, due in thirty days after the death of a preacher," helps to bury the man of God and to feed his widow and orphans at a time when there is no support nor help from other source. It costs more and more for a man to die and be buried. Some can hardly afford it. Let more be spent in timely aid for those he fears to leave helpless, and less in costly caskets and funeral flowers. This is good insurance, membership in this society, and it bears good interest for time and eternity. Some preachers are rich in "wordly gear and goods," and are perhaps a trifle indifferent or careless. The larger part are poor, and as riches take to themselves wings and fly away, it is wise, as well as kind, for the rich and the poor to belong to this benevolent association or brotherhood.

W C. Sellars, of McKenzie Station, is versatile, sentimental, sympathetic, unique—versatile, a quick intellect, catches ideas from the glance of a moment, and easily turns the thought from one subject to an-

other, thus bringing out of the gospel treasury things both new and old, sometimes focusing in one beautiful bow all the rich colors of thought. He is sentimental, not sickly but the expression of quick intellectual opinions with that touch of the Master that sends the pulsating throb from head to heart; sympathetic because when his heart is thus moved the stream of pity is not exhausted in an idle flow of tears, but head, heart, and hand—the complete man—is awake, alert, active; unique, well, even Mr. Webster fails in defining that fully, and I must acknowledge myself like the subject, a nondescript, or accept as a definition of unique that given to normal by an enthusiastic young lady on normal methods. “What do you mean by normal?” I asked. “Normal, normal? Well, normal is normal, you know.”

Rev. G. W. Wilson is the most methodic man I have met in the Conference. I would that all the people called Methodists had as much method as Brother Wilson. He does not attain at a bound the height to which he is climbing. Real reformers seldom do, but he knows every step of the way. He is a good organizer and an untiring worker. His tent is again in Martin, where I first met him when I came to the Conference, since which time he has served some of the most important stations and districts.

Rev. H. B. Johnston, now of the Paducah District, was one of my first preacher friends in the Memphis Conference. He was then pastor of First Church, Jackson, Tenn. He too excels in wise planning and in executive ability. Like Nehemiah, he sees the situation, and straightway assigns the workers their places upon the walls. Beyond most men he abounds

in the grace of hospitality. At his home in Paducah, the doors, like the gospel gates, stand open wide day and night.

Rev. T. J. Newell is a transfer from the North Mississippi Conference, where, as President of Grenada Institute, he proved himself an excellent educator. He is singularly successful in Church work in its different departments—church-building and building up the Church, numerically, financially, and spiritually. I have heard him preach but once. That sermon was like the old-time religion—“good enough for me.”

The papers just now are having much to say about the preaching of Rev. G. T. Sullivan, presiding elder of the Memphis District. I am ready to accept all the good things said. If Southern Methodism has anywhere a man of more adaptation, of more accommodation, of more willingness to serve his brethren, a more intelligent and ready helper in the woman's work of the Church, I have yet to meet him. As Secretary of the Memphis Conference Board of Church Extension, the Woman's Home Mission Society will ever esteem him very highly for his work's sake and for his ready assistance to them. If all the preachers were as well acquainted with the work and as willing to coöperate as Brother Sullivan and Rev. W. A. Dungan, the Home Mission Society could soon help to build homes in all the waste places, besides aiding the educational and missionary work among the poor and the ignorant and the heathen coming into our country.

In all the authorized departments of Church work the officers of the several societies, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and the Woman's Home

Mission Society, need the encouragement, the sympathy, and the active coöperation of the pastor and the presiding elder in enlisting and educating the women and the girls of the Church, making them feel that they have their sanction and approval. In this respect I gratefully acknowledge the kindly aid of Rev. H. W. Brooks, of the Dyersburg District, and of Rev. E. B. Ramsey, at present the popular pastor of Fulton Station, Ky. In the Home Mission work, wheresoever his tent has been pitched, he has not failed to organize a society, showing not only a readiness to help those women, but a sympathy and brotherly kindness for his brethren in the ministry who are without homes.

This example should stir others to holy zeal, for even in the Memphis Conference the Church suffers because some of our married men, without money and without a home, have been compelled to serve tables. For such a one there should be no censure, when the Church in her membership fails to provide him a home. I honor the man, when so placed, who will not beg bread nor buy it on credit. A meager knowledge of arithmetic will serve to show that a small salary, uncertainly and irregularly paid, will not pay house rent and feed and clothe a family, even though "they live on sunbeams and mites" and risk the chance of a box of clothing from the supply department, under the loving guardianship of Mrs. Bettie McFerrin Yarbrough, Nashville, Tenn. As pilgrims and sojourners,

"Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care."

CHAPTER XLII.

LEXINGTON DISTRICT.

IF anybody doubts the necessity of Home Missions, let him go through the length, somewhat devious, and the breadth, somewhat circuitous, of the district bearing the historic name of Lexington. If I mistake not, it includes in its territory parts of seven counties, making the geography and the topography both difficult—the first of description, and the latter as a local habitation or for an encampment.

But here, year after year, the faithful men of God have gone with the message of salvation, and oft-times with the pathetic cry of the Master: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but I have not where to lay my head." But of late there has been much improvement in this respect, from the growth of sentiment in the Church that we must have a home for the preachers. Most of the charges in the district now have some sort of a parsonage, and under the administration of that tireless worker, Rev. J. W. Waters, presiding elder of the district, a district parsonage has been secured in the town of Lexington. Until his going to the district, no home whatever was provided for the presiding elder. A large per cent of the small appropriations from the Board of Domestic Missions was expended in travel, sometimes to points outside the district—wheresoever his home, if any he had, might chance to be.

While these homes for preachers have been multiplied, they are not so well finished nor so well fur-

nished as they should be; and the preacher, even to make himself comparatively comfortable, must expend a considerable portion of his salary. For many reasons this is important ground for Southern Methodism. The men who serve in these places come as near measuring up to the old standard as any. In fact, but for their heroic endurance and that of others similarly situated, I should read the "History of Methodism," as told by McTyeire and others, as I do the "Romance of the Cavaliers," as related by Scott. But what mine eyes have seen and mine ears have heard, that I believe. I honor the men who serve in these lowly places; and, as I said, I believe they measure up to the old standard. A request came to the bishop at Conference: "Send us a man who can swim." "What do you mean?" inquired the bishop. "Why, the last man we had, in order to keep an appointment, had to cross a fierce, rushing stream, and he was drowned. 'Send us a man who can swim.'" I verily believe that there are preachers in this Conference, not only in Lexington District, so devoted to the work that no personal inconvenience nor sacrifice would keep them from an appointment.

Rev. J. W. Waters is at present the presiding elder of the district, and I doubt not he could furnish from his experience incidents equally as interesting as the following, written by a former presiding elder:

"On my way to quarterly meeting at Sulphur Spring, on Sugar Creek Circuit, I was met in Camden by the preacher in charge, Rev. L. D. Hamilton, who had previously ordered his buggy sent to Camden. Brother Hamilton rode a red sorrel horse to Camden, and harnessed him to the buggy. There was snow on

the ground, but it was not very deep. The earth was frozen, but not hard enough to bear the weight of the horse, so his feet would go through the crust and down, way down into the mud. We found that we were making very slow time. The horse was true to pull, but he had been in this country a long time, and some things he had learned from experience. For instance, he knew that it was easier to pull an empty buggy uphill than to pull the same buggy with two men in it. So he would stop at each hill and wait for one, or both of us, to get out. Besides, he was a country horse and not accustomed to city harness. He was used to the collar but not the strap. However, we jogged on, and got cold and hungry. Within two or three miles of Holladay a trace broke and was mended. A little farther on something else broke and was mended. Finally, in the worst mudhole in all the way, the harness failed utterly and beyond repair. Out went Hamilton into the deep mud, led forth the horse and put the saddle on him, and "brought" him to the buggy for me to mount. He took the harness in one hand and arm and waded out of the mudhole. I rode up to a log and said: 'Now, Hamilton, get on.' He did so, and the two preachers rode into the town of Holladay, both on the red sorrel horse; nor did they go like John Gilpin, at galloping pace. At the parsonage Brother Batton was waiting with his wagon to take us and Sister Hamilton and the children to his house for the night. But Brother Hamilton was cold and hungry, and was in no mood for going. However, Sister Hamilton soon gave us refreshments and we were in better plight. Hamilton and a friend went back for the buggy. His wife, the

two little girls, and I got into the wagon and went home with good Brother Batton. That night was cold, bitter cold. Next morning Brother Batton and his daughter, and Sister Hamilton, the two little girls, and I entered the wagon and set out for quarterly meeting. For a time all went well; but after a while, going downhill, there was a heavy jolt and an ominous fall. The young lady, who was sitting in a chair, had fallen backward and hit her head against the hind gate of the wagon. However, she was soon up again, and we went on as if nothing had happened. We had a good congregation at the church, preaching and Quarterly Conference, but the house was new and unfinished, and the weather was considered too cold for services at night. The preacher and his family, the presiding elder, and another gentleman, all went home with the good Dutchman to spend the night. The good Dutchman is a man of medium size, but his wife is as large as she is clever, and that is saying a good deal. She, Sister Hamilton, and the little girls occupied one room and the same bed, while the four men were comfortably quartered in another apartment. The next morning the snow was deep, but even before breakfast a messenger came for a magistrate to perform a marriage ceremony. In due time Brother Hamilton and I set out for the church, walking uphill and downhill and across the hollows for a mile or two. After service a lady approached me and said: 'You promised yesterday to go home with me to-day.' 'Well, I am ready to go,' was the reply. We went out to the wagon, to which two good-looking steers were hitched, swept the snow from the uncovered seats, and were soon off. Buck and Ball were cold and

lively, and it did not take them long to go home. At the home there was no one but the old gentleman, who did not feel well enough to go to church. He had gone to bed and the fire was out, the wood was covered with snow, and the dinner uncooked. But it was not long until the fire was made, the meal prepared and eaten. We might have gone in the strength of that dinner till next morning! My bedchamber that night was indeed well ventilated. The intended chimney had not been built, and there was a hole or crack in the wall large enough for a cat to crawl through. But there was a great quantity of good, warm bedclothing, and I had good, comfortable sleep. The next morning after breakfast I walked over to a neighbor's, where I expected to meet Brother Hamilton and Brother Batton. They came, and we were soon off for the home of Brother Hubbs, who furnished me with a good mule to ride, and Brother Hamilton and I went that afternoon to Camden. For push and pluck commend me to Lewis D. Hamilton."

It was while Brother Jacob Carl was on the work at Holladay that I attended the District Conference before mentioned, over which Bishop Wilson presided. We were pleasantly entertained in the home of an old Confederate soldier, Mr. Holladay, who has since crossed over the river. I like all good men, but I just can't help liking an old Methodist preacher and an old Confederate soldier better than I do other good men, because they are the best we have in Church and State.

This District Conference was noticeable for the large attendance of clerical and lay members, and of the people are not a few. Although the dog star raged,

and the sun was at his fiercest heat, every charge was represented, not a pastor absent, and a layman from every circuit and station, many coming long distances over rough roads, spending time, strength, and money to attend the Conference, and staying and working till after adjournment. Not only in the Lexington District, but throughout the Memphis Conference, may the excellency of the lay element be emphasized! Of lawyers there are not a few, and the law and the gospel work admirably together. All disputed legal points are soon settled without friction.

The laymen that I have known longest and best are :

George W Martin, of Martin, Tenn., a man of culture and of wealth, and giving largely to the Church and to the cause of Christian education.

A. G. Hawkins, of Huntingdon, one of Forrest's men, who followed that wizard of the saddle to the last, and who still delights to do him honor, and always on the Sabbath day may be found in the Sunday school which he has long served as superintendent.

His kinsman, Capt. Sam Hawkins, seeing with the quickness of an X-ray through the wrappings and folds and voluminous verbs of legal lore.

J Y Barbee, of Ripley, another old Confederate, whom all delight to honor for spotless integrity, for liberality to the Church and her institutions, and for his daily walk with God. The sense of loss would be sharp should I fail to see him and Judge W. I. McFarlane, of Humboldt, at Conference. Their warm hand clasp and friendly greetings cheer the heart and lighten the pathway.

Other lawyers of note are : S. D. Hays, of Jackson, Tenn. ; J. C. Speight, of Mayfield, Ky. ; J. C. Dean, of

Clinton; L. H. Estes, of Memphis; Levi S. Woods and John M. Taylor, of Lexington, Tenn.; and J. L. Fry, of Kenton; with that knight of the quill, J. W. N. Burkett, of Jackson, Tenn.

The Memphis Conference feels that Mr. John R. Pepper, Chairman of the Memphis Conference Sunday School Board, while belonging to the whole Church, is her peculiar property in no selfish sense. The excellent Sunday school work throughout her territory is the outgrowth of sentiment created and fostered by him in the city of Memphis and in the annual meetings of Sunday school workers. While conservative in his views, he is broad, aggressive, and progressive, ready to adopt any new method or movement for the best development of this great interest. Prof. H. M. Hamill, D.D., Superintendent of Training Work, M. E. Church, South, will doubtless find the Memphis Conference responsive to his proposed plan of Bible study, with all the adjuncts and aids for systematic work. Mr. Pepper attended the late Ecumenical Council, and was a keen observer of the moving tent among our English brethren, and I have been greatly edified with his recital, showing how the young giant, once rocked in the Epworth cradle, crossed the ocean, climbed the mountains, journeyed on foot and on horseback, tabernacling for a while in the wilderness, and then built for his God a stately temple, a place where His honor delighteth to dwell.

There are others, many others, in this part of Southern Methodism, both lay and clerical, "magnanimous, courtly, Christlike," whose names I should love to write; but they are living epistles known and read of all men who love our Lord Jesus Christ and

the Church he purchased with his own precious blood.

One of the hopeful signs of the times is the increased interest taken by laymen in the study of God's word; an interest evinced by their willingness to teach in the Sunday school and to prepare themselves for this work by reading our excellent Sunday school literature, and by buying the books for the Teachers' Study Circle. A layman of Nashville once said to me: "The young people are so much more favored now than in my day. They have so much and such good Sunday reading. On Sunday afternoons I was always set down to 'The Life and Times of C. C. Mahew.' I had read it so often that I knew just when and where the rabbit would cross the road or path, and I sat down to read, and held the book upside down."

And yet a well-grounded fear prevails that our Church literature is not so much read as in the time when there was less of it. In many Sunday schools the library is a thing of the past. In others, books for Sunday afternoon reading are not in demand by our young people.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SHINING LIGHTS.

My long connection with the Church and the itinerancy in the several Conferences has brought me into acquaintance or association with many of its leading men and women, and with prominent people not of the M. E. Church, South, nor of any of the various branches of Methodism. I have known all our bishops, except Bishops Duncan and Smith. Bishops Paine, Wightman, Marvin, McTyeire, Keener, and Kavanaugh were favorites, not only in the pulpit but in the home as guests, where, freed from the care of all the Churches, they were delightful fireside companions, Bishop McTyeire especially, taking an interest in the children, even the smaller ones, while Bishop Wightman charmed the older by fascinating reminiscences of his youth and early manhood.

Bishop John Vincent, of the M. E. Church, North, I have heard with great delight as a lecturer. A native of Tuscaloosa, Ala., the South delights to do him honor.

Dr. B. M. Palmer,* of the old school Presbyterian Church, for almost fifty years pastor of the Church in New Orleans, is a man of mark and might, place him where you will. If I had not been born a Methodist, I should have been a Presbyterian; but as it was decreed otherwise, I must, as a Methodist, say that after long association with members and ministers of

* Since died.

this Church, my conviction is that we have no better types of Christianity. If I were a minister, I should covet earnestly those best gifts so largely the dower of Dr. B. M. Palmer, whose manners are as simple as his tongue is eloquent.

"Bob Burdette" ranks in popularity with "Our Bob," and yet no two public speakers are more unlike in manner, in matter, and in appearance. Gov. Taylor sometimes makes me cry, even with his "Fiddle and Bow." Burdette's humor is more of a suggestive sort, whether it provoke laughter or tears, and, as Hood has said, "there is no dividing line between the two." The rainbow is the creation of both the shower and the sunshine.

For transitions of humor from grave to gay, and *vice versâ* Bishop Candler stands unrivaled, one moment his face looking as stern and solemn as that of the Sphynx rising from the sands of the desert and brooding over the unsolved mysteries of silence, of sorrow, of death, and the next mirthful as that of the merry monarch to whom all things were play.

W B. Palmore, leader of the knights of the twentieth century, is a strong temperance speaker, and would refuse to smoke even the pipe of peace filled with tobacco if all the Indians were on the warpath. His memory is marvelous, his vocabulary varied and exhaustless, and his familiarity with the whole wide world, while it makes you not akin, strengthens the bonds of brotherhood and interest, and keeps you awake and listening much beyond the time usually allotted to the lecturer.

Dr. Young J. Allen has interested me as a speaker on the foreign field far beyond any I have heard. His

address at the Clarksville Conference three years ago awakened such interest in the Eastern empire as had never been felt before, its customs, its concessions, its provinces, its literature, and its religion. An intelligent gentleman remarked that it would be wisdom in the Church to have Dr. Allen make that address all through the length and breadth of Southern Methodism, all of which I steadfastly believe.

Dr. W. R. Lambuth, Missionary Secretary, is a speaker whom all the people hear gladly on any question connected with missions, whether of the foreign fields or of home missions. His study of the problem invests him with authority as a speaker, while his presentation of the more puzzling problems of sociology, in its relation to active Christianity, are profoundly thought-provoking and heart-stirring. His intelligence and piety make him a master in Israel.

While in Missouri, I more than once listened to Miss Frances E. Willard, a most womanly woman, of attractive personality, great intellectuality, and of commanding power as a speaker over a great and mixed multitude.

Mrs. Clara Hoffman, of Kansas City, President of the Missouri Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is an orator of no mean ability. Few men surpass her as a speaker.

Mrs. Juliana Hayes, first President of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, I was once most pleasantly associated with at an annual meeting of the Tennessee Conference Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, of which I was at that time the President. Sister Hayes could not realize that I was "Mrs. Mooney." Like the sister from the Cumberland

country, she "was expecting to see a large, fine-looking woman."

Miss Lochie Rankin, our first missionary to China, was also in attendance at that meeting, and Dr. William Patterson, of the Mexican Mission, with many others whose tents have been folded here forever.

I do not remember the time when the *Christian Advocate*, under its several names, did not come to my father's house. Since 1856 it has been quite a familiar friend in my own home.

Beginning with that hero of Tennessee Methodism, Dr. J. B. McFerrin, I have been personally acquainted with all its editors: Dr. Holland N. McTyeire, Dr. Thomas O. Summers, Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald, and Dr. E. E. Hoss, mighty princes and potentates and lords—rulers in the realm of thought. Dr. Summers was a sturdy English oak on whom the winds blew hard and upon whose head the blasts beat furiously. Long he withstood the storm unbroken and unbent, but one day a lightning stroke struck to his heart, and

"Life and Thought went away."

Better so than to have lived longer to drink deeper from sorrow's cup. His learning was a vast sea in which sportive swimmers would soon sink or cry for a helping hand. Stern, hearty, bluff, sad, patient, tender, he was a great man in the best sense, and a good one in the highest. One grace adorning his daily home life, Dr. Summers had beyond most men—hospitality. Always at his table there was placed a plate for the stranger or the brother from a country charge. Such a one was never allowed to go home hungry, nor to a public place for a meal. I would rather break bread

with such a man under a tent than to partake of a feast at some mansion where one dare not go uninvited, however hungry.

Another editor whom I know very well, though I have never seen him, is Dr. J. J. Lafferty, of the *Baltimore and Richmond Christian Advocate*. I am old Virginian enough to believe with my whole heart that Dr. Lafferty stands unmatched in the courtly field of fame where pens, not swords, decide the combat. And in strife such as men sometimes wage I would wish no better blade in "open battle or on tilting field."

Dr. R. H. Mahon and Dr. John W. Boswell, both former editors of the *Memphis Christian Advocate*, the latter now editor of the *New Orleans Christian Advocate*, are strong writers and preachers of Pauline power.

Dr. D. R. McAnally, at one time editor of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*, was a man of good common sense, of culture and ability. His style was Addisonian. Both in writing and in preaching was he fond of quoting the old masters of poetry. He did it well, too, though disclaiming artificial aids and elocutionary effects.

Dr. A. R. Winfield, when editor of the *Arkansas Methodist*, wielded a trenchant pen, and, while a man of power in the pulpit, was more popular on the platform, happily combining positiveness with pleasantries, wit, and humor. Dr. J. E. Godbey, the present editor, is an accomplished writer, having drunk deep from the well of "Englische undefyled," and making all his knowledge subservient to his higher ministry, a preacher of the gospel.

Dr. J. J. Tigert, though comparatively a young man, is an author of acknowledged ability both at home in America and across the seas. The motto of the *Review*, "*Causas cognoscite rerum*," is aptly descriptive of the mental quality of the man. For the shallow and the superficial he has scant toleration. Though he walks among the stars, he never forgets that his feet are upon the earth. So, while working diligently to make the *Review* approximate his ideal, he goes freely among the brethren and people at an Annual Conference to solicit subscriptions. This begets a fraternal, responsive feeling. His predecessors, with the exception of Drs. Summers and Harrison, I did not know as editors of the *Review*. Those better qualified to judge of the work than I say that the *Review* was never better edited than it is at present. The same is true of the editorial work of the *Sunday School Magazine*. Dr James Atkins, the Sunday School Editor, rightly receives the commendation of our leading men in Church and State.

Not least among the shining lights are three stars which bring light and joy and gladness into many hearts and homes. They are : Mrs. F. A. Butler, editor of the *Woman's Missionary Advocate*, the official organ of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society; Miss Mary Helm, editor of *Our Homes*; and Mrs. W. H. Johnson, of Dallas, Tex., editor of the *King's Messenger*, these two papers representing different departments of the Woman's Home Mission work. Miss Belle Bennett, President of the Home Mission Society, is a woman of most gracious presence, a good writer, an excellent presiding officer, and a forceful, fluent speaker. She has done much work in

both the Foreign and the Home Mission Society, especially in educational lines. She is a wise planner, and her work will be permanent and evolutionary, growing better and better.

Dear, too, to the heart of every man, woman, and child in Southern Methodism should be the work of Miss Anne Maria Barnes, of Georgia. Her pen, while it pleases the children, has told in triumphant tone of the work of the Southern Methodist Church in giving the gospel to the negro slaves on Southern plantations. Her book on this subject, and "Joe, A Boy of the War Times," by Rev. R. J. Bigham, should be read by all our people, young and old, and their circulation outside denominational Church lines would be helpful in correcting many evils arising from prejudices and ignorance, and a prejudgment based on ignorance is the worst sort.

One of the best contributions to Church literature and history is the "Life of Lucinda B. Helm," founder of the Woman's Home Mission Society, by Mrs. Gross Alexander. She had an excellent subject, and she handled it well and lovingly. In this connection I would note the superior work of Mrs. Alexander as Editor of Leaflets of the Home Mission Society, and of Mrs. J. D. Hammond, Superintendent of Press Work of the same society.

Dr. H. M. Du Bose, whom some one styles the poet of Southern Methodism, as editor of the *Epworth Era* is an exquisite word-painter. He is greatly admired and much beloved by the young people of the Church.

"Bible Questions and Answers," by Rev. T. L. Moody, a member of the Tennessee Conference, is a perfect piece of work of the sort, and should be used

in our Sunday schools, where, with all our improvements on methods of teaching, we have rather fallen from grace on the catechism. With Dr. Tigert, "I heartily commend these 'Questions and Answers' to parents and teachers in the home and in the school."

It was my great privilege to hear on one occasion the venerable Dr Andrew Hunter, who was at the time a guest of Dr. J. B. West, of Clarksville, president of the Academy, when Miss Florence Hunter was a pupil. It was not long after the close of the Civil War, and the Doctor preached a strong, helpful sermon on "Love Your Enemies." It was very wholesome doctrine and full of comfort.

Dr. R. G. Porter ("Gilderoy") I know, not only through the Church press, but by personal correspondence. His experience with "Newton's female cohorts," who came to pray for him, and whom he "did not recognize as elders of the Church, and whom he had not called," is rich with a humor that I cannot transfer to paper. His style as a writer is natural, vivacious, and always intensely interesting.

When I was quite young I heard, as debaters, Chapman, Methodist, and Graves, Baptist. The crowded church and excited partisans impressed me not altogether pleasantly, and the impression remains. In after years I heard Dr Jacob Ditzler on the same subject—baptism—though not in debate, and more recently Rev. R. H. Pigue, of the Memphis Conference. Rev. T. P. Clark is also a strong defender of the faith of his Church when her teaching of this subject is assailed—its mode, subjects, *et id omne*.

"Daniel in the Den of Lions" seems a favorite theme with the preachers. Dr. Ditzler was once a

visitor at our home in Clarksville, and stayed over Sunday and preached. I was ill, as I had been for several previous Sundays. The pastor was new, and had delighted his flock one of those days on "Daniel in the Den of Lions." Then along came a visiting brother. He too thought this theme might be used to the edification of the people. Dr. Ditzler had been announced to preach, and great expectations were indulged. On his return to the parsonage, after preaching, I inquired: "Doctor, what did you preach about?" "Well," he replied, "after turning over several subjects in my mind, I decided that I could not discourse on a more suitable theme than 'Daniel in the Den of Lions.'" My face betrayed me, and after giving him a recital of the previous Sundays, I could not refrain from an expression of sympathy for poor Daniel, so long a defenseless sufferer since his escape from the other lions.

Soon after this we had as guest that man of God, long one of the leading ministers in the Memphis Conference, Rev. William C. McMahan. A man more courtly, more Christlike, more appreciative of the common courtesies of life, I have never entertained. He was a man of pulpit power, and preached with wonderful success on "The New Birth," his favorite theme. Another favorite was "For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Not long afterwards, in 1870, he was called home to enjoy that abundant entrance.

It was a great grief to me to sever connection with the Methodist women in the bounds of the Tennessee Conference, women with whom I had been so long

associated in Church work in the several stations served by my husband and in the charges served by brethren beloved while he was on districts. I was attached to all of them locally as coworkers and as officers in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Some have passed from labor to reward. Especially is the old Clarksville circle broken. Those that remain are widely scattered. Yet forever fixed in memory are the names of Clara Beaumont Wisdom, Dora Stewart, Sallie Scott Bringhurst, Clara McReynolds, Mrs. R. H. Pickering, Mrs. Sallie Dorris Jackson, Mrs. John F. Coutts, Mary Macrae, Mary Caldwell, Kate Rogers, and a host of others.

Stars that shimmer all more bright
Long lonely ways, on darkest night.

Among the elect in the Memphis Conference are Mrs. Ellen M. Watson, President of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society; Miss Fanny King, the Vice President; Miss Laura Bradford, the Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Tom Neal, the Recording Secretary—all well known officially throughout Southern Methodism.

In the Home Mission Society of the Memphis Conference, Mrs. Ross Witherspoon is the recognized leader, As Corresponding Secretary she has wrought wisely and well, besides being in labors more abundant in other departments of Church work. The associate officers of the society, Mrs. J. H. Evans, Mrs. J. W. N. Burkett, Mrs. J. S. Swayne, Mrs. J. H. Roberts, Mrs. J. T. Perkins, each in her place is best, and my association with them in this great work is one of the sweet compensations for the loss of companionship of other years in other places.

A guest of honor at the recent annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at Fulton, Ky., was Miss Maria L. Gibson, President of the Scarritt Bible and Training School, at Kansas City. Few women in the Church are more widely known, few more dearly loved for her works. This love grows as one looks upon her earnest face and listens to her sweet recital of the school-work and home-life of the institution.

It is said that Cæsar knew the names of his beloved legion and could call them without reference to the written roll. Many names uncalled here are indelibly inscribed on mind and heart. They need, none of them, my pen nor praise, but I would cull for each, in every place where our tent has been pitched, some fair flower, some sweet forget-me-not for this memorial altar, not heaped, as in ancient times, with wreaths wrenched from the vanquished, but with a freewill offering of the grateful.

Rome in her golden age had her seven stars, and they have shone on with undimmed splendor through succeeding centuries. The shining lights of Methodism are more like that multitude of stars, making luminous that great white pathway across the sky, a light so soft, so sweet, that tired eyes looking out at it may exclaim, "How beautiful it is!" Remembering the time when but few stars shone, may we not rejoice that the Southern star is in the ascendant?

I may but mention a few in the glowing galaxy, and in all our Southland I know no man so much at home among the stars as Dr James H. Carlisle, so long the honored head of that grand old school, Wofford College, South Carolina.

S. A. Link and W T. Hale are charming companions, whether among the poets laureate or among the birds, the fields, the flowers.

Will Allen Dromgoole has won friends from the mountain heights of Tennessee to the Golden Gate of California.

"A Girl's Journey through Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land," by Lenamay Green, has delighted thousands of sight-seers and travel lovers who must stay at home.

Now that the evening draweth nigh, and the solemn, silent stars appear, whose heart is not warmed by the golden "Sunset Views," presented to us by Bishop O. P Fitzgerald? Such scenes that

We seem to see the flowering groves
Of fair old Beulah's Land!

CHAPTER XLIV

TENTS TAKEN DOWN.

“Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.”

ON this still eve many are the echoing footsteps I hear of the departed years, and many other beautiful faces look upon me from the magic mirror of memory, and others still, whose daily presence makes bright this earthly house of the tabernacle, which, as regards myself and long-time fellow-pilgrims and travelers, I am reminded by many infallible signs must soon be taken down. It is a glorious company, whether of the living or of the dead, and, while the sense of separation makes sad, the thought of reunion makes glad.

These signs are known and read of all men, and in no literature more wisely and tenderly and tersely expressed than in Ecclesiastes: “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; also

when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

In this graphic summary of life, with all its swelling tide of woes, is embodied the experience of every seer, whether he be of the school of the prophets, or some simple soul who reads the signs of sorrow on every careworn face and marks decrepitude as it halts feebly to the tomb. The pathos in the picture is inexpressibly sad, and yet wonderfully sweet for the assurance that the spirit returns to God who gave it.

I saw these signs personally illustrated when, after many years' absence, I returned last October to the session of the Tennessee Conference, held in the dear old town of Pulaski, where in days gone by our tent had been so often pitched, and of which body I had become a moving member forty-five years before in the city of Huntsville, Ala. So many tents had been silently folded away, so many pitched in other places. Out of the whole number who were members in 1856, only thirteen remained—viz.: J. B. Anderson,* 1854; J. D. Barbee, 1852; S. M. Cherry, 1855; J. W. Cul-
lom, 1851; R. M. Haggard,* 1854; D. C. Kelley, 1852; T. B. Marks, 1845; John Mathews, 1846; J. C. Putnam, 1848; W. H. Riffin, 1853; R. A. Young,* 1844.

* Since died.

Of all the preachers who belonged to the Tennessee Conference in 1849, when Mr. Mooney joined, only five are now members of it: John Mathews, T. B. Marks, J. C. Putnam, B. F. Ferrell, and R. A. Young. Of this number, only one is effective: Dr. John Mathews,* of McKendree Station, Nashville, Tenn. Through fast-flowing tears I exchanged silent salutations with many who had remembered their Creator in the days of their youth and whose spirit had returned unto God who gave it. Some whom I had first seen standing upon the radiant peaks of youth had grown to maturity, past meridian, and were entering that lonely land toward the setting sun. More pathetic still the aged pilgrim, with strength all spent, to whom the grasshopper had become a burden, who, in the words of Uncle John Randle, of the Memphis Conference, "God is still nursing and caring for." Bishop Morrison sweetly styles it "The Beauties of the Childhood of Old Age."

When I stood among the graves and read the records there of many mentioned in the earlier chapters of this book, I said from a full heart: "Truly we have here no continuing city." This fact was emphasized in that great meeting one night when Rev. J. W. Cullom preached his semicentennial sermon, which was no sermon at all, save that, beginning away back yonder, fifty years ago, he declared to the brethren the wonderful grace of God which had helped him win souls for Christ, as many as were added to the Church that great day when Peter preached. Three thousand souls for Christ! As he neared the close, the Holy Ghost fell on them that heard, and they

* Now superannuate in St. Louis.

gathered him in their arms and gave glory to God that he had so magnified his grace in the abundant sheaves gathered in by this man who had not disdained to toil in lowly places.

If from habit of mind my memory goes slipping back to the golden days when Life and I were young, let no one conclude that, except in sentimental sort, I think the old days were best. I belong neither to the school of the laughing philosopher nor to that of him who thought life so full of woe that he wept all the time. While neither optimist nor pessimist, I am still less inclined to the Tub of Diogenes and the snarling sentiment which bids every one "get out of my sunshine."

Twixt tears and smiles,
The happy medium lies.

In material matters, as applied to the preacher, many things are better than when I joined the traveling connection, and many things might be bettered. Traveling itself is better as regards rapidity of movement and comfort on the way. Yet so much of the history of Methodism is connected with the horse, that it is not without a sigh that I see him supplanted by the railroad, by the bicycle, by the automobile, and presently and prospectively by the flying man. Then in the not-too-distant perspective not only may the pastoral term be extended indefinitely, and the preacher stay on in one place till he is worn out and the people are in the same state, but it is among the pleasant possibilities that he can just stay in his study and sit or stand and preach to his people through the telephone or some other quick transmitter of sound and thought. This would surely save him the fatigue of

travel and the discomforts of being abroad in bad weather, as well as caustic criticisms on his dress and address.

Again, the preachers now have homes, and better homes than they used to have, and yet they need more homes and better homes, for the ideal earthly home should approximate the heavenly.

“Since earth-life finds its richest recompense
What time we spend around a transient dome,
No wonder that in God’s immense
Hope builds for us an everlasting home.”

Just as far back as I remember, the old preachers used to sing with tremulous tones :

“No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness.”

To my childish thinking there was a pathos, a plain-tiveness in the quaint old melody that had in it the cry of a homesick heart.

Take from heaven the thought of home, with all that home means, and you leave us a Christianity as bleak as an ice palace. Take from the Bible the sentiment that crystallizes around the celestial city as the home of our Father’s widely scattered children, and you make us orphans indeed, whose tears must forever flow.

Heaven is not an abstraction, an ideality. Around it cluster all the magnetic forces that once bound us to the earthly home. It has the glory of God ; but it has gates and mansions and walls, and the nations of them that are saved walk in the light of it, and they rejoice as one by one they are gathered home to go out no more. What force in the exhortation of the poet :

Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.

What is meant by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, by the Woman's Home Mission Society, by Church Extension, by the Church itself, but the multiplication of Christian homes in which we may be fitted for this inheritance among the saints in light?

I do not know the location of our first earthly Eden. Our senior bishop may be right in locating it along our Southern shore, where many of the beauties and delights of an earthly paradise can surely be seen. This I know: I shall see no sweeter, serener sight this side the heavenly home than that of himself and his aged wife sitting in the sunlight of their own home in the city of New Orleans on an April day in the year 1900. What a wonderful history was that he gave of Methodism in the Crescent City, of its trials and its triumphs, and yet never even a remote reference to himself as a factor in the gracious result, but a noble tribute to the holy band who had gone forth from the old Carondelet to tell the story of Jesus and his love.

The tabernacle in the wilderness is a recital of weariness, of pain, of suffering, of terrible tragedies, of glorious victories. Hard as the way was, it meant a going from bondage into marvelous liberty. It meant, too, God's promise and pledge for protection so long as the people walked in the way. I imagine that, when the old tabernacle was finally taken down and put away for that costly temple, unrivaled in earth's architecture, to the devout Jew holding

the tradition of the fathers, there were not lacking tears to enshrine it in memory, even while their voices joined in the glad hallelujahs of the temple service. No doubt they recalled Moses and Miriam and the thousands who had fallen on the way to Canaan, even after Solomon had finished the great feast and sent away the people to their tents glad and merry in heart for the goodness that God had showed unto David and to Solomon and to Israel his people. And this feeling was and is right and wholesome. But while "prosperously effected" at having reached a long-desired result, it is never wise to conclude that the work is finished. Every heart and every home should be a temple to God. And the love of home and for home fosters a feeling of love to God as our Father in heaven. The home, too, provokes and evokes patriotism.

No hireling can serve his country as does the patriot. Men fighting for their homes and their altars are well-nigh invincible. The home combats selfishness. The little flower blooming on Alpine heights amid perpetual snows breathes out its fragrance on the Arctic air because of the fire that burns continually in the heart of the mountain. The drift of the times is to break loose from the old moorings, to become flotsam and jetsam on the great sea of life.

The Church was here, perhaps, a mightier work than ever she had in the olden time, because it is harder to reach and to preach to men who are daily drifting and are so frequently away from home and its restraints on the Sabbath day, and therefore forget to keep it holy. Strangers within the gates of the city, a Christian city, often do not become a part of the

worshiping congregation, and too often feel that the Church manifests no concern for them, for their spiritual welfare.

The conditions are different from what they were at the time of the English exodus of Methodists to America. They came to find homes, to build homes. They came to stay. And no sooner was the smoke seen from the chimney of the pioneer, whether in the valley or on the mountain side, than it was the sure signal for the coming of the man of God. Anon the class, and soon a society. What seemed England's loss was America's gain. Not so now, where often in cities great revivals are reported and yet statistics show no gain. True the man may go on his way rejoicing, but he ought to belong to some body, somewhere, even though his name be inscribed in heaven.

Bishop McTyeire had some wise utterances on "The Religion of Arithmetic and the Arithmetic of Religion." And farther back it is recorded: "The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." Indeed, I have come to the conclusion that our Heavenly Father is a good counter. In his book of remembrances all our names are written, the hairs of the head numbered, and the fall of the sparrow noted. The discouraged prophet thought that he alone of all Israel had not bowed the knee to Baal, but what saith the answer of God unto him? "I have reserved to myself seven thousand men, who have not bowed the knee to Baal." "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be

mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

God's omniscience would make all this so-called painstaking unnecessary, while his foreknowledge of the elect would make it doubly a work of supererogation. Why, then, are these and numerous other instances recorded, but to assure the least of his little ones of his loving care and watchfulness and to incite us to like loving oversight, that none go astray, that none be lost, and that those afar off be invited in, that Peter and John going to the temple to pray should give a helping hand to the lame man at the gate, so that he may stand, then walk, then leap, and then enter into the temple, praising God. For lack of this sweet "sight-seeing," how many young men going into a city strangers are lost to the Church of their fathers!

Changed conditions, especially in the South since the war, make it the more necessary that the Church, if she retain her own, particularly her young men and young women, must in the cities be more alert, active, both in her ministry and in her membership. Under the old régime men owned large estates in land. When the children married, they were settled near the old homestead. Women were not compelled to go forth as bread-winners; young men were content to be as their fathers had been. Sociology was a theme seldom publicly discussed, and would have been considered outside the province of the preacher in his study of soul-saving. But now, in order to save some, he must at least know that a large per cent of the young men and the young women from rural districts are seeking cities and towns to find more con-

genial work and more remunerative than that on the farm. Many of them at home are Methodists, but unless the Methodist preacher and Methodist people seek them out and extend a kindly word and a helping hand, they never go into the temple to pray

What is true of Methodism is true also of Protestantism generally. Hence this city contingent is largely a loss to the different denominations, and a gain only to the world, the flesh, the devil, or to Roman Catholicism. Say what you will, a hungry man will go to the door of the man that feeds him, whether it be the house door or the Church door.

Perhaps you think I have wandered away from my theme, "Tents Taken Down." Not so. No sadder sight can be seen than a tent taken down in ruins before a shocking death closes the tragedy.

"For sadder sight the eye can know,
Than proud bark lost or seaman's woe,
The shipwreck of the soul."

Such tragedies are far too common, and I am pleading with Methodist people and with Methodist preachers for the home with all that the word stands for. Its synonyms are strong. They are the heart, the hearthstone, the altar. The Saxons never surrendered them, nor can a surrender be made except by the keepers of the house. This home shrine should be the sweetest to which love, thought, sentiment can return while our pilgrim feet are treading strange shores while in this earthly house of the tabernacle.

The number of homeless people is appalling. Statistics cannot approximate it. I am not writing of those who live in tents like the Bedouins of the desert and gypsies. They are nomads born, and have par-

ticular places for pitching their tents and have large wealth in flocks and herds and hidden store. My reference is to strangers coming to our shores, and to those once wealthy but now poor, and to that other great army of indigents whose nightly cry is: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but I have not where to lay my head." Home-planting, then, is Church extension, is Church conquest.

May I illustrate from what is known as Queen Anne's War, a time of suffering and of fearful foreboding to the English colonies of America? It was the advice of one of the wisest and most watchful of the governors to the home ministers that there ought to be a line of frontier posts at the north, with soldiers for colonists; that simply to pursue the Indians time and again to the depths of the forest was as useless as to shoot birds on the wing. Mr. Penn advised that the colonies be drawn together in intercourse and in interest by a common principle of citizenship. Now, in application, may we not claim that the home is the strongest principle of citizenship, and that it is almost as useless for the Church Extension Society to go on building churches in the West without a home hard by for the preacher as it was useless for the colonists to pursue flying Indians into the forest primeval, or for the hunter to waste his powder on birds awing beyond range. Shoot he never so well, the object aimed at is never reached.

Many of the older Conferences are comparatively well supplied with homes for their moving men. In the Memphis Conference there are 144 pastoral charges and 137, probably 138, parsonages. The ultimatum and the desideratum is a home for every man

of God that passeth by, and to set for him a bed and a table and a stool and a candlestick, which meaneth all needed furniture, and a light in the window, signifying more to the moving man than did the old Feast of Lights, so celebrated in song and story. East of the river there are 2,985 charges; 727 are without parsonages. West of the river, our frontier work, there are 1,864 charges, and 371 yet to be supplied with homes for the preachers—a total of almost eleven hundred homeless, moving Methodist ministers, to the majority of whom a hired house and furniture are not easily attainable with the small salaries paid, and which, be they never so comfortable, are in no sort the ideal home.

I ponder painfully on the many moves that we have made and the time spent in hunting a house, the added time in trying to adapt and adjust the furniture that had scarcely sustained the rough handling on railroads, the bill for repairing sometimes being sufficient to cover the cost of a new outfit, to say nothing of the final made-over look and a wooden protest which the ancients supposed that the living tree would have uttered. Then the carpets, fit and misfit, taken off for this floor, added to for that, until the cunning weaver could scarcely solve the problem of the original color and figure, and an expert mathematician couldn't for the life of him tell from the parts left what equaled the first. The arithmeticians say that two halves equal the whole, but they wisely insist that the parts thereof should be of the same sort if the result be a unit—wise men who never made over a carpet nor a curtain nor any such thing, and who will not agree, with George Eliot's average woman, that

two and two will always make five if you insist upon it long enough.

May we not appeal to the Methodist brethren who have homes, laymen and preachers, in behalf of the mother and brethren standing without and desiring to speak unto them? Let us have homes, with all that home means, for the men that travel and break unto us the bread of life, and for the men whose lives have been spent in such service, on whose tents the shadows of the dying day are heavy. Why not make them bright with the glory of the setting sun? The recompense of reward will be great here and hereafter because of its unselfishness.

“What if I build for others,
And the walls of the building stand
Long after I am forgotten
By the dwellers in the land,
Long after the buildings have crumbled
That were builded upon the sand?

What if I build for others,
And the building shelters me not,
And within the home I have builded
I shall have no part or lot,
And the dwellers who have their home there
Through all time shall know me not?

Yet when the years shall have faded,
And beneath the roof-tree's shade
The children of generations
In their childish days have played,
And have passed from under the roof-tree
And vanished into the shade.

Some dweller beneath the roof-tree
Thinking of it when it was new,
May say, as his thoughts turn backward,
Keeping its age in view:

'The builder who built this building
Builted wiser than he knew.'

And I, though I have passed onward,
Hearing the Master's call;
May know, though it may not matter
To what the building befall,
'Tis better to have builded for others
That not to have builded at all."

I cannot recall the great company of old preachers whom I used to know who went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, without a feeling of the deepest emotion, of tenderest thanks. I never enter a comfortable church or a pleasant parsonage without recalling that true saying: "Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors" as reapers. My poor pen has failed to portray adequately the majestic simplicity of their character. 'Twas this that made them great. For their sons and successors in the gospel I can express no better wish than that they may work as wisely and as well as did the fathers. I love to think that I shall see them again—of the home-going and of the reunion when the moving tent is finally folded. May each to whom this memorial shall come

Nightly pitch the moving tent
A day's march nearer home,

and be able to say with those already gone: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Even since the beginning of this book embalming the memory of many that I loved, some of them then living have

been called home, their moving tents folded here forever.

And now I must take a fond farewell of all the pilgrim company with whom I have traveled so long. May the sun still shine upon your tents, until, like those forever folded here, they are covered with the light of immortal life! The shadows multiply in the mellow glow of the dying day, but the distant hill-tops are all aglow! Afar too, I hear the voice of singing. I wonder is it the echo of the old songs, or is it that great voice out of heaven saying: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."

APPENDED MATTER.

19

(289)

FOLDED TENTS.

These all died in the faith,
Giving glory to God.

REV. R. A. YOUNG, D.D.,
Nashville, Tenn.

MRS. SALLIE DORRIS JACKSON,
Clarksville, Tenn.

REV. B. M. PALMER,
New Orleans, La.

REV. W. C. JOHNSON, D.D.,
Memphis, Tenn.

MRS. FANNY HALL DROMGOOLE OWEN,
Ingram's Mill, Miss.

REV. HENRY URQUHART,
Birmingham, Ala.

CAPT. RICHARD IRBY,
Randolph-Macon College, Va.

S. A. CALDWELL,
Clarksville, Tenn.

MRS. CALEB L. COOPER,
Midland, Tenn.

MRS. MARGARET MALOAN,
Dresden, Tenn.

(290)

CHAPTER XLV

FOLDED TENTS.

REV. R. A. YOUNG, D.D.

Among the cherished memories of my young womanhood is the friendship of Dr. R. A. Young. This friendship continued with unabated warmth to the last, till his journey was ended. On a sick bed and at a distance it was not my privilege to see him as he neared the crossing and "brushed the dew on Jordan's bank." But of the innumerable company who mourned his going, none sorrowed more sincerely than I, because I should see his face no more. Better so, for I love to think of him as I used to know him when in the strength of robust manhood.

A more guileless spirit I have not seen among men. He had the wisdom that cometh from above—pure, peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good fruits without hypocrisy. Had he been more of a politician, he might have attained a position in the Church which her gratitude should have accorded him, and for which he was fitly and fully equipped. If that be treason, make the most of it. I feel it, and I felt it and expressed it more than once during the years of uncomplaining silence that nobly closed his lips. His generosity, especially toward the brethren of the ministry, was of surpassing grace and graciousness. I rejoice that several of them have borne testimony to this beautiful characteristic. I am sure there is much more than doth appear. I am confident, too, that the unwritten history

of the Publishing House will show Southern Methodism his debtor beyond her ability to repay. The gratitude that should be shown

Whene'er a generous deed is done
Should make no delay.

His freedom from evil-speaking was most marked. Never do I recall, even in the intimacy of fireside talk, a remark detrimental to the character of any one. In this respect he was truly an example in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. He was a conversationalist of rare charm, but for retort or repartee he had no genius. He had that greater gift of delighting his listeners, whether learned or unlearned, with a rich recital of incidents of travel, of anecdote, having at the same time the tact of bringing out what was best in others, so that a modest, untraveled man was always at ease in his company. He saw people at their best, and when there was no good to be seen he was optimist enough to hope for some undiscovered grace.

As a preacher he was far beyond the average. Yet his vigor of thought, his simplicity of speech, his purity of diction were such that in his presentation of gospel truth the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. He was absolutely free from clap-trap, from sensationalism. The plan of salvation was made plain, the gospel, the power of God unto the salvation of sinners. He was a wise builder, and the material he put into the churches at Nashville and elsewhere has stood the test. The records will show.

He knew his people, all of them, for he was a diligent pastor as well as a good preacher in the best sense. He never failed to interest an audience, no

matter what his theme. Even at a time when missions was a subject tiresome as a thrice-told tale he commanded great congregations, and they were always responsive to his appeals for money.

Nothing succeeds like success. How prone we are after success has been won to listen to the shouts of the onrushing multitude, many of whom had no part in the fight, while we leave uncrowned by the wayside the hero who fought and won, the blood and dust of conflict his only memorials! The way was a long one and sometimes a rough one, and toward the last a weary one, for he was sore hit by the archers. None of these things moved him. With the exultation of Paul he could exclaim: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." I know not what the glory of that crown may be. I know that few men are so worthy of royal recognition from the just and righteous Judge.

While sorrowing for the noble life ended, it is with rejoicing for the immortal life begun. The sorrow and the regret and the fullness of sympathy are for those who yet remain and whose lives are the lonelier, bereft of the long companionship of one so genuinely good and great.

MRS. SALLIE DORRIS JACKSON.

Mrs. Sallie Dorris Jackson, daughter of Rev. William G. Dorris, deceased, was born April 5, 1840, at Florence, Ala. She was converted and joined the

Church when a little girl. She was married to Mr. A. J. Blackman, of Rutherford County, January 21, 1858. Mr. Blackman died less than a year after his marriage.

On September 4, 1862, the subject of this sketch was married to Mr. Thomas H. Jackson, of Clarksville, Tenn., in which city she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus August 28, 1902. She was the mother of eight children. The husband and five children survive her. Three had gone on before. Her oldest son, Rev. W. L. Jackson, is a member of the Tennessee Conference. He was a spring of joy continually in the heart of his mother. Well, and truly does he write: "She was the most self-sacrificing mother I ever knew." This I know to be true. She was an equally devoted wife, and always a loving daughter to her honored father. "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

I knew Sallie Dorris in her young womanhood. Her father was my pastor in Murfreesboro in 1856. One seldom sees a more beautiful woman. Her manner was magnetic, and she was soon the most popular young lady in a choice social circle. She had a wonderful gift of song. The old melody comes to me this morning, as through tears I try to write and realize that I shall hear the matchless sweetness of the song no more save as memory touches the ever-vibrant chord of unforgetting love. For I loved her most tenderly, devotedly through long years, the trials of which only make purer and firmer the friendship.

She was our next-door neighbor in Clarksville, and

a kinder one we never had in all our wanderings. In sickness she was skillful, attentive, affectionate, faithful day and night beside the bed of suffering. She was not so much a ministering angel as a sympathetic, helpful woman. She was charitable in the double sense. She loved her neighbor, she stretched out her hand to the poor—yea, she stretched forth her hands to the needy, and these hands had in them food and clothing. Anything that she could give she gave willingly, without murmuring and complaining.

Naturally she was of a bright, sunny disposition. When I saw her last in her home in Clarksville, and several of the children were present with her father, and Hon. Caleb L. Cooper and myself of the old friends, I asked as aforetime for a song. She complied with ready grace, but said: "I fear it will be melancholy music, so many sad things have happened since I saw you last." This was the only reference she made to her private griefs, though we talked almost to the dying of the day. She held me long as we said good-bye, which somehow we both felt to be the last. It was. I saw her no more, but I am grateful for that meeting in the home with her father and the husband and so many of the children.

Her religious life was positive. Her convictions were strong. She hated hypocrisy. A faithful friend, a devoted wife and mother, a consistent Christian. She was buried in Clarksville, Tenn. Revs. T. C. Ragsdale, J. B. Erwin, and P. A. Sowell, all at one time her pastors, were present and took part in the burial service. May the God of all consolation be

with the husband and children, and as they journey
may they sing as did the mother :

“He lives and grants me daily breath ;
He lives, and I shall conquer death ;
He lives my mansion to prepare ;
He lives to bring me safely there.”

REV. B. M. PALMER, D.D.

The death of a good man in any walk of life is a calamity. The death of a great, good man is a great public calamity, whether that man be a State official or a leader in the Church of God. When the news went abroad that Dr. B. M. Palmer, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, New Orleans, had been seriously hurt in a street railway accident, there were many anxious hearts throughout our common communion, for as citizen, patriot, Christian, he belonged to the commonwealth and to all the Churches.

His death, just announced, gives universal sorrow. There is a tear in every eye ; there is grief too great for words. Few men had wrought so long and so well for God and humanity. Few were so highly dowered with those gifts and graces that beautify and adorn the high places of thought. Yet while walking the radiant rounds, amid those sublime spaces where only the few appear, and talk with the Master, with what serenity and sweetness of splendor his face shone when he talked and walked with his brethren on the lower plane of life !

I esteem it among the precious privileges of memory that for years at the annual commencement of the Southwestern Presbyterian University, in Clarksville, Tenn., I listened to his 'matchless eloquence in

pulpit and on platform, and to his words of wisdom in counsel to the young men about to leave the fostering care of the institution. He was a man of admirable poise as well as parts. No hero of the olden time surpassed him in that rare quality called courage, whose vital forces must be in a strong, true heart. He lived in a time that tested this. A true soldier of Christ and the cross, he was no less true to the South; and when the Southern star was eclipsed in blood, and the voice of lamentation was heard in the land—Rachel weeping for her children—then was Dr. Palmer an angel of consolation to the Churches. And while smaller men sought so-called higher places, most nobly, most valiantly did he abide with the weeping mother, and help to keep green and imperishable the record of her slaughtered sons, to bind up the broken-hearted, to replant the roses and the lilies in our desolated land. In the noble army of ministers, living and dead, of any Church, of all the Churches, no one is more worthy of tears and laurels than Dr. B. M. Palmer. As one who knew him and loved him, I bring this tribute.

REV. WILLIAM C. JOHNSON, D.D.

On the morning of June 14, 1902, Dr. William C. Johnson, of the Memphis Conference, gave his last message to family and friends. He ceased almost at once to work and live. For both life and work he had such intense desire as amounted almost to a passion. He thought this a good and beautiful world, and he had none of that fanciful, sickly sentiment that longs to fly away and be at rest before life's duties are fully done. He loved to live, because his was

so largely a life of love. He loved his home, his family, his friends. Above all he loved God, whom he had so long and faithfully served, and his brethren of the Tennessee and Memphis Conferences, his associates in the work of the ministry.

He was connected with the Church of his choice in various positions. When I first knew him he was Secretary of the Tennessee Conference. When I last saw him (at Dyersburg, Tenn.) he was scribe of the Memphis Conference, sitting beside the Secretary and making notes for the Memphis department of the *Christian Advocate*. Occasionally, when debate waxed warm, he would rise feebly and in a voice of no uncertain sound make himself heard. His position on vexed and vexing questions was never problematical. Convinced that he was right, no policy, no strategy, no eloquence, howsoever sweet and strong the stream, could move him. This steadfastness of soul was in no sense stubbornness or contrariness, for a sweeter spirit one seldom sees. He reminded me in some respects of Moses, the servant of God. He followed the light or abode in the tent under the shadow of the Almighty.

He would have lived longer before entering into the land beyond—the land richer and sweeter than the land of promise—but there was the spirit of submission, resignation, of ready acceptance of God's will as right and wise and full of love. He filled the hearts of his brethren. It is an affection that will lament his absence long after the appointed days of mourning have been fulfilled. There is love, too, and sympathy too full to be expressed, for the widowed, lonely wife who had so long time shared with

him the toils of itinerant life, and who in the last years had been his constant companion in travel and at Conference. The tent is taken down, but the golden promise holds good of a reunion in that celestial city whose builder and maker is God.

"All journeys in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last."

CAPT. RICHARD IRBY

died at his home in Ashland, Va., July 4, 1902, at the age of seventy-seven years.

Thoughts tender and pensive come to me as I sit, this summer day, at my desk looking over letters from children and friends, some scattered and some in that far country whence they will not return. In the precious package I find some from Capt. Richard Irby, late Secretary-Treasurer and Historian of Randolph-Macon College. My heart and eyes overflow as I look upon his last letter to me, written January 22, 1902. He generally wrote me about Christmas time or the new year, sometimes sending a souvenir of the season. In this letter he expresses sympathy for our loss by fire, and the liveliest interest in my book, saying: "I trust that you may be doubly repaid for all your labor and find many readers. Please send me a copy when it is ready, including postage. I anticipate much pleasure in reading." I give this quotation as characteristic of the man, of his kindness and thoughtfulness. I could multiply them.

I had never the pleasure and the privilege of seeing him face to face. My acquaintance with him began while he was writing the history of Randolph-Macon College, a book that should be in all our Methodist

homes, Sunday school libraries, and Y M. C. A. reading rooms. From it the children may learn how wisely the fathers wrought when Methodism was yet a problem in this new world. I have no book that I prize more highly. For the author I had the friendship based upon my knowledge of him as patriot, citizen, Christian. Few are more justly entitled to the encomium, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Not only does Virginia mourn his death, but its shadow is on all our hearts and homes. He was dear to Southern Methodism for his work for the Church and for his active interest in the cause of Christian education. But there is a bright light in the clouds which men may see long after

"The mists have rolled in splendor
From the summit of the skies,

and, seeing, may devoutly say: "We thank God for the gift of this good man. What though we may not grasp his hand again, nor see him in the familiar places, the consciousness of his presence will long be felt in Church and council, and grateful hearts will do him homage."

